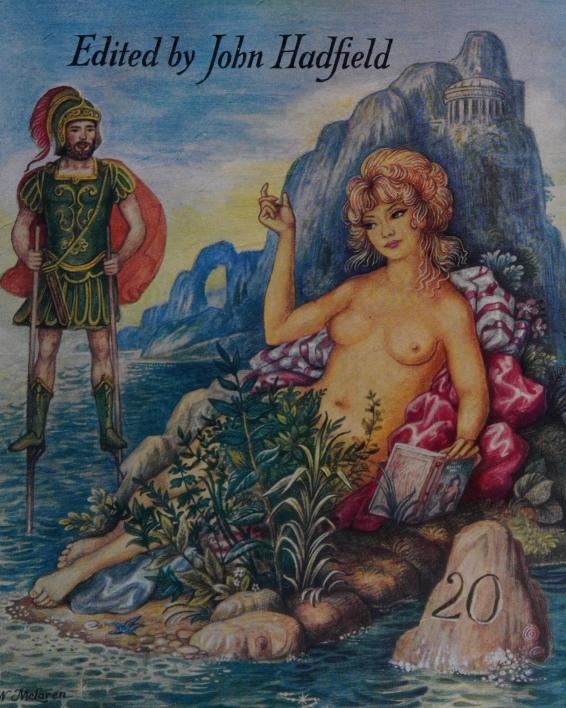
# THE SATURDAY BOOK



The Saturday Book—the one-and-only, original Saturday Book—celebrated the end of its second decade by selling out earlier in the Christmas shopping season than ever before. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety,' wrote Howard Spring; 'There is something for everybody, but, more surprising, everything, as often as not, is for everybody. It is delectable and indefinable.'

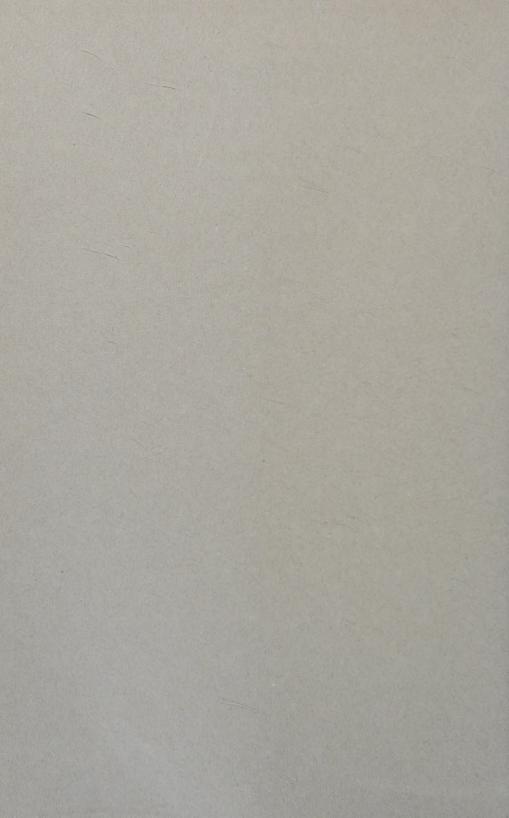
The Saturday Book enters its third decade as fresh, as beautiful, and as varied as ever. It is, as Mr. Howard Spring said, indefinable, but if we were to make one generalisation about its editorial policy we would say that it achieves its universality of appeal without ever writing down to its public and without serving up those rehashes of currently modish topics which one finds elsewhere. Other publications try (all too unavailingly!) to repeat the Saturday Book formula. The Saturday Book never tries to repeat itself.

Amongst this year's topics—all fresh to the pages of *The Saturday Book*—are the Golden Age of Advertising and the Golden Age (you'd be surprised which one Ivor Brown chooses) of Acting; sculpture, in a wonderful series of photographs by Edwin Smith; the miniature Talyllyn Railway in Wales (by L. T. C. Rolt and Edwin Smith); the collecting of toy soldiers (lovely photographs again by Edwin Smith); clocks; the natural history of the Unicorn (by Richard Carrington); stilts; the art of the

continued on back flap





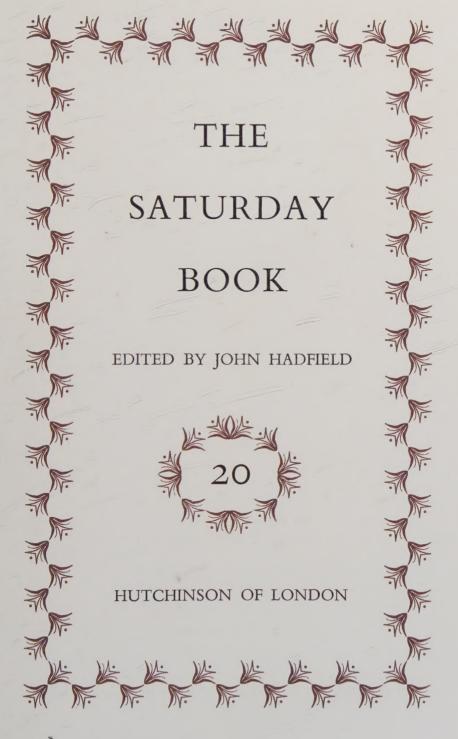


# THE SATURDAY BOOK



TWENTIETH YEAR





#### THE SATURDAY BOOK

was founded in 1941 by Leonard Russell and has been edited since 1952 by John Hadfield. This twentieth annual issue was made and printed in Great Britain at Tiptree by The Anchor Press, Ltd., and bound by Taylor Garnett Evans & Co., Ltd., in Watford, Herts

The frontispiece is reproduced by courtesy of Mrs C. G. Buckle

The painting on page 11 is reproduced by courtesy of Señor Salvador Dali, Sir Laurence Olivier, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre



ITH this issue *The Saturday Book* emerges from its 'teens. We approach the age of responsibility. Already the editorial pen is shaping words of self-appraisal and edging its way into paragraphs assessing the impact of the S.B. upon public taste and social usage.

Have no fear, however. The time for that sort of thing—if there ever is a time for it—is *next* year, when we shall celebrate our majority with a bumper twenty-first number worthy, we hope, of the occasion. In this, the last of our salad years, permit us merely to allude to one curious by-effect of *The Saturday Book*—its influence upon its own editor's taste

and usage.

A Pygmalion-like relationship has developed between ourselves and the creature of our editorial brain. When we undertook our assignment, nine years ago, we innocently supposed that the contents of our Annual would be planned, worked out to a formula, assembled according to a logical process. We soon discovered our mistake. The Saturday Book is not edited; it edits itself. It builds itself up, like a coral reef, by some process of free association. Modesty prevents us from pursuing the parallel with Coleridge awaking from his slumbers and finding Kubla Khan already written in his mind—but you see the resemblance.

A consequence of this inconsequent accretion of Saturdiurnal ideas is



that we ourselves, the editorial we, are amongst the most suggestible readers of our own Annual. Raymond Mortimer writes a charming essay on croquet, and in no time at all we find ourselves at a country-house sale, bidding for hoops and mallets. Mary Eden discourses upon the Waistcoat Club, and we promptly startle our acquaintance by turning up to dinner in a mauve confection of watered silk, c. 1840. Tom Rolt contributes a scholarly study of the traction engine, and after due pause for gestation we find we have written the first novel in English to have a traction engine as hero. So it goes on. We have no space to mention the editorial consequences of *Saturday* investigations into Archery, Bagpipes, Ballooning, the Chorus Girl, Mermaids, or Snuff.

This year, as you will observe, we have assembled some enchanting essays on Islands. Having corrected the proofs, and set off on our hard-earned summer vacation, where do we find ourselves? On an island, of course—the Elysian Île de Port—Cros, some four miles off the Côte des Maures, an island about the size of Sark, and belonging to a French lady of great distinction who has permitted no tree to be felled for fifty years and has put a total embargo upon motor-cars, bicycles, mopeds, and the juke box. As we write these words we are sitting outside the Hostellerie Provençale, a gastronome's paradise, which has not offered us the same dish twice in ten days. Yachts glide in and out of the tiny harbour. A medieval château dozes on the cliffs above. The sun shines from a cloudless sky; there is hardly a ripple on the sea. Beside us—in addition to the hôtelier's pet pig, with a pink bow on its collar—is a glass of Armagnac.

No doubt about it: we have become the slave of *The Saturday Book*. Higgins-like, we feel the time has come to do something about it. Thank

you, yes, another Armagnac. . . .

J. H.





#### THE LOOKING GLASS OF TASTE

A Golden Age of Acting: Ivor Brown 10
A Golden Age of Advertising: John Pitt 25
The Sauce for the Asparagus: Robert Drake 61
Sculpture and Situation: Olive Cook and Edwin Smith 74

#### VICTORIANA

Equestrienne: Donald MacAndrew 93

Jules David and the Victorian Fashion-Plate: Vyvyan Holland 109

Drawing-Room Ballad: Thomas Haynes Bayly 121

The Music of the Halls: Christopher and Amoret Scott 122

The Rookery: Belton Cobb 137

The Age of Consent: Vincent Brome 143

### SATURDAY BOOK POEMS

Fiesta: Sara Jackson 152 MCMXIV: Philip Larkin 153 In Praise of Creation: Elizabeth Jennings 155



#### A PATTERN OF ISLANDS

Circe's Island: John Guest 157
Grand Canary: Edward Hyams 169
The Island of the Lily: Averil Mackenzie-Grieve 177
Île d'Orléans: Tudor Edwards 185
Berlenga Grande: Marie-Noële Kelly 191
Midsummer Islands: Moira Savonius 197
Emerald Isle: Patrick Campbell 205

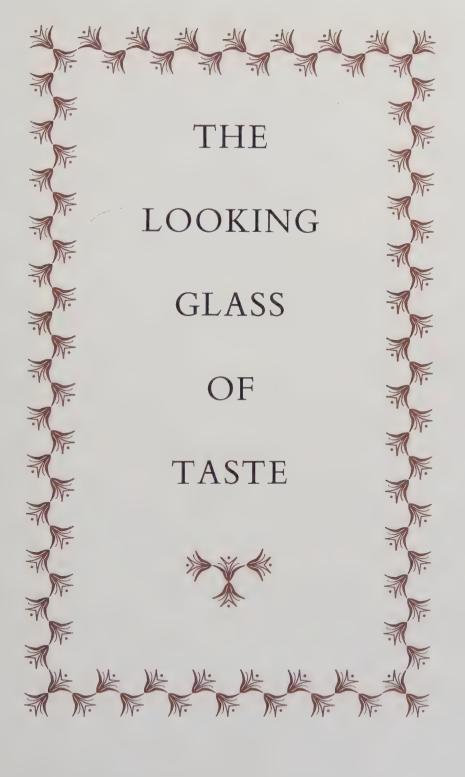
#### SATURDAY BOOK STORY

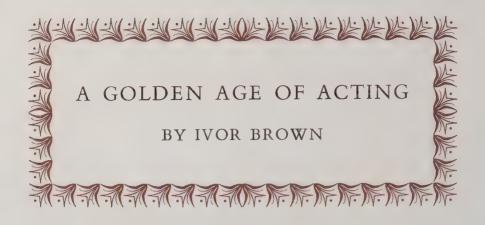
Christmas Eve at Dindle Hyssock: Miles Hadfield 212 Illustrated by Michael Felmingham

#### THE CABINET OF CURIOSITIES

A Railway in Miniature: L. T. C. Rolt 221
With photographs by Edwin Smith
Stilts: Hannelore Hahn 237
Going to the Dogs: Fred Bason 245
Uncommon Clocks: James R. Witts 254
Little Armies: John G. Garratt 265
With photographs by Edwin Smith
The Natural History of the Unicorn: Richard Carrington 273
Ladies in Distress: Charles Gibbs-Smith 286
Tailpiece on Tattooing: Mary Eden 300

The wood-engravings in A PATTERN OF ISLANDS are by George Mackley





HEN PEOPLE talk about a Golden Age they nearly always put it in the past, sometimes in the very far past. Surely we err on the side of modesty when we deplore the present and say that we have only base metal in our arts and achievements instead of authentic gold. We are not in all things degenerate or inadequate. I believe, for example, that the acting of today has more readiness to experiment and more variety in achievement than it had fifty years ago: and that is vitally important in any art.

In making comparisons we cannot fairly go back beyond a lifetime. Acting is something which cannot be judged unless you have heard it, seen it, and felt its personal pressure. It is true that nowadays we can put acting into a kind of cold storage with films and voice-recordings so that our successors will have some material for judgment beyond the writings of critics and the portraits and photographs of the players and productions. But we who have not inherited such aids can only assess the actors of the past by reading the critics and by old reports of the audience response. Critics contradict one another furiously; audiences differ immensely. Shaw's views of Irving and Bernhardt, for example, completely contradict those of most play-goers and critics of the time. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? We know only that great players made great impacts; but we, with the different standards of a different age, might not have been impressed. Could we re-glimpse Grimaldi and Edmund Kean, we might think the former a bore and the latter a 'ham'. The historic drolls and tragedians were rib-ticklers and breath-takers to their own. What we would make of them now can be only a guess.

But people who have been play-going for half a century or more can fairly match the styles and achievements of their early experience with the work being done today. Here I find ample reason for putting the present



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER by SALVADOR DALI [11]





Alec Guinness in *The Prisoner* by Bridget Boland (photograph by Angus McBean) and in two of his impersonations in *Kind Hearts and Coronets* 





above the immediate past. Of course I do not claim that the darlings of the Edwardian public failed in what they tried and did. Far from it. But, except in the case of Granville-Barker and his progressive rebels at the Court Theatre—then as now a centre of innovation—there were severe limits to their field of trial. The superiority of the players of today lies in the greater range of ambition and capacity. They avoid the single track. They dart all over the place. If ours is not a veritable Age of Gold, at least it is an epoch of quick-silver. Our stars of today are obviously not content to shine in only one part of the heavens. Not for them the ceaseless

repetition of the role in which they glittered first.

In the first London theatre that I attended as a boy Lewis Waller appeared as a gallant fellow in Georgian finery with a rapier ready for use. Usually he had an actress of rare beauty, Evelyn Millard, as his ally in romance. I was enraptured, of course; and I remained enraptured when he proceeded to deliver the same amorous heroics, with the same silken panache, in play after play. I never saw him in modern dress, and when he did occasionally change his clothes he was, I gather, unimpressive. So he stuck to the period piece. He varied the centuries, but was always 'in costume'. As Monsieur Beaucaire, as Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard, or as Robin Hood, he continued to delight. He had fire, he had eloquence, he had his own kind of magic. But there was none of the versatility which has carried Sir Laurence Olivier superbly up and down the centuries, from Shakespeare to John Osborne, and has made Alec Guinness the most moving performer of the Fool in Lear and then the most amusing droll of a French farce or an Ealing comedy. I submit that to be a great actor or actress vitality and charm are not enough. The great ones soar above typecasting and the repetition of the admired article.

Fifty years ago one knew exactly what one was going to enjoy. Sir George Alexander would be the perfectly tailored centrepiece of a drawing-room play in which Pinero skilfully worked out a problem of conduct in strong situations, and with lines, now seeming rather pompous, which Alexander skilfully, as well as handsomely, delivered. The up-and-coming Gerald du Maurier was to be the assured, relaxed, and much approved master of the natural style. Debonair and delightful, he seemed to glide through the manœuvres and epigrams of light comedy without effort: but of course great technical skill and concentration are needed in order to make acting seem thus fluent and unforced. He also made Christmas excursions on to Captain Hook's quarter-deck and he became a

в [13]

Scottish student for Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. He sometimes gave hints of what power he could have shown, but the public did not want him to do more than be his affable, engaging self. He was no more expected to appear in doublet and hose and speak poetry than Sir John Martin Harvey was expected to abandon his romantic roles and robes and appear silk-hatted in a gentleman's Ascot outfit.

An exception may be claimed in the case of Beerbohm Tree. Sir Herbert went plunging through the centuries, finding drama all the way from the Old Testament and Homer to Dickens and Thackeray. Few leading actors can have appeared in more variety of costume and with greater ingenuities of make-up. Shaw set Tree in his own period as Higgins of Pygmalion, which was not at the time a great success. The merits of Tree's acting were always disputed; certainly he was a great personality with a genius for the macabre side of melodrama; he was, for example, a superb Svengali in Trilby. But on the whole he avoided, no doubt wisely, the paths of modern realism to which our Shakespearians of today can move so easily. Not long ago Sir Michael Redgrave stepped aside from being Hamlet and Benedick to be a modern schoolmaster afflicted with a keen professional conscience and an American man-of-letters who had very little conscience in the pursuit of coveted documents. You never know with these stage-leaders of today. Who could possibly talk of a typical Redgrave role?

But typical was an adjective exactly suited to the parts played by that genial Edwardian, Sir Charles Hawtrey. His eye twinkled with a nicely communicated mischief as he fibbed his way through some trifling story of social complications. It was always nice to have a Hawtrey comedy, and Hawtrey was always Hawtrey. It was no less agreeable to have Marie Tempest being duly tempestuous, by which I imply a breeze of witty petulance and not a gale of genuine fury. But one did not expect this sovereign of the drawing-room to change her moods and bestride the stage as a tragedy queen, whether Macbeth's maleficent consort or Egypt's irresistible beauty, 'the serpent of Old Nile'. Yet in our time Vivien Leigh successfully as well as audaciously flitted from 'dainty roguery' parts to those of Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth, while Dame Peggy Ashcroft moves without flinching from Shakespeare, including a brilliantly presented Cleopatra, to Brecht and Ibsen. She shared with Dame Edith Evans a tenancy of Enid Bagnold's The Chalk Garden, established in contemporary Sussex. There are no iron curtains in the geography of her performance.



I look back to Dame Irene Vanbrugh with her gracious presence in a Pinero problem-play which would be followed by her easy transition to the lighter, Barrieish mood. However excellent in their qualities were the great ladies of the Edwardian theatre they were not expected to drive at the tragic summits in classical and costume plays. There might be an occasional costumed escapade in a classic comedy, but there was nothing like the versatile virtuosity which has carried Dame Edith Evans through many centuries of dramatic writing and many striking diversities of dramatic character. Her record includes an enchanting Rosalind in As You Like It, a matchless hauteur as Wilde's Lady Bracknell and Shaw's Lady Utterwood, and a silvery Victorian beauty in Christopher Fry's The Dark is Light Enough. She spent 1959 as a Roman matron in Coriolanus and as the most likeable of Shakespeare's mothers, the Countess in All's Well.

Sir John Gielgud may be thought of as happy only in historical surroundings, but he has been admirable in plays by Maugham and Coward and he has recently shown that he can fill an entire programme (and fill British and American theatres too) with Shakespearian excerpts delivered in contemporary tailoring. Emlyn Williams, always at his best in a Welsh piece of today, went back to Dickens and was Dickens quite as authentically as he ever was the young Welsh miner turned scholar in *The Corn is Green*.

Finely representative of the widely ranging modern player is Sir Ralph Richardson. He first established himself with Gielgud as a Shakespearian in two brilliant seasons thirty years ago at the Old Vic, and recently he had a year of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at Stratford. He is also constantly delighting us with his portraiture of simple, bewildered, bowler-hatted citizens of today. Farther back, in Priestley's Johnson over Jordan and R. C. Sherriff's Home at Seven, and more lately in Flowering Cherry and in Graham Greene's The Complaisant Lover, he has been the middle-class man involved in curious misfits and mischances. His flair is for a kind of tacit bewilderment which can be immensely moving in its passages of distress, as well as immensely amusing in its contemporary comedy. Yet some fifteen years ago he was, in the opinion of many, the greatest Falstaff of them all.

And for the widest scope of impersonation what a master we have in Peter Sellers! Unfortunately for the theatre he seems to be happier in films, where he displays an uncanny facility in presenting every kind of type by adroit command of every kind of voice and accent. He had been a hugely comic Middle Eastern potentate in *Brouhaha*, a fantastic stage-comedy, while developing in the studio his incisive realism and biting satire as the shop steward of that all-conquering film *I'm All Right*, *Jack*. My own hope is that Peter Sellers will insist on time off from the films and take a chance with some of the great comedy roles of the English classics. Sellers in Shakespeare? Why not?

I can remember nothing like him in my boyhood and certainly nothing like the mercurial genius of Sir Alec Guinness. To him every kind of style and period are equally congenial; the screen makes continual claim on his incessant labours, but when he does come back into the theatre he arrives in such fantastically different roles that we sit astounded at his mastery of alteration in character, aspect, and speech. To play most of the parts in one screen-story, as in Kind Hearts and Coronets, was a wonderful demonstration of his plastic powers; but that is all in the day's work to him. Outside the normal flow of his work in the studio have been the intermittent stage-performances which burn in the memory with the fierce light of a tragedy or the warmth and sparkle of a farcical comedy. I would especially mention an obdurate Cardinal under torturing pressure, a twittering Dickensian ninny, that sublime simpleton of Ben Jonson's, Abel Drugger, and, as I said earlier, a Fool in King Lear whose wan, slender figure and sharp thrusts of bitter wisdom are unforgettable. Sir Alec has been 'he who plays the King' (and the Prince too) as well as he who plays the fool in any age and garb. There was no such accomplishment about when I was first queuing at pit doors.

Certainly I would not claim absence of faults in the theatre today. I cannot remember that my early heroes and heroines vexed me with inaudibility, a common cause of annoyance. Now our players seem to be so frightened of being called 'ham' that they may underplay to avoid overplaying. Moreover, they so carefully consider the fine shades of a character and are so ready to be reasonable that emotional urgency and the magic of the theatre may be lacking. But these failings are not as a rule to be observed in the artists I have named. The tendency to pursue the naturalistic and 'throw-it-away' style of acting will, I hope, begin to dwindle. In any case it is a small error to set against the major virtue of versatility and the precious belief that an actor is there to act, making the world his stage, and not to exploit his own line of business in a series of glib

repetitions.



Above: Peter Sellers as the shop steward in I'm All Right, Jack
Below: Peter Sellers as the crook, Dodger, in Two-Way Stretch, and as Mr Martin, the
chief accountant, in The Battle of the Sexes







## EDITH EVANS

in Pushkin's Queen of Spades (left), as Lady Bracknell in The Importance of Being Earnest (below, left), and in The Last Days of Dolwyn (below, right). Photographs from the Mander and Mitchenson Collection

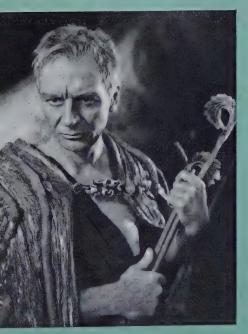




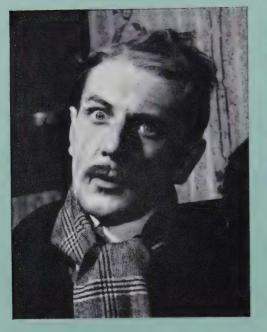
# JOHN GIELGUD

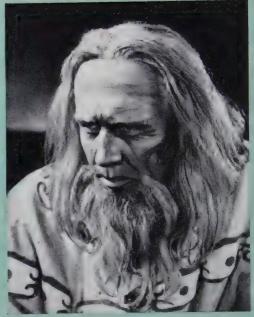
as Macbeth, with Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies (John Vickers photograph), and, below, as Prospero in *The Tempest* (Angus McBean photograph), and in *The Importance of Being Earnest* (John Vickers photograph)

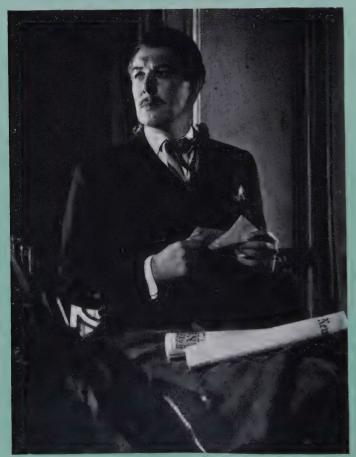










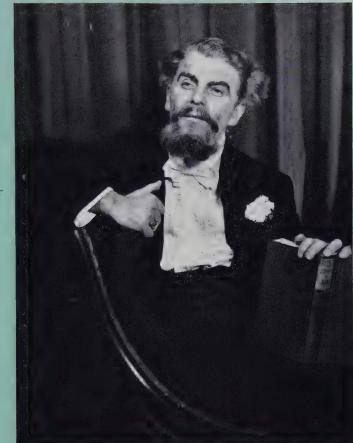


# MICHAEL REDGRAVE

Above, left, in *Uncle Harry* (John Vickers photograph), and, right, as Lear (Angus McBean photograph). Below: in *The Aspern Papers* (David Sim photograph)

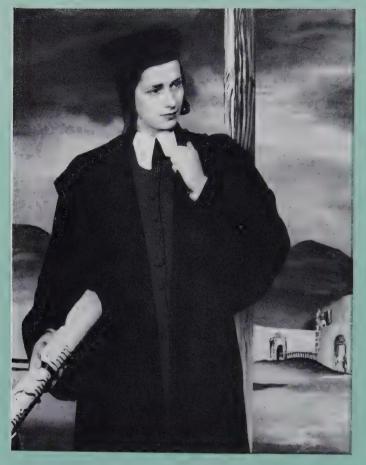
# EMLYN WILLIAMS

Right, as Charles Dickens, giving a reading. Below, as the Welsh boy in *The Corn is Green*, and as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. (Photographs by Angus McBean)





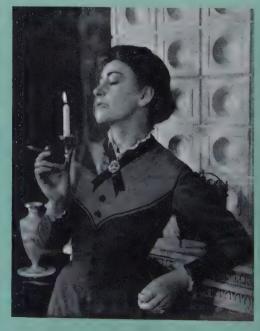




# PEGGY ASHCROFT

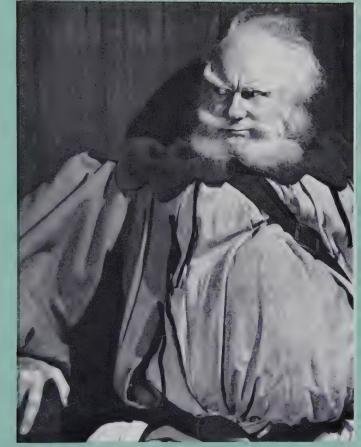
Left, as Portia in The Merchant of Venice Below, as Cleopatra in Antony and Cleopatra, and as Hedda Gabler. (Photographs by Angus McBean)

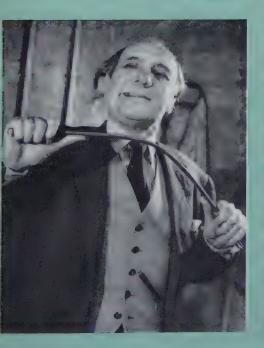




# RALPH RICHARDSON

Right, as Falstaff (John Vickers photograph). Below, in *Flowering Cherry* (Angus McBean photograph) and in Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, with Joyce Redman (John Vickers photograph)









# PEARS SOAP

"It is matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Racerna Pathe

YE NIGHTINGALE.

"I prefer it to any other Soap."

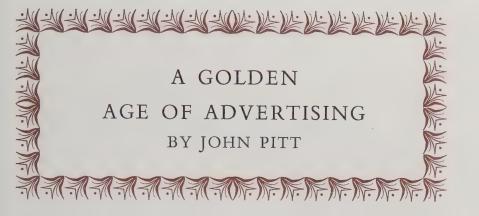
Mi Paigtry

VE IIIV

For preserving the complexion, it is the finest Soap in the world."

Husil Rogs

YE ROSE.



N THE MIDDLE of the nineteenth century Britain had begun to consolidate her position as a world power. Overseas, commerce followed the flag. Huge new territories offered untold wealth in raw materials. Exciting new markets opened up as the maps grew redder and redder. At home, the economy was rich and stable. Industry expanded. A new lightly taxed middle class sprang up. Shopkeepers prospered, for more goods were about and more money was available to buy them with. To merchants and manufacturers all seemed for the best in the best of all possible worlds. There seemed just one snag. The very machinery responsible for the prosperity of the nation might tend to produce more commodities than there appeared demand for.

Occasionally, some manufacturers, whose pride (or lack of it) allowed them to, got rid of accumulating stock by advertising through the newspapers. But to a respectable British merchant this was degrading. The history of newspaper advertising had never been good. Sometimes even reliable newspapers carried the lies and exaggerations of patent medicine advertisers. Occasionally announcements appeared whose wording only thinly disguised the vice and promiscuity which they solicited. It wasn't

the best of company to share.

Moreover, advertising (so most manufacturers thought) made for lack of confidence amongst one's public—and in some cases one's banker too. If a product had quality and an established reputation it must surely sell on name and merit alone. Still—the markets were there. If they didn't reach them then someone else would.

No one realized this better than the small knot of astute commission men and golden-tongued opportunists whose talent for quick, easy profits had led them to the world of commerce and journalism around St Paul's. To them the marriage of manufacturer and a mass consumer market was a



foregone conclusion. All that was needed was the introduction. And this they set about arranging as only they knew how.

Here was a breed of men that might provide a familiar field of study to the modern psychologist. Seedy rips and con-men; disenchanted poets; hacks, geniuses, visionaries—they comprised a colourful band of individualists who gave this sub-fusc era an unexpected form of piquancy.

Many of them were little better than crooks; their chief concern being to place advertising where it would do them most good. Originally tax-collectors for the newspapers in the days of the newspaper tax, after its repeal in 1800 they acquired the monopoly of advertising space in return for their services as touts. Often they obtained shares in the businesses they acted for. Many of them invented and marketed products of their own—mostly patent medicines into whose tradition of quackery and hyperbole they moved with natural ease. And all the while they drummed up competition, and panicked the manufacturers into placing advertising in their acquisitive and capable hands.

No one seems to have liked them very much. But though despised, often insulted, by the socially conscious Victorians off whom they made their living, one thing was clear to them: they were in at the birth of a new profession—one that required little or no capital, no apprenticeship, no

references, no qualifications whatever, except a knowledge of human psychology and the gift of the gab. However odious their occupation may have been to the society of the time they themselves knew that they were indispensable to the manufacturer, whose biggest fear was loss of profits through over-production of cheap goods.

It is easy to understand the indignation of those Victorian merchants





whose feelings were shocked at the mere suggestion of advertising. Crude, brash, badly executed and designed, it shouted vulgarly from the newspapers and periodicals of the time. It told readers about stays, corsets, and other unmentionables. It brazenly promised panaceas and cure-alls in the shape of pills, lotions, and homeopathic belts. And most outrageous of all—it was completely and over-whelmingly successful.



Advertising revenue poured in. Newspaper circulations grew. One by one the polite papers moderated their prejudice by the need to stay alive. Soon they were all open for business. At first, well-mannered announcements had appeared. No claims, just good honest statement. Then, as moral indignation flagged and competition strengthened, statement turned to claim, claim to praise, praise to contrivance—and the race was on.

Vulgar and primitive though most of the earlier examples may have been, they showed an ingenuousness and audacity which is absent from much of modern advertising. And towards the end of the century they exhibited a flamboyancy and engaging freshness which is a joy to look back upon in our more cautious, circumspect age.

This was the day of the 'contrivance': of the rhymesters, jokesters, and punsters; a time when high thought and noble sentiment were harnessed to the sale of soap and purgatives, the wisdom of the Bible itself distilled

into healing unguents and universal cures.

'If cleanliness be next to godliness,' wrote Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to the editors of the North American newspapers, 'then Pears' Soap must surely be a means of saving grace.' Indeed, cleanliness, both inner and outer, featured prominently. 'Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?' enquired the eupeptic young man in the morning papers. 'Not yet one; and the washing done,' smiled the housewife beside her line of Sunlit snow-white sheets. 'These words, a wise Physician said: Stomach's a Master all should dread' rhymed a Fellow of the Society of Apothecaries for the makers of Eno's Fruit Salts. And little piccaninnies had their skins and souls scrubbed miraculously white in tubs full of sudsy water.



It was as though the public had woken up and had begun to enjoy the fun. Advertising became news. The enterprising Mr Barratt of Pears bought Millais' painting of 'Bubbles' and exhibited it in full colour in the public Press—a bar of the famous transparent soap ingeniously introduced into the bottom left-hand corner. Irving, whose Hamlet was drawing enthusiastic audiences to the Lyceum, was featured, by implication, in the promotion of those wonderful pills in the little round box. 'To Beecham, or not to Beecham,' soliloquized the Prince of Denmark in the *Illustrated London News*. Even the Queen herself appeared for Cadbury's Cocoa, seated amid the plush upholstery of the Royal Train—a cup of steaming nourishment before her.

But, it was all too good to last. By the turn of the century Britain's policy of free-trade, and her domestic wealth, were attracting enormous amounts of foreign goods and capital to the country. Manufacturers anxious for their home markets began to advertise with an earnestness that smacked of desperation. The jingoism whipped up for the preservation of British interests in the Transvaal lent itself conveniently for their preservation at home. 'Buy British,' shouted the dockside hoardings at the troopships returning from the Cape.

For the captains of industry the joke was over. Years before, someone had said: 'It pays to advertise.' And, by jingo, so it had; it had paid too well. Now, with heavy foreign pressure, it wasn't possible to do without it. So the tone became more responsible, and an urgent patriotism echoed among the proclamations that filled the daily Press. Nor was it necessary, they discovered, to employ such expensive nuisances as copywriters when dominant spaces in mass-circulation newspapers secured the sale of goods with equal success. So the doggerel dwindled, the contrivances grew fewer, and advertising entered a methodical era from which it has yet to emerge. The days of individualism were ended, and it was time to take it all more seriously.

Put this in your Scrap book?

It cost £20,000 to produce the first editions, inclusive of £2,200 for the original painting.



"Bubbles by Sir John & Milais Barilla.

A perfect facsimile in miniature.

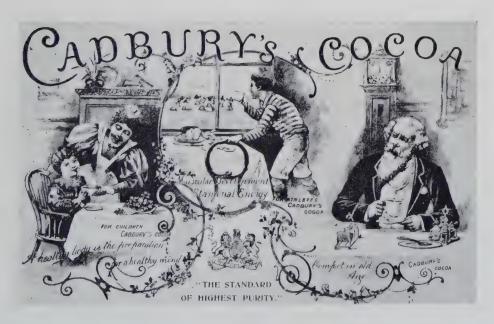
The original is in the possession of Messrs. Pears.



IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE Gosnell v Durant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.



Here are displayed three facets of Victorian advertising—the outrageously brash, as exemplified by the ghastly Cherry Blossom pun; the earnestly salubrious appeal of Cadbury's; and—a somewhat surprising relic of the age of Alken and Surtees—the Regency stylishness of the announcement for Elliman's Embrocation.



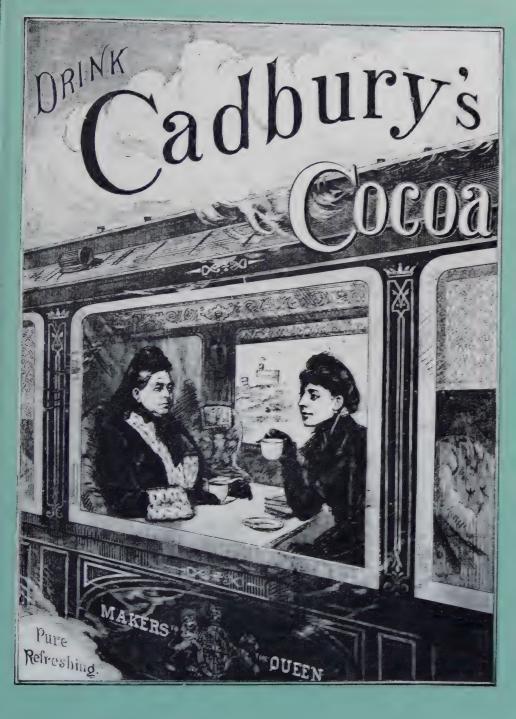
EDWARDS, FORHAIR HARLENETHE

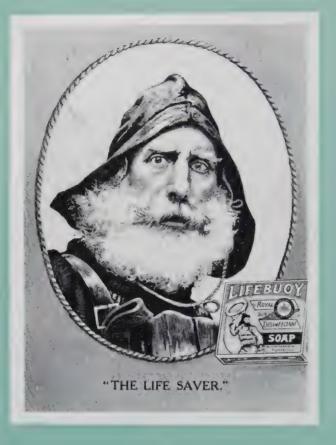


Many consumer products started life in grocers' shops. Not so Bird's Custard and Baking Powder. They were invented by Mr Alfred Bird, chemist, in the 1840's, because his wife, whose digestion was weak, could not assimilate dishes made with eggs or eat bread made from yeast. Bird's first started advertising in 1860, but it was not until the 1880's that advertisements like 'Kitchen Warfare', above, began to appear. Mr Bird was much impressed by Barratt's use of art in advertising and the two men met frequently to exchange ideas.

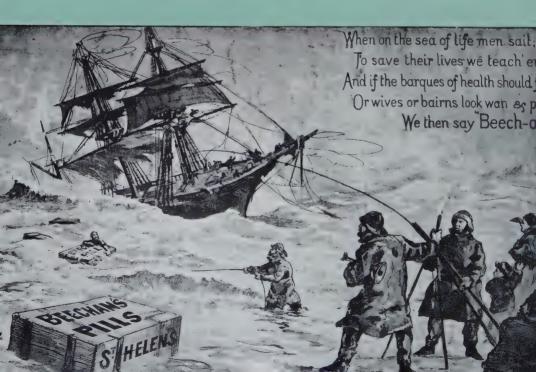


It is some measure of general acceptance of advertising by the late Victorians that towards the close of the century Royalty began to appear in testimonial advertisements. It was logical enough. The country's prosperity was based on rapid expansion of business; and advertising was in no small way responsible for it.





Our present admiration for the selfless courage and devotion to duty of lifeboatmen is fractional compared with that of the Victorians. One need only recall Grace Darling to realize the heroic service they gave to ships and sailors round the coasts of Britain. Shipwrecks and sou'westers were a sure advertising stopper for a people who depended so much on the sea and whose sons helped man one of the largest navies the world has ever known.





#### REFLECTIONS.

THE DULL SIDE

Dell brasses, dull f're-irons, dull coppers, dull windows, dull glasse-ware make home a depressing picture of dull surroundings. This is not mere fancy but the picture of many a home in which the housewife is not acquainted wan MONKEY BRAND.

Monkey Brand

Does not politik the dirt or rest lay politike it out; is fact

eleans and polishes at one and the same time, but

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Scapmakers to the Queen, Port Suning

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

A bright nome where brasses, coppers, windows, glasses, in fact everything that should be height in leight, forming a cheerful picture of beight surroundings. That's the picture of many a bowerise has made the acquaintance of MONKEY BRAND.

Maken COPPER like GOLD, TIN like SILVER, BRASS like MIRRORS, CROCKERY like MARBLE, WINDOWS like CRYSTAL

MADE COTTER IN COLD, I'M ME STOTEL MINIOUS ME MINIOUS, COCKETT ME MADELE, WINDOWS SE CRIBIAL

Monkey Brand was a scouring soap introduced by William Lever in the early 1900's. The substitution of an animal for a human person became a common feature of later advertising. But here it is used for the first time, with what proved to be outstanding results. Lever produced three main soaps in the early days—Sunlight, Lifebuoy, and Monkey Brand. The face of the monkey ensured that buyers did not confuse the scouring soap with the toilet qualities of Lifebuoy—and the prominent 'Won't Wash Clothes', featured in every advertisement, prevented sales of Sunlight from being affected.

That is the questo Nethinks Ive heard WORTH A GUINEA A BOX .



I stood on the bridge at midnight and took two Beecham's Pills.

Topical allusion has always been a popular form of advertising. When Irving was playing his famous Hamlet at the Lyceum, Thomas Beecham wasn't likely to miss what opportunities were going. 'Oh, Mr Porter' could spring to the lips of everyone who'd heard Marie Lloyd sing it at the Gaiety, and most people could recite the first stanza of Longfellow's poem 'I stood on the Bridge at Midnight'.



On the left is a lamp-oil advertisement which compares very favourably with many of the advertising 'ideas' of our own time.

On the right is a Bovril novelty executed with extraordinary skill — and effrontery.

Nudity was more common in Victorian advertising than one might think. At one time its use became so frequent that there began to be a noticeable lack of nudes in the pictures submitted to the Royal Academy. One cocoa manufacturer, whose old-world Quaker reticence one would have thought might have dissuaded him, regularly exhibited a half-clad girl as a trade mark, symbolizing 'The Spirit of Purity'.





William Lever issued his first soap flakes in the 1900's and called them Sunlight Flakes. Sales were not encouraging. Not until the name was changed to Lux did they begin to show signs of the success they achieved in later years.





Some of the happiest conceits of Victorian advertisers were the little drawings, exemplified below, which had almost the air of a trade mark, and were often the work of very accomplished artists.







THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of more man once on and the as a leveral quest a rep. stor as

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Thur fame the ranched the ultermost Carts is the curft, he will obserts inversely and degree unserts and in the annals of present and a set of from a degree unserted and fearnous Durings in the investment and respect to the set of the set of

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.





# "There is no Appeal beyond Cæsar!"

THE LATE WORLD-RENOWNED DERMATOLOGIST,

# SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

The first and only President of the Royal College of Surgeons who ever gave a public Testimonial, and the following is

THE ONLY TESTIMONIAL HE EVER GAVE.

"IF it be well to wash the skin—and we never heard the proposition questioned—it is well also that we should be familiar with the means by which that purpose may be most efficiently attained.

"We once knew a beautiful woman, with a nice complexion, who had never washed her face with soap all her life through; her means of polishing were, a smear of grease or cold cream, then a wipe, and then a lick with rose water. Of course we did not care to look too closely after such an avowal, but we pitied her,

FOR SOAP IS THE FOOD OF THE SKIN.

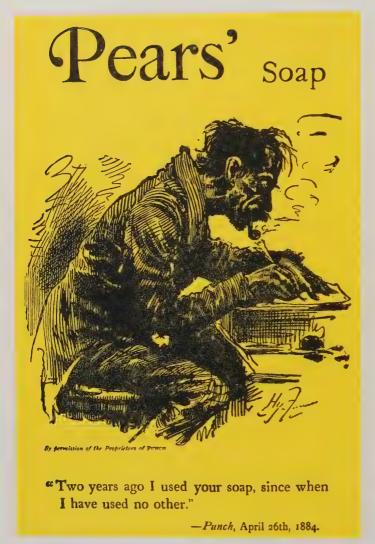
**SOAP IS TO THE SKIN WHAT WINE IS TO THE STOMACH**, a generous stimulant. It not only removes the dirt, but the layer which carries the dirt; and it promotes the displacement of the old cuticle to make way for the new, to increase the activity of change in the skin. Now turn we to Toilet Soaps and there we find

a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant—PEARS.

# PEARS' SOAP

an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms to the skin."

[45]



Cleanliness seems to have played a prominent part in Victorian philosophy. Most of the soap advertisers exploited its association with virtue.

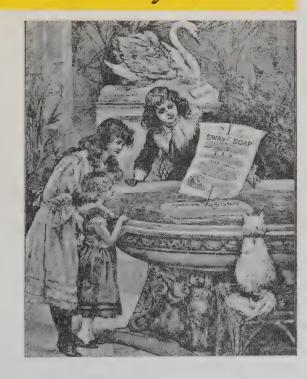
At a certain point in social development there often comes upon the scene a man whose imagination seizes upon all the facets of that development and produces something from them which transcends the efforts of all his contemporaries. In the advertising movement of the second half of the nineteenth century that man was Thomas J. Barratt. Barratt was a salesman, advertiser, and promoter all in one; his outlook was reminiscent of the quacks of old Bartholomew Fair. But with this difference: his product was a wholesome one; he told no lies. His methods and con-





# He wont be happy til he gets ih!

trivances were effective to the point of genius. He changed Pears' Soap from a hairdresser's sideline into a worldwide selling commodity. He it was who stamped a quartermillion French centimes with 'Pears' Soap' and put them into circulation throughout Britain; who charmed the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher into writing to every newspaper in Canada and the U.S.A. extolling the virtues of Pears' Soap as a means of grace; who introduced art and sculpture into advertising with 'Bubbles', 'The Knight of the Bath' (later to evolve into 'He won't be happy till he gets it'), Focard's 'You Dirty Boy', and the Punch cartoonists.



ONCE TRY YOU'LL COME AGAIN

# HARRIS'S, SLAP UP TOG

AND OUT AND OUT

# KICKSIES BUILDER,

WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BY WORKING MEN.

147, PRAED STREET,

ONE DOOR FROM EDGWARE ROAD.

33, WESTON STREET, SOMERS' TOWN, And I, BACK HILL, HATTON GARDEN.
ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

Mr. II. nobs the chance of putting his customers awake, that he has just made his escape from India, not forgetting to clap his mawleys upon some of the right sort of stuff, when on his return home he was stunned to find one of the top Manufacturers of Manchester had cut his lucky, and stepped off to the Swan Biream, leaving behind him a valuable stock of Moleskins, Cords, Velveteens, Box Cloths, Plushes, Doe Skins, Pilots, &c., and having some ready in his kick—grabbed the chance—stepped home with the swag—and is now safely landed at his crib. He can turn out Toggery, very slap at the following low prives for

## Ready Gilt-Tick being No go.

Upper Benjamins, built on a downy plan, a monarch to half-a-finnuff. Fishing or Shooting Togs, eat slap, 1 pound; 1 quarter, and a peg. A Fancy Sleeve Blue Plush or Pilot ditto, made very saucy, a couter. Pair of Kerseymere or Doeskin Kicksies, built very slap with the artful dodge, a canary. Pair of Bath or Worsted Cords, cut to drop down on the trotters, a quid. Pair of out and out Cords, built very serious, 9 bob and a kick. Pair of stout Brond Cords, built in the Melton Mowbray style, half a sov. Pair of Moleskins, built hanky spanky, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, half a monarch

## MUD PIPES, KNEE CAPS, AND TROTTER CASES BUILT VERY LOW.

A decent allowance made to Seedy Swells, Tea Kettle Purgers, Head Robbers, and Flunkeys out of Collect N.B.—Gentlemen finding their own Broady can be accommodated.

MAKE NO MISTAKE,

147, PRAED STREET, ONE DOOR FROM THE EDGWARE ROAD,

33, WESTON STREET, SOMERS' TOWN,

AND THE TOP OF BACK HILL, HATTON GARDEN.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

NURTON, Printer, 148, Preed Street, Edgware Read

Modern advertising executives may flinch with embarrassment at the crude directness of these clothing advertisements imagine Hathaway or Burton daring to advertise togs for 'working men'! But with what gusto and vitality Mr H. 'nabs the chance of putting his customers awake'! And there is no disguising the fact that Drew's grande nouveauté certainly 'reduces the most portly figure to the standard of Beauty and Fashion'.

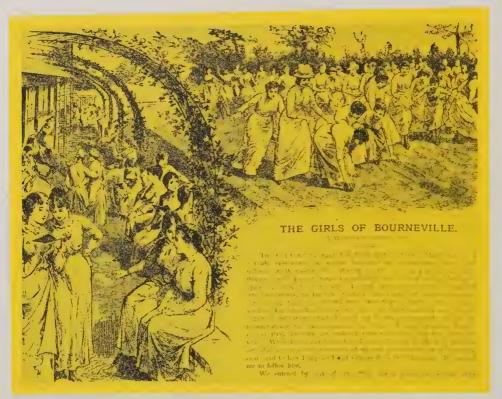
# DREW'S INIMITABLE

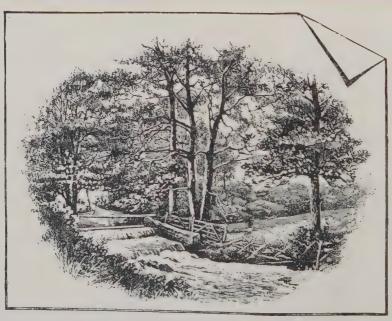
"A LA GRECQUE" CORSETS



With IMPERISHABLE ELASTIC AND SUPPORTER combined. A MILLION PAIRS ALREADY SOLD.

The great advantage of this Corset is—a combination of Elastic Texture inserted at the Waist over the hip and stomach. This "Grande nouveauté" and exquisite design reduces the most portly figure to the standard of Beauty and Fashion. To avoid deception each pair is stamped Drew's Make and Trade Mark. Price 16s 6d.; in Black. 17s. 6d. To be obtained from all Drapers and Outfitters in the Kingdom. Postage. 3d. extra. Wholesale only from 'DREW, SON and CO., Bath, England. Two Gold Medals. Two Diplomas of Merit.





Close to Mesors CADBURY'S COCOA FACTORY, BOURNYILLE, HEAT TERMINGHAM.



Cadbury's were as enlightened and progressive in their sales technique as in their factory planning. The advertisement at the head of the opposite page—which continues with a long, well-written account of the amenities of Bourneville-is as compulsive an exercise in public relations as anything put out by modern industries under the threat of nationalization. The Sunlight Soap advertisements are less subtle, but effectively ring the changes on royalty and the fear of age.



## WHY DOES A WOMAN LOOK OLD BEFORE HER HUSBAND?

Every woman who has her own housework to do knows that washing-day is the chief cause of the careworn look, that washing-day is the chief cause of the careworn look, broken health, and premature old age, noticeable in so many of her sex. Many a woman has to bend over a steaming wash-tub full of soiled clothes—to boil all the forenoon, and rub all the afternoon—and while still warm and perspiring from the hot, filthy steam, run out into the cold—bare-headed and bare-armed—to hang up the clothes on a freezing line. This is done, not once, but week after week, and the wonder is how any woman lives through it—many don't! The sudden change from the hot, perspiring labour and wet steaming room inside to the cold air outside produces the disease, ending in the death of the poor victim. Friends call it a dispensation of Providence. What the woman actually died of was poor soap, hard labour, and exposure Health is a Preservation of Beauty, is a necessity to happiness and the lives of your children. Don't Grow Old Before Your Time. Washing under the most favourable circumstances is hard enough. No trouble should be spared in securing a soap which is pure, effective, and long lasting. All these qualities will be found in the

"SUNLIGHT SOAP."

DUTY is the Demand of the Passing Hour!

THE VICTORIA ERA IS UN A MILLEU IN THE MISTORY OF THE WURLD FOR ITS PURITY, CREATNESS, AND COODNESS.

"Who bist can defer best out the "with reach to

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

# PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the same it we have dry have, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man." - SHARESPEARS.

"I have not willingly planted a them in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfah Greed. "Let us have faith that right makes right." "I will keep my faith with friend or for. Benevolence and Progrievess were the basis of his HIS, NATHER WAS DEFFLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no demonstra. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, maximing emergency.

AS Successional Rubes, and Liberators CWILLISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL. HONOUR

#### THE DAWN FREEDOM

LINCOLN and AUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral.

"By the way, a line exchapte was presented on board the best in which I was travel-ling for contemplating the effect of condition upon learners effect of condition to in train in supplicate. A gentlicross find purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kenin hy, and was telling them to form in the South. They were shalled as med also together, a smell from clovid was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the mula chain by a shorter une; at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negrous the so many fishes upon a trut-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR FILR from the SUENES OF THUR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MUTHERS, and BUTHERS and SINTERS, and way of them from their WWES and CHILDREN, and BOING ENTO PERPETUAL BANFRY, where the LASH of the MANTER IS PROVER-BIALLY 'M RE RUTHLESS UNRELENTING THAN

MORAL. PERFECT
HAPPINESS Hee FIRST
OF ALL in PERFECT
HEALTH, and does not
CRIEVE for the things
which we HAVE NOT.
but REJOICES for
THOSE WHICH WE

## LOVE OF LIFE, "The Life, NOT Death, For the More Life and Faller, That THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Polites Disc paid and Self-Devial, that Press us Book the High strain best in this life

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOH! THOU ART ABOVE OOLD AND TREASURE! "Tie thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish circus. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with the

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

THE SEGRET OF SUGGESS — 5% long Homesty of purpose. Without it file is a Shamilt. "A new invention in brought before the cases and an analysis of the control of the contro

TREER IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the enthiest stages of a discase it has in incomerable instances. PRESENTED what would sthere so have been a BEHOUN LINES. The discuss of the NGN PRUIT SALT upon any DISORDERED and PEVERISH condition to "MPLY HARVELDOUS IT is in such HATORISO ONN I SHIPLY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTIONand EMOS 'FRUIT BALT

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LIO. FRUIT SALT WORKS, LUNDON, S.E., BY J. C. ELO'S PATENT.

# RICHES, TITLES, HONOUR, POWER, AND WORLDLY PROSPECTS, ARE AS NOUGHT TO

The every being three their control nature, from the most invisualization of the most enlightened, canable, and his develops here, we also a deady rather on the process of before all others, and that is the process of Miller. What is not there is the process in the process of before all others, homographers, left with process of a control of a characteristic between which over the most of another and even mission. Let us the results of another which ever the most of a characteristic between the control of another and even mission.



SOCCESS IN LIFE. As we make a consist before the potential entering occurs. A cross of the constraint and states are determined as the encoupling

CAUTION Examine each Bottle and set the Capalle is non-kell "FNOS FRUIT SALT". Without A you have been improved only Worthly Instations.

# Merry Christmas

Direct sentiment for young and old to East to West, from North to North 'tunfs reach 'empry Cl' a max' And, if not too bold, the sentiment of the Max and the sentiment of the sent

For feasing's followed oft by sigh and group,
By grim Dyspepus and other ills.
One creately we know, and one alone—
Need we proclaim 2.1 Gold old BESOHAMS PILLE.

is Hamper is complete without a Box of BEECHAM'S PILLS. No house at this feeting it properly furnished without a good supply of the good old

# Beecham's Pills

ESS to mankind, but fatal to Bile, Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion, Blotches, Faintness' Swimming in the Head, Frightful Dreams, caused by imprudence in eating.

hings, Loss of Appetite, Nervoits irritability,

Pains in the Stomach and Chest, Heartburn, Giddiness,

Coppers, Jim Jams, Sea Serpents, Pink Crocodiles

## \* CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES \*

MERS of Families take BEECHAM'S PILLS. Mothers of Families take BEECHAM'S PILLS. Uncles emit take BEECHAM'S PILLS, and hustow on these dear butle Nephewe and Niccos

## VALUABLE PRESENTS

5. because BESCHAM'S PILLS have congenced their fower and made them feet charded and benevolant. Chaffers infinitely RECHAM'S PILLS is custored or extending (frequist). They are also evaluable for Bernsanca, Monting-Mero, Matters of 18 Players, Singers, Danners, and Hollay Makers of Kvary Dosoription, all of whom are good lover, and he finess pile to keep their livers or order, and there depends one

hts Professor JEREMIAH RICHARDSON wrote:- By the aid of BEECHAM'S PILLS, takun at judicious htsrvals, a man may eat, drink, and smoke of the best, to any extent,

## Perfect Ease and Comfort."

fills are used in every community, from the Palace of the Emperor to the common or tramp's rodging-house; and are is all quarters of the sthalined globe

MINERSALLY ADMITTED THAT THEY ARE

## "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX,"

d to be a ventable family medicine-chest and have saved many a guinea in the avoidance of doctor's bills.

For saie by Druggists generally in cities and towns.

MANUFACTORY - - - ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

# Chat ——is this?

## XOB A AENIUG A HTROW

suominonys si ti swonk enoyreve won -- emit tsrif eht rof
eht hguorht evah srotcaf tnelis esoht---silip smahceeb htiw
noitamitse eht otni yaw rieht dnuof sserp eht fo muidem
rof ylno sniamer won ti dna dlrow namuh eht fo roiretni dna
eeb taht ynam eht fo sdnim eht gniggoj peek ot roteirporp eht
etoditna tnellecxe na eb ot detuper era yeht tahw era sllip smahc
stnemlia esoht rof dna---stnemlia suoirav rof

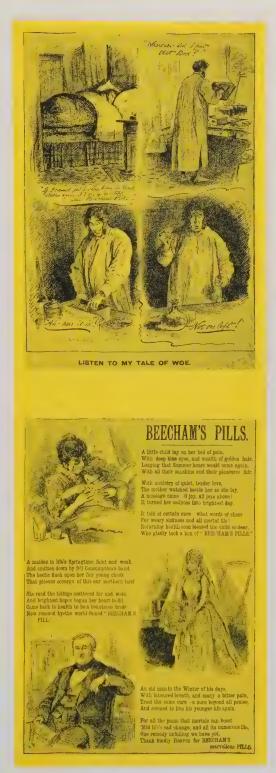
# SEE THE DAILY PAPERS.

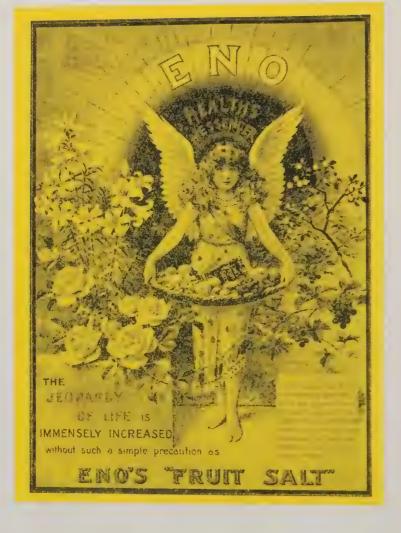
### AN OPEN LETTER.

Elear Danguray Ho venture to think that many of the complication which have arrisen during the latter period of your existence, might have been altogether obviated if you your formly had active whom the advice we have for years been offering. He are led to believe that the necessity of a second This Jangueray arose from the food of the decease of the treat that had you insisted upon a pulserous use of Deecham's bills by the first my Janguray, her sphere of life might have been extended to the present time, and you would have been saved from many complications.

Dect 1893

Beecham's Pills were among the very first of the Victorian advertisers to take advantage of the repeal of the advertising tax. Thomas Beecham started in a modest way at St. Helens in Lancashire in the 'fifties. His brother Joseph was the more imaginative and thrustful member of the partnership. He it was who coined the phrase 'Worth a guinea a box', which by the 1900's had appeared at vantage points in almost every country in the world. It was probably he too who had theidea of blazoning Beecham across the hull of Nelson's battleship, Foudroyant, which broke away from its mooring and capsized whilst on exhibition at Blackpool. He had to pay hefty damages to the Admiralty for his enterprise.





J. C. Eno was one of the earliest exponents of what modern advertising men call 'mood copy'. His high-flown language and nobility of sentiment helped to flatter the new Victorian middle classes into believing—at any rate, hoping—that sound health was an attribute of virtue. The equation of health, happiness, success, and godliness, plus a prophetic turn of phrase, sold many tins of Eno's and Vegetable Moto for him in his time.





Above is a charming example of late Victorian advertising. There is a touch of vieux joie: recollections of long, warm nostalgic summers; also a faint suggestion of approaching Art Nouveau.



WITH EVERY ARTICLE IN

# FURNISHING IRONMONGERY,

FA

J. TOWLSON'S,
HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The First Prize in the First Class, for Skilled Manufacture,

AT THE

TUNBRIDGE WELLS INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1864,

WAS AWARDED TO

# THOMAS BARTON.

(Successor to Edmund Nye,)

# INLAID AND MOSAIC WOOD MANUFACTURER,

To Her Majesty and the Royal Family,

MOUNT EPHRAIM, & 10, PARADE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Agent to the Star, Life, & Manchester Fire Insurance Offices.

- 1914kg - - 1914kg - - 1916kg - - 1916

Yes, the *montage* on the opposite page may be aesthetically a shocker, but the page of local tradesmen's announcements above is a singularly happy exercise in Victorian typography. Studio artists today are earning high salaries for designing letter forms like these which were the stockin-trade of printers at places like Tunbridge Wells a hundred years ago



# THE SAUCE FOR THE ASPARAGUS

A REAPPRAISAL OF

SAKI

BY ROBERT DRAKE



HE SHORT STORIES of Saki (H. H. Munro) have had their admirers ever since they began appearing in the Bystander, Westminster Gazette, and Morning Post in the late 1890's; and at least one of them is nearly always included in every short-story anthology. But he has hardly ever been made the subject of serious reappraisal. For many readers, he is still 'just a humorist'; and even Christopher Morley, in his introduction to the collected stories, implied that Saki is a sort of English O. Henry—an opinion which I believe does little justice to either writer.

By way of accounting for Saki's lack of critical attention we might note that the world he writes about is receding farther and farther into the romantic past. It was the world of Edwardian elegance and Wildean wit, in which trifles were tremendous and manners were almost morals. The tea-table, rather than the television 'panel', was the forum and the field of battle for the wits of the day; and the wits had not yet degenerated into vulgar jesters. This world knew nothing of nuclear fission and the graduated income tax; it still believed in a future and in house-parties.

To our more apocalyptic age this world may seem idyllic and even unreal. And its insistence on orders and degrees—and social forms in general—may appear to be archaic and undemocratic. Saki's particular brand of comedy, which I regard as essentially a comedy of manners, is practised by only a few writers today, the most notable instances being perhaps Evelyn Waugh and Noël Coward. Today we want our comedy 'straight'. Many of us are loth to believe that comedy can be the most serious business in the world; hence the unending spate of 'gags' and 'situation comedy' on our stages and television screens.

Comedy was a serious business for Saki—as serious as it was for the French philosopher Henri Bergson, who defined laughter as essentially a corrective measure aimed at bringing the deviant back into harmony with the norm. The fact that mid-twentieth-century society is often apt to mistake averages for norms is but one more reason why the comedy of manners is in eclipse today and why Saki's admirers, though always ardent, are nevertheless relatively few. But who or what are the norms in Saki's stories, and what is their significance? How can he be both serious and amusing? Such questions can be answered only by examining closely a variety of his stories.

At first there really seem to be no norms at all in Saki's humorous

[61]

stories. It is at once apparent, though, that there are two violently opposed classes of people in most of them. On the one hand, there are Mrs Packletide, whose 'pleasure and intention [was] that she should shoot a tiger', and Teresa Thropplestance, whose manner 'in dealing with the world in general . . . suggested a blend between a Mistress of the Robes and a Master of the Foxhounds, with the vocabulary of both'. On the other hand, there are the Nut, as exemplified in such characters as Reginald and Clovis, and the Flapper, realized in girls like Vera Durmot, who provide violent contrast to the exceedingly proper, decorous, and

stuffy world of upper-middle-class respectability.

Such 'impossible' young men as Reginald and Clovis seem (in the eyes of the 'proper' people) to be bound by no scruples, no repressions or inhibitions. For example, in 'The Feast of Nemesis' Clovis suggests to his aunt—one of Saki's inevitable and impossibly proper aunts—that a Feast of Nemesis be instituted as a yearly occasion on which one may avenge himself on others for fancied offences during the previous year. He suggests to her that she might achieve such satisfactory vengeance on her neighbours ('who made such an absurd fuss when Ping Yang bit their youngest child') by getting up quite early on the morning of Nemesis Day and digging for truffles on their tennis court. 'You wouldn't find any truffles,' says Clovis, 'but you would find a great peace, such as no amount of present-giving would ever bestow.' He also suggests that vengeance might be taken on the odious Waldo Plubley, who is always coddling himself, by inciting a wasps' nest to riot over his head as he lies in a hammock. The aunt, it may be noted, has begun to see the possibilities of Nemesis Day; but she protests that the wasps might sting Waldo to death, to which objection Clovis replies: 'Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death.'

Vera Durmot in 'The Lull' is adjured by her aunt to help divert a prospective M.P. who is staying with them overnight from worrying about the forthcoming election. She has a simple and amazingly forthright solution to this problem. She rushes into the young man's room in the middle of the night and tells him that a reservoir in the vicinity has burst, leaving the barnyard awash, and asks him to harbour a pet pig and cockerel in his room overnight.

But surely, we think, these characters—violently opposed though they be to the stuffy and primly proper ones—are not intended as norms to which the behaviour of the other people should be brought to conform.



Perhaps, then, they are beyond-norms, to employ a prefix Saki uses on several

occasions. But this term calls for a longer explanation.

The important thing about Reginald, Clovis, Bertie Van Tahn, Cyril Skatterly, the other Nuts and the Flappers is that they deprecate the importance of those things held up as important by the 'other' people and exalt what appears to the 'others' as trivial. In 'The Quest' Clovis seems far more interested in what sort of sauce is to be served with the asparagus at dinner than in what has become of the Momebys' lost child. It is this unexpected, jolting exaggeration of the trivial and the deprecating of the seemingly weighty and important which amuses us. The Nut and the Flapper are constantly reversing the accepted scale of values, belittling the shibboleths of the 'proper' people, and glorifying the asparagus sauce. What is it that is amusing in this particular reversal? Perhaps it is the incongruity of the situation—that is, the implication that the asparagus sauce represents good sense as opposed to the unwarranted hysteria of the Momebys. What is also funny is that we know that Clovis does not really believe the asparagus sauce to be of supreme importance; rather, he is spoofing everything and everybody and in so doing seems to bring a degree of sanity to a confused and cluttered scene peopled by individuals who think they are acting rationally and in perfect decorum. It seems that Clovis is not only pulling our leg, but his own as well.

It is possible, then, that the characters of the Nut and Flapper serve as a sort of beyond-norms, who attempt to bring the pompous, self-deceived people to a reconciliation with the real norms of honesty and good sense. They thus serve in their ridicule of the others, whom we may call the uninitiated, as a sort of corrective influence, which Bergson says is the proper end of all laughter. It is not so much that this conduct is held up by Saki as a pattern to be followed; but there is a strong implication that there is far greater honesty and more good sense in the didoes the beyond-norms are up to than is found in the actions of the dowagers, ambitious society hostesses, and maiden aunts, who are all trying so desperately to be 'civilized'.

Through the whole of Saki's humorous stories—as through his stories of irony—there lies a profound distrust of the civilized, the artificial. Reginald and Clovis, in giving free rein to their impulses and free vent to their imaginations, seem to act more naturally—and therefore more sensibly—than the 'others'. They seem to realize quite clearly that they are only rather superior animals—with possibilities for rational behaviour



—and the sensible thing to do is to behave in that fashion without all the sugar-coated rationalizing in which the 'others' indulge. To the extent that they act normally or naturally they may be considered Saki's norms, but in their taking to the extreme the idea of what they consider normal or natural they become beyond-norms rather than norms. In the last analysis the principal difference between the initiated and the uninitiated in the stories of Saki is that the initiated (in this case, Clovis, Reginald, and company) are aware of their predicament as imperfect beings and act accordingly. The 'others'—the uninitiated—remain blind to the truth and act in accordance with the conventional hypocrisies of society, though they may eventually be 'shocked' into this awareness by the beyond-norms.

From the standpoint of satirical humour Saki is at his best in describing the members of the cult of the uninitiated. His descriptive sentences are stripped bare of all non-essentials. They are as direct and to the point as a guided missile, and they are infused with an almost overpowering awareness of human folly and vanity. Even when Saki writes from the omniscient point of view we hear the mocking laugh of Clovis in the background. Of the irrepressible Mrs Packletide he says: 'In a world that it supposed to be swayed by hunger and by love Mrs Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.' Of the Dowager Lady Beanford he notes that she 'was a vigorous old woman who had coquetted with imaginary ill-health for the greater part of a lifetime; Clovis Sangrail irreverently declared that she had caught a chill at the Coronation of Queen Victoria and had never let it go again'. In 'Filboid Studge, The Story of a Mouse that Helped' when Duncan Dullamy, the breakfast-food king, cannot sell his new breakfast food, Pipenta, he asks Mark Spayley to design a poster that will help put the new preparation over:

Three weeks later the world was advised of the coming of a new breakfast food, heralded under the resounding name of 'Filboid Studge'. Spayley put forth no pictures of massive babies springing up with fungus-like rapidity under its forcing influence, or representatives of the leading nations of the world scrambling with fatuous eagerness for its possession. One huge sombre poster depicted the Damned in Hell suffering a new torment from their inability to get at the Filboid Studge which elegant young fiends held in transparent bowls just beyond their reach. The scene was rendered even more gruesome by a subtle suggestion of the features of leading men and women of the day in the portrayal of the Lost Souls; prominent individuals of both political parties, Society hostesses, well-known dramatic authors and novelists, and distinguished aeroplanists



were dimly recognizable in that doomed throng; noted lights of the musical-comedy stage flickered wanly in the shades of the Inferno, smiling still from force of habit, but with the fearsome smiling rage of baffled effort. The poster bore no fulsome allusions to the merits of the new breakfast food, but a single grim statement ran in bold letters along its base: 'They cannot buy it now.'

Spayley had grasped the fact that people will do things from a sense of duty which they would never attempt as a pleasure. There are thousands of respectable middle-class men who, if you found them unexpectedly in a Turkish bath, would explain in all sincerity that a doctor had ordered them to take Turkish baths; if you told them in return that you went there because you liked it, they would stare in pained wonder at the frivolity of your motive.

It would seem, then, that what really binds the Nut and the Flapper and the other 'shockers' together in a common bond is this cognizance, this awareness. They know the inescapable facts of life—that man is an imperfect being with little in his favour except the potentiality of acting rationally. They are truly the initiated; they know the real facts of life and the way of the real world. The solution proposed by them to combat stuffiness and self-deception is to go to the other extreme; they represent not a norm but a beyond-norm.

The solutions advanced by the initiated characters in the humorous stories for bringing the uninitiated to their senses are varied. But we must be careful to note that the solutions are rarely looked on as solutions by their perpetrators. If they were, then Clovis, Reginald, and the rest would become sermonizers or even reformers and, by implication, Saki along with them. Under such an interpretation much of the humour of the stories would disintegrate. One solution—that of Nemesis Day—has already been mentioned. The solution of Lady Carlotta, whom the nouveau riche Mrs Quabarl has mistaken for a governess, is to teach history to the Quabarl children by what she calls the Schartz-Metterklume method, that is, by acting it out for themselves. And to our delight Lady Carlotta begins the lesson with the Romans and the Sabine women.

An ostensible solution is provided in 'The Unrest-Cure'. J. P. Huddle is complaining to a friend while riding on a train of the stuffiness of the dull complacent lives he and his sister are leading. They are so set in the life they lead in their country home that they are annoyed when the thrush which has been building its nest year after year in the catkin-tree changes its nesting-place to the ivy on the garden wall. 'We have said very little about it, but I think we both feel that the change is unnecessary.'

J. P. Huddle's travelling companion suggests that he and his sister get



themselves out of this placidity by resorting to what he calls the 'Unrestcure', as opposed to the rest cure for people who have been living under great tension and nervous strain. When Huddle asks how this cure may be undertaken, his friend replies:

Well, you might stand as an Orange candidate for Kilkenny, or do a course of district visiting in one of the Apache quarters of Paris, or give Jectures in Berlin to prove that most of Wagner's music was written by Gambetta; and there's always the interior of Morocco to travel in. But, to be really effective, the Unrest-cure ought to be tried in the home. How you would do it I haven't the faintest idea.

Clovis, who has been sitting opposite Huddle and his friend, decides to undertake the Unrest-cure for Mr Huddle and his sister. Accordingly, he arrives at their home in the guise of the Bishop's secretary, having sent a telegram to the Huddles invoking their hospitality on behalf of the Bishop. The Bishop is in the neighbourhood ostensibly examining a confirmation class, says Clovis; but really he is out for blood. The interchange of words between Clovis as the secretary and Huddle is somewhat illuminating:

'Tonight is going to be a great night in the history of Christendom,' said Clovis. 'We are going to massacre every Jew in the neighbourhood.'

'To massacre the Jews!' said Huddle indignantly. 'Do you mean to tell me there's a general rising against them?'

'No, it's the Bishop's own idea. He is in there arranging all the details now.'

'But—the Bishop is such a tolerant, humane man.'

'That is precisely what will heighten the effect of his action. The sensation will be enormous.'

Farther on, conversation is again in the familiar vein:

"... after all, we've got men we can trust to do our job, so we shan't have to rely on local assistance. And we've got some Boy-scouts helping us as auxiliaries.'

'Boy-scouts!'

"Yes; when they understood there was real killing to be done they were even keener than the men."

Later on, when Miss Huddle somewhat understandably develops a headache, though 'it was not her day for having a headache', Clovis reports to the terrified Huddles:

'The Bishop is sorry to hear that Miss Huddle has a headache. He is issuing orders that as far as possible no firearms shall be used near the house; all killing that is necessary on the premises will be done with cold steel. The Bishop does not see why a man should not be a gentleman as well as a Christian.'



Blenkinthrope in 'The Seventh Pullet' is aware of the dull sameness of his life and, what is more, manages to find a solution for his problem so that a Nut or a Flapper is not really necessary in the story. His solution is to tell fantastic tales about his daily life to his fellow commuters-about his pullet, for instance, out of a flock of seven, who, unlike the other six, was not mesmerized and killed by a snake because its eyes were covered with feathers, and thus was able to peck the snake to death. There is a grim irony in the fact that, when his wife meets her death after having finally won a game of Death's Head patience, as her mother and great-grandaunt had done before her, no one will believe his story. Perhaps, in a way, Blenkinthrope is one of Saki's few characters that are norms, not beyondnorms. (Possibly the same thing may be said about J. P. Huddle.) No beyond-norm is really needed here since Blenkinthrope is cognizant of the existing state of affairs and takes measures himself to combat them. His methods of improving his situation are indeed methods that a beyondnorm might use, though. And it is notable that his plan of attack is suggested to him by Gorworth, who is strongly suspect of being a beyondnorm—Gorworth who, 'since winning a prize for excellence in Scriptural knowledge at a preparatory school . . . had felt licensed to be a little more unscrupulous than the circle he moved in. Much might surely be excused to one who in early life could give a list of seventeen trees mentioned in the Old Testament.'

All Saki's beyond-norm characters have this cognizance, this know-ledge of what is really going on in the world about them. What makes the pronouncements of the Nut and Flapper so jolting, though, is that they seem to be hitting so much nearer the truth—harsh though it may be —than the overstuffed dowagers and conservatively hidebound aunts. In other words, their solution to the same problem—that of bringing order and sanity to the disordered—is much more nearly rational than the 'civilized' solutions offered by the 'proper' people, if indeed these latter may be called solutions. And possibly this is where the real humour of Saki lies—in the paradox that the more rational solution is what seems the most irrational, and lies in what is farthest from 'conventional' thought and behaviour.

The use and treatment of children in Saki's stories is significant. It must be borne in mind that his own childhood was an unusual one. With his mother dead and his father overseas, he and the other children were cared for by a grandmother and a coterie of aunts who alternately tyrannized over them and devoured them with affection. In her biographical sketch of her brother the late Ethel Munro gave the impression that the aunts were actually cruel to the children and thus that Saki's childhood was a sad, lonely one. Though Miss Munro herself voiced violent objection to this inference, there is certainly an apparent antagonism between children and adults in many of Saki's stories.

The function of the children in the humorous stories seems to be similar to that of the Nuts and the Flappers; their role is that of the beyond-norm. The children in 'The Story-Teller' appear as bloodthirsty little creatures and enjoy hearing about the death of a little girl who was 'horribly good'. There is a deadly sanity in them that is far more sophisticated than anything their proper aunt has to offer. Saki's continual thesis regarding children seems to be that their conduct is more nearly rational than that of decorous adults because they have not yet learned the deceptions and hypocrisies of civilization. Theirs is a sophistication that is truly artless, truly natural, and unsought for.

The children in 'The Penance' successfully threaten Octavian Ruttle, a dignified gentleman of middle age, into standing for an hour in his shirt with a candle in his hand over the grave of their cat, which he has ordered to be killed. As he stands there, he must say: 'I'm a miserable beast.' The means they employ to coerce him into this act of contrition? They merely threaten to throw his little daughter Olivia into the pigsty to be devoured by the pigs or choked in the muck. Their 'inexorable child-logic' provides a perfect contrast to Octavian's superficial 'adult' dignity. Pigs figure prominently again in 'Hyacinth', where Hyacinth, the son of a parliamentary candidate, successfully blackmails the opposing candidate into conceding the election. His method is likewise direct, forthright, and untainted by the touch of civilization and adulthood. He threatens to throw the two sons of the other candidate into a pigsty.

Perhaps Saki's humorous stories can be thought of as falling into two subdivisions. The first subdivision would include those stories in which a beyond-norm is explicit and of great importance, such as the Reginald and Clovis stories. The second subdivision would include those stories in which a beyond-norm, if it exists in a story, is implied and of only secondary importance.

In the second subdivision may be placed 'Cousin Teresa'. It is the story of Lucas Harrowcluff, who composes a very successful music-hall number after years of futile endeavour which has been subjected to ridicule on the



part of his family. Lucas knows he will succeed in the end, and always has an unbridled optimism that is maddening to his hidebound middle-class family, and it is not necessary for any outside beyond-norm such as Clovis to come bring him to his senses. And his persistence does finally bring him a tremendous popular success.

There is some very effective implicit satire in Saki's portrayal of the reaction of the public to the turn. The number itself is really nonsensical, consisting of a song about Cousin Teresa, the chorus of which concludes

with:

Cousin Teresa takes our Caesar, Fido, Jock, and the big borzoi.

While this song is being sung, a group of mechanical dogs moves across the stage, then comes on again led by a Nut, and then once more led on by an actress impersonating Cousin Teresa. On the word 'borzoi' there is a big double beat on the drums, and this double beat takes the public fancy to such a degree that people thump it out on the glasses in restaurants and in other public places. The popularity of the number is universal:

... Nowhere and at no time could one get away from the double thump that brought up the rear of the refrain; revellers reeling home at night banged it on doors and hoardings, milkmen clashed their cans to its cadence, messenger boys hit smaller messenger boys resounding double smacks on the same principle. And the more thoughtful circles of the great city were not deaf to the claims and significance of the popular melody. An enterprising and emancipated preacher discoursed from his pulpit on the inner meaning of 'Cousin Teresa', and Lucas Harrowcluff was invited to lecture on the subject of his great achievement to members of the Young Men's Endeavour League, the Nine Arts Club, and other learned and willing-to-learn bodies. In Society it seemed to be the one thing people really cared to talk about; men and women of middle age and average education might be seen together in corners earnestly discussing, not the question whether Servia should have an outlet on the Adriatic, or the possibilities of a British success in international polo contests, but the more absorbing topic of the problematic Aztec or Nilotic origin of the Teresa motif.

'Politics and patriotism are so boring and so out of date,' said a revered lady who had some pretensions to oracular utterance; 'we are too cosmopolitan nowadays to be really moved by them. That is why one welcomes an intelligible production like "Cousin Teresa", that has a genuine message for one. One can't understand the message all at once, of course, but one felt from the first that it was there. I've been to see it eighteen times and I'm going again tomorrow and on Thursday. One can't see it often enough.'

Perhaps what Lucas *does* constitutes a beyond-norm method, but he is not a beyond-norm himself.

The beyond-norm is not always a person. In 'Tobermory', one of Saki's most popular stories, the beyond-norm is a cat. Cornelius Appin has perfected a method, after years of study, for teaching animals to talk. While he is a guest in Lady Blemley's house, he tries his art on her cat, Tobermory. He proudly proclaims his success to the assembled house guests, for in Tobermory he says he has found a true 'Beyond-cat' of a high degree of intelligence. Naturally, the other guests are sceptical; and so the cat is called in for proof.

Much to the surprise and chagrin of the house-party, Tobermory displays not only the power of speech but an extraordinarily good memory as well. This surprising virtuosity becomes embarrassing for all concerned:

'What do you think of human intelligence?' asked Mavis Pellington lamely.

'Of whose intelligence in particular?' asked Tobermory coldly. 'Oh, well, mine for instance,' said Mavis, with a feeble laugh.

'You put me in an embarrassing position,' said Tobermory, whose tone and attitude certainly did not suggest a shred of embarrassment. 'When your inclusion in this house-party was suggested Sir Wilfrid protested that you were the most brainless woman of his acquaintance, and that there was wide distinction between hospitality and care of the feeble-minded. Lady Blemley replied that your lack of brain-power was the precise quality which had earned you your invitation, as you were the only person she could think of who might be idiotic enough to buy their old car. You know, the one they call "The Envy of Sisyphus", because it goes quite nicely uphill if you push it.'

Lady Blemley's protestations would have had greater effect if she had not casually suggested to Mavis only that morning that the car in question would be just the thing for

her down at her Devonshire home.

#### Again:

... Agnes Resker could not endure to remain too long in the background.

'Why did I ever come down here?' she asked dramatically.

Tobermory immediately accepted the opening.

Judging by what you said to Mrs Cornett on the croquet-lawn yesterday, you were out for food. You described the Blemleys as the dullest people to stay with that you knew, but said they were clever enough to employ a first-rate cook; otherwise they'd find it difficult to get anyone to come down a second time.'

This display of Tobermory's vocal virtuosity is enough to convince both guests and hostess that Tobermory must be put out of the way. Consequently, a plate of fish scraps dosed with strychnine is put out for him. This group of unmasked pseudo-sophisticates shows little appreciation of Mr Appin's work in the field of animal elocution:



An archangel ecstatically proclaiming the Millennium, and then finding that it clashed unpardonably with Henley and would have to be indefinitely postponed, could hardly have felt more crestfallen than Cornelius Appin at the reception of his wonderful achievement. Public opinion, however, was against him—in fact, had the general voice been consulted on the subject it is probable that a strong minority vote would have been in favour of including him in the strychnine diet.

There is bitterness in the fact that the pseudo-sophisticated people deprive Appin of his greatest pupil; but the overall effect of the story is humorous, for it is implied that the pseudo-sophisticates have been jarred into a better insight into their situation.

This essay would be inadequate without some consideration of a story in which that super-Nut Reginald appears. Perhaps the best Reginald story is 'Reginald's Christmas Revel', in which that irrepressible young man spends Christmas with his relatives, the Babwolds. That the Babwold household was a respectable and solemn one Reginald leaves no doubt:

Mrs Babwold wears a rather solemn personality, and has never been known to smile, even when saying disagreeable things to her friends or making out the stores list. A state elephant at a Durbar gives one a similar impression. Her husband gardens in all weathers. When a man goes out in the pouring rain to brush caterpillars off rose-trees, I generally imagine his life indoors leaves something to be desired; anyway, it must be very unsettling for the caterpillars.

The guests are not stimulating nor is the entertainment which has been planned for them, according to Reginald. He can endure this ponderous festivity only a short while and finally, as do all the beyond-norms, takes matters into his own hands:

... As a crowning dissipation, they all sat down to play progressive halma, with milk-chocolate for prizes. I've been carefully brought up, and I don't like to play games of skill for milk-chocolate, so I invented a headache and retired from the scene. I had been preceded a few minutes earlier by Miss Langshan-Smith, a rather formidable lady, who always got up at some uncomfortable hour in the morning, and gave you the impression that she had been in communication with most of the European Governments before breakfast. There was a paper pinned on her door with a signed request that she might be called particularly early on the morrow. Such an opportunity does not come twice in a lifetime. I covered up everything except the signature with another notice, to the effect that before these words should meet the eye she would have ended a misspent life, was sorry for the trouble she was giving, and would like a military funeral. A few minutes later I violently exploded an airfilled paper bag on the landing, and gave a stage moan that could have been heard in the cellars. Then I pursued my original intention and went to bed. The noise those people made in forcing open the good lady's door was positively



indecorous; she resisted gallantly, but I believe they searched her for bullets for about a quarter of an hour, as if she had been a historic battle-field.

It may easily be seen that Reginald is blood-brother to Clovis.

Perhaps the best illustration of this jarring of the self-deceived into sanity is 'Shock Tactics'. Bertie Heasant's mother is a domineering woman, who insists on opening her son's mail. Bertie appeals to Clovis for help, and there is certainly no doubt that he has brought his problem to the right authority. Clovis immediately embarks on a plan designed literally to shock Mrs Heasant to her senses.

Clovis' solution is to send Bertie a series of counterfeited letters, for he knows that Mrs Heasant will be sure to read them. His letters progress from the provocative to the terrifying (to Mrs Heasant). First, there is:

Bertie, carissimo . . . I wonder if you will have the nerve to do it; it will take some nerve, too. Don't forget the jewels. They are a detail, but details interest me.

Yours as ever, Clotilde.

Your mother must not know of my existence. If questioned swear you never heard of me.

This is soon followed by a gory specimen:

So you have really done it!... Poor Dagmar. Now she is done for I almost pity her. You did it very well, you wicked boy, for the servants all think it was suicide, and there will be no fuss. Better not touch the jewels till after the inquest.

Clotilde.

By this time Mrs Heasant is on the verge of hysteria and commands Bertie to reveal his ghastly secret to her:

'Miserable boy, what have you done to Dagmar?'

'It's Dagmar now, is it?' he snapped; 'it will be Geraldine next.'

'That it should come to this, after all my efforts to keep you at home of an evening,' sobbed Mrs Heasant; 'it's no use you trying to hide things from me; Clotilde's letter betrays everything.'

Finally a letter from Clovis arrives, explaining the whole ruse. Bertie, who has locked himself in his bedroom during his mother's tirade, emerges and says he is going for the doctor. He says he thinks his mother is mentally ill because no sane person could have believed the letters from 'Clotilde'.



'But what was I to think of those letters?' whimpered Mrs Heasant.

'I should have known what to think of them,' said Bertie; 'if you choose to excite yourself over other people's correspondence it's your own fault. Anyhow, I'm going for a doctor.'

It was Bertie's great opportunity, and he knew it. His mother was conscious of the fact that she would look rather ridiculous if the story got about. She was willing to pay him hush-money.

'I'll never open your letters again,' she promised.

Perhaps in no other story of Saki's is the idea of the 'undeceiving' of the

self-deceived by the beyond-norm more explicitly illustrated.

In 'Tobermory' and 'Shock Tactics', as in the stories regarding children, is found the paradox which seems fundamental to Saki's humour—that the seemingly irrational and therefore objectionable is more nearly rational than that which purports to be so and is accepted as such by the world. Thus Saki uses the ostensible deviant—the beyond-norm—to prod the smugly decorous and complacent into closer conformity with the dictates of good sense.

The humour and satire of Saki are never condescending and therefore never offensive. The characters employed as instruments of satire realize their essential imperfection along with that of the persons against whom the satire is directed. It is this cognizance, though, that sets them apart from the 'others' and makes them members of the cult of the initiated. It is their purpose to bring as many outsiders into the cult as possible, and to that end all their efforts are directed. Thus laughter is for Saki, as it was for Bergson, essentially a corrective measure.

## NANANANA WERERE

## SCULPTURE AND SITUATION

### BY OLIVE COOK AND EDWIN SMITH

CULPTURE and situation are obviously in the broadest sense inseparable. But the word 'situation' as it is used here does not describe the arbitrary positions into which most contemporary pieces are thrust; it indicates the special purposes, functional or associative, for which sculpture was made before it developed into an independent art, before it concentrated only on the exploration of three-dimensional form and became largely abstract, private, and esoteric. The works shown here are either expressive of an emotional, spiritual, or intellectual situation or they were designed to suit a particular physical situation, sometimes odd and unexpected, often such as forced them to become something else besides sculpture, a door-head, a support for a mantelpiece, a corbel, or the arm of a stall. The high imaginative power of these pieces, chosen almost at random, suggests that to the English sculptor at least situation is as important as form in the exercise of his art.

One of the most epoch-making innovations in the history of English sculpture was due not to the desire to achieve an abstract perfection of form but to situation in both meanings of the word. Incredible as it may seem, the first recorded instance of a sculptor working from the living nude was in a monastery, and the first work to be executed in this novel way was a crucifix. Hugh of Leven, Abbot of Meaux from 1339 to 1349, ordered a sculptor-monk of the community to fashion a figure from life and he 'reverently worked on the finer portions of the image on Fridays, while fasting on bread and water'. It is not surprising to learn that when the figure was completed and set up on the rood beam in the nave of the monastic church it was found to be endowed with miraculous powers and became famous as the Speaking Crucifix of Meaux.

Situation can sometimes invest a piece of sculpture with an emotive force beyond that which in itself it possesses. The smooth, dust-laden limbs of the Belvedere Apollo in the Vatican Museum arouse little excitement, but the sight of the graceful figure stepping out from the niche designed for it in the noble black-and-white hall of Syon inspires something of the rapture felt by those who made the original the goal of an Italian journey two hundred years ago. The suavity of the statue, the



product of a dying civilization, is exquisitely matched by the fastidious elegance of Robert Adam's ornament, itself the last bright flower of a moribund tradition. Together they conspire to create a nostalgic vision of the antique all the more poignant because its reality is denied by the matter-of-factness of the modern historical sense.

Again, the lead Hercules at Hardwick derives more than half its magic from its background of dark yews and stag-antlered oaks; and the classical hero, gently smiling as if at the recollection of Italian gardens and sunwarmed fountains, brings the air of the south to this northern retreat. Antiquity and Elizabethan England mingle and are transformed into a pantheistic, romantic dream symbolized by the mysterious inscription which recurs again and again at Hardwick:

The redolent smelle of eglantine We stagges exalt to the Divine.

The stimulating effect upon the sculptor of a restricted situation is strikingly illustrated by the hundreds of misericord carvings to be seen all over England in parish churches as well as in cathedrals. The fifteenth-century sculptor seems indeed to have found the fullest opportunity for his art in these reliefs dictated by the shape of the seat made to turn up and form a bracket. They display a liveliness of invention and mastery of design which we seek in vain in the more formal productions of the stone carvers of the period.

Misericord carvings are inspired by an inexhaustible number of human situations, all adjusted to the same physical situation. There is another and grander form of sculpture in which the English excel, where both the human and the actual situation are prescribed. Grief and mortality are the great themes of funeral sculpture and the composition must conform to the shape of table, wall, or altar tomb. From these limitations have sprung centuries of English sculpture as remarkable for its range of feeling as for the multiformity of design in which that feeling is expressed. Stretched out in the attitude of death, stirring uneasily, as if in nightmare slumber, to cross a leg or grasp the hilt of a sword, mocked by grinning skulls and hourglasses, mourned by sorrowing relatives or compassionate angels, kneeling in prayer, sitting, or standing alert with the very look of life, though marble-pale, thousands of effigies of the dead bear witness to the inspiriting power of situation. The image of Edward II at Gloucester, one of the most haunting of all these monuments, is a typical product of the



sculptor's response to situation. The murdered king, contemptible in life, was revered in death as a saint, and the tomb enshrining his remains was at once a reminder of the martyr and an object of pilgrimage. A portrait of Edward might have recalled the pathetic reality too vividly, so the artist has given him features which resemble those of God the Father in manuscripts of the period.

The twelfth-century ivory pastoral staff is an example of that same emotional situation of grief given formal, three-dimensional shape by the artist's collaboration with an utterly different physical situation. Here the curve of the crook has suggested the recumbent abandoned attitude of the stricken Mary and has played a major part in the creation of this intense

and dramatic expression of the agony of death.

This and the profoundly moving relief at Chichester shown in the same opening are, in contrast to misericord and monument carvings, examples of the same emotional situation applied to differing physical situations. Another constantly recurring theme in English sculpture, encountered in an amazing variety of situations, is the relationship between man and nature. Garden statuary, as we have seen, is concerned with this theme, but it is most frequently symbolized by the human head sprouting or lapped about with foliage. Sometimes the vegetable forms take on human characteristics and merge themselves into hair or hands; sometimes the human elements are almost lost in a mass of writhing vegetation; and sometimes, as at Claydon, heads and towering exuberances of foliage are reduced to a common pattern of serpentine forms. These pantheistic ideas have a long history and persist even in this arid age. Though most contemporary sculptors tend to regard an emotional situation as a disadvantage equalled only by that of conforming to a physical situation, Henry Moore's swelling sculptures embrace both man and nature in a vision of primeval landscape. In the trinity of standing figures keeping company here with burgeoning heads and a wodehouse, flesh and foliage have devoured each other so that instead of heads bare twigs raise their antler shapes, ghostly reminders of the Hardwick trees and the Hardwick rhyme:

The redolent smelle of eglantine We stagges exalt to the Divine.

Opposite: Detail of the marble copy of the Apollo Belvedere, Syon House, Middlesex





Above: Marble overmantel, 'Sacrifice to Bacchus', by Michael Rysbrach (1693–1770), Clandon Park, Surrey

Right: Marble chimney-piece with caryatid support, artist unknown, mid-eighteenth century, Claydon House, Buckinghamshire

Opposite: Lead statue of Hercules, Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire. It was made for Hardwick in a yard for lead garden statues opened in London by the sculptor John van Nost, c. 1700







Alaboster relief. 'Apollo and the Muses', above the fireplace in the State Bedroom, Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire. It was brought to Hardwick from Chatsworth at the end of the eighteenth century and may be the work of Thomas Accres. Bess of Hardwick's master-carver



Detail from the plinth of the marble memorial to G. E. Street, Law Courts, London, by Henry Hugh Armstead, 1886







Opposite page, top left: Buttress finial, 'Wrestlers', Magdalen College, Oxford. Top right: 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel', thirteenth-century stone carving, Chapter House, Salisbury. Below: Misericord wood carving, 'Wrestlers', fifteenth century, Gloucester

On this page, right: Detail of stall canopy, wood carving, c. 1420, 'Samson astride a lion rends its jaws', Norwich. Below: Fifteenth-century misericord carving, 'The sleeping Samson', Gloucester





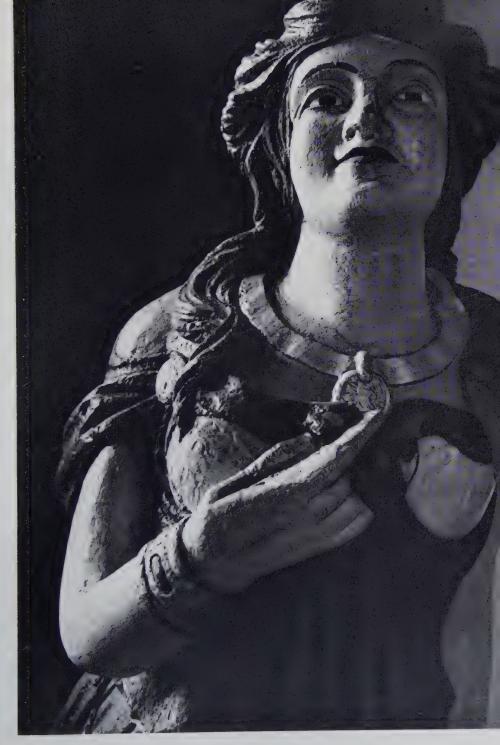






Top left: Angel from the tympanum of the Prior's Door, Ely, c. 1160. Above: Stone-carved angel from a late Victorian tomb, Lampeter churchyard, Cardiganshire. Bottom left: Lion from the tomb of Sir Richard Croft, 1509, Croft, Herefordshire. Below: Sixteenth-century stall arm, St George's Chapel, Windsor





Wood-carved figurehead, early nineteenth century, National Maritime Museum, Portsmouth. The forward-sweeping movement is dictated by the shape of the ship's prow







Elizabeth Williams and her still-born child, sixteenth-century monument in coloured alabaster, Gloucester



Above: Detail from twelfth-century ivory pastoral staff (Victoria and Albert Mus.). Below: Monument to Richard Winwood, 1689, by Thomas Stayner, Quainton, Buckinghamshire. The dead man is mourned by his wife, who commissioned the monument. The figures are carved in white marble on a black marble base





Above: Heads of Martha and Mary from 'The Raising of Lazarus', stone relief, possibly eleventh century, Chichester

Below: Head of Edward II from the alabaster tomb,  $\epsilon$ . 1332, Gloucester







Above: Detail from niche in the North Hall, mid-eighteenth century wood carving by Lightfoot, Claydon Hall, Buckinghamshire. Top right: Capital, c. 1100, Library, Chichester Cathedral. Below: Three standing figures, bronze, 1959, by Henry Moore

Opposite page, top: Fourteenth-century capital, chalk stone, Lady Chapel, Ely. Below: Fifteenth-century wood carving, wodehouse caught in a bramble, the ear or supporter of a misericord bracket, St George's Chapel, Windsor









# VICTORIANA



Catherine, Countess of Stamford and Warrington (by courtesy of Mrs Bissill)



HEN, in 1848, George Harry Grey, seventh Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and now twenty-one, came down from Cambridge, he was decidedly a parti. He made every other big catch that season appear a minnow. Thirteen years earlier his father had died, making him Baron of Groby, while at eighteen, on the death of his grandfather, he came into the two earldoms and a rent-roll of £90,000 a year. As to the lands from which this was derived, well, match-making mamas could read about them, and his arms, and his pedigree, in Burke's Peerage.

They could read about Enville in Staffordshire, with its enormous world-renowned garden; the Leicestershire estate, Groby, comprising Bradgate Park, home of his royal ancestresses Elizabeth Woodville and Lady Jane Grey; Dunham Massey in Cheshire; Ashton-under-Lyme in Lancashire; Glenmore in Inverness-shire; Kinrara in Ireland; the smaller shire estates in Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Yorkshire; the house at Newmarket; the London house 33 Hill Street. The owner of all this, said the mamas, was a distinguished-looking youth, with broad shoulders and regular features, though perhaps—ahem—perhaps he *could* be rather a bear in one's drawing-room. But then, recollect, my dear, he and his sister had been orphans since their mother's death four years earlier. A well-chosen wife, no doubt of it, would soon teach Stamford more ingratiating manners.

The men also took a good view of Harry. He was a dab at all field sports, a famous cricketer, a crack shot, and had just been elected Master of the Albrighton hounds. Then his Enville property embraced a cricket-ground bigger than Lord's, he had pheasant coverts at Bradgate, a trout-stream in County Tyrone, a grouse moor and salmon-fishing in Scotland. Unsociable

fellow, Harry, but his country seats could provide capital sport.

[93]

G

True, a fortnight after his twenty-first birthday he'd come near ruining the entire show. He was still at Cambridge then. Throughout his Cambridge career one Bessie Billage, the Trinity College bootman's daughter, had been Harry's mistress. What odds? Bessie was a common harlot among the wealthier undergraduates. Yes, but last February Harry had had banns of marriage between himself and Miss Billage read out in a Cambridge church. His guardian had had a job talking him out of it. Well, well, Harry's duties as M.F.H. and landlord would, perhaps, put some sense into him.

Then, late that year, Stamford heard that two Cantabs, young Lords Strathmore and Munster, were competing for Bessie's favours. Whereupon he hurried to Cambridge, met his ex-mistress, took her to Brighton, married her. . . .

Little is known of this union. Bessie was a rudimentary person, unlettered, unteachable, and terrified of the platoons of footmen, maidservants, and gardeners at Enville Hall. Stamford was patron of nine livings, and had hoped that the clergymen's wives would befriend Bessie. But, dammit, she would call these ladies 'Madam' and bob curtsy to them. At last, perceiving her distress, and being soft-hearted by nature, Stamford took a mansion for Bessie at Hove, and lived with her there, seeing hardly anybody, for three and a half years. Then he grew restless. He spent increasing periods away from her. He had been with his rod and his creel in Scotland six weeks when, in late October 1854, he was recalled by 'electric telegraph' to Hove, where the Countess had had a seizure.

The Victorian code exacted 'the widower's year'. Not till the little season of 1855 could this prodigious catch swim again in aristocratic pools. But when Society returned from the moors and the spas, it found the now twenty-eight-year-old Earl had made a second misalliance—this

time with a London celebrity.

Stamford's second choice, Catherine Cox, was a woman of majestic mein and strong personality. Yet her origins were as lowly as poor Bessie's. Her father was a farmhand of Sturminster Marshal, near Wimborne, Dorset; her mother a gypsy. On eighteen shillings a week Henry Cox had maintained his dark-eyed Jemima and seven unkempt and unruly children, Catherine being their fifth-born. Catherine's birthday was 11 October 1826.

When Catherine was twenty, their cottage, a thatched one, caught fire, and her father died of severe burns. Her eldest brother Hiram was already



dead, the second son was married, while the third, Israel, had been committed to Dorchester Gaol for horse-stealing. Tamar, the eldest girl, after producing three workhouse-born babies in five years, was now in service at Southampton. Nothing remained for the widow Cox but to traipse to the Wimborne poorhouse, whence she was presently removed to the bridewell for 'misbehaviour'. This left the care of the two youngest girls, Susan and Polly, to Catherine.

After a year's gaudy prominence at horse fairs and wakes, Catherine, Susan, and Polly migrated to London. Here they fell in with Jem Mason, the horse-dealer. At Jem's Oxford Street stables the three tall ravenringletted beauties had lessons in the High School style of Equitation, partly with a view to their graduating as horse-tamers, breakers-in of ladies' pads, partly so that they might be leased out from time to time to circus proprietors for equestrian acts. By 1850 Jem's pupils were already 'the celebrated sisters Fleming (alias Cox) of Astley's Royal Amphitheatre and the Cremorne Gardens'. At artillery reviews and race meetings these slap-up girls on their bang-up steeds were landmarks in the crowd. At every officers' mess 'Kitty, Sue, and Poll Fleming' was a toast. To the vulgar fry the thrill of watching the trick-riding sisters first caracoling in the Ring, later, in the grand spectacle, 'leaping through fire on their richly caparisoned palfreys', was sharpened by tales of their private lives. On dit that the Bird of Paradise—otherwise Catherine—and Susan entertained . Lords Wilton, Ranelagh, and Sefton in their villa in South Bank, St John's Wood, while an Adonis of the Foreign Office, named Chichester Fortescue, had housed Polly elsewhere in the town.

Yet, in all her metropolitan triumph, Catherine didn't forget her misfortunate family. She was its elder sister, its provider. When Israel was chucked from his job as farm bailiff of an estate near East Grinstead, she employed him as her coachman. When Tamar married a ship's fireman, and turned respectable, she had Tamar's eldest love-child, Sarah Letitia, from Southampton to live with her. She also found a home for her mother and Tamar's two sons. Lastly, she arranged that Susan, Polly, Sarah Letitia, and herself should not only learn to read and write, but have French masters, music masters, drawing masters.

In June 1852 Susan was married to Greville Morier, of the Diplomatic. Of an old Huguenot family, and the recent inheritor of a fine fortune left by his grandfather, the author of *Hajji Baba*, the bridegroom met with Catherine's hearty approval. So different from Polly's new attachment!

For Polly, abandoned by Fortescue, had consoled herself with the third Baron Ribblesdale, a vain, pretty little lordling who sought to increase a barely existent income by high bets on the Turf. The harebrained temper of her sister's beloved, Polly's headlong passion for him, and the wobbly off-and-on basis of the whole affair, was an affront to the level-headed Catherine. She expressed her irritation, forcibly, tersely. Yet the next year she, Catherine, treated herself to a lover; high-born, beautiful as Hyperion, everywhere popular—but penniless, dependent on his father.

It was a blow for self-expression. The air of responsibility imposed on Catherine in early youth from having her trouble-creating family perpetually on her hands had changed, with her change of world and circumstance, into a regal stateliness of manner. This, with her vivid Romany beauty and stunning horsemanship, had transmuted for Lords Wilton and Ranelagh what must else have been a disqualifying defect: namely her shyness, her intense reserve, which they saw as inscrutability, mystery. Not for them to guess that the goddess's silence concealed human envies and hankerings. Not even the flibbertigibbet Polly divined that Kitty was jealous of her, Polly's, ridiculous liaison. But Catherine's 'fancy man', when she did pick one, differed much from Polly's Lord Ribblesdale. Captain the Hon. Percy Fielding, the Earl of Denbigh's second son, had been drawn, willy-nilly, into a fast-living, high-spending military set. No squanderer, no gambler, no 'yaw-yaw guardsman', he had yet run up rather considerable bills. In the early autumn of 1853 his father, having paid Percy's debts twice, packed him off to North Wales to superintend a property he had in Flintshire.

And here comes the curious part of the story. Catherine travelled to Flintshire too. Just how she manœuvred that her brother Israel be a keeper on the Denbigh estate is obscure, but a force seemed to emanate from her that caused things to happen in the way she willed them. It was arranged that she housekeep for Israel in a little stone-built farmhouse. Of her five months' sojourn in this wild and lonely countryside nothing is known. One pictures the trio of an evening sitting round the oil-lamp in the tiny flagged farm kitchen, the men discoursing interminably of estate matters, while Catherine, as is the way of peasant women, silently refills their mugs of porter. But she indulged no daydream of Fielding one day marrying her. Like herself, he was commonsensical, far-seeing. Quite matter-of-factly, it seems, she had staged the idyll that she felt her time of life

demanded, knowing that its duration must be brief.



In March 1854 Britain declared war against Russia. September saw Fielding's embarkation with his regiment for Scutari, and in October Catherine gave birth to a daughter, who was also named Catherine. Not till the New Year was the Bird of Paradise officially on the town again. It must have been about six months after his first wife's death that Lord Stamford visited Jem Mason's stables. There he saw a tossing, plunging two-year-old, eighteen hands high, gallop into the tan yard. A tall young woman quickly mounted the animal and in two minutes subdued him. She then performed a number of graceful evolutions, circles, turns, angle turns, figures-of-eight, entrancing Stamford by her beauty and her masterfulness, her nerve, her hands, and her skill.

A year passed before Stamford took his new wife to Enville. The annual fête, held in late July and lasting three days, was, he decided, a good time to present her to the tenants, who would then foregather a hundred strong for 'a spread of old English fare and ale' in his vast garden. This entertainment, inaugurated by his great-grandfather, had lapsed in poor Bessie's reign, but was now 'by the particular desire of the present Countess' to be revived. Whereupon the pleasaunce was opened to some sixty thousand toilers from the Black Country, who could picnic on the lawns, listen to the German band, or watch the noble proprietor batting and bowling in the cricket match. After dark there were fireworks on the Great Lake, while the Neptune Fountain, the Sea Horse Fountain, the pagoda, the Gothic Gate, the eagle house, etc., were lit by a million glow-worm lamps. Not till the third day, at the speechmaking, did the Countess appear. This ceremony was performed on a dais in front of the marquee, in which the Stamfords, the Moriers, and some officers of the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry had been dining off gold and silver plate.

Doubtless most of the small farmers' and parsons' wives expected to find Catherine another poor Bessie. Hadn't she the same antecedents? But what they now beheld was an erect, handsome, fashionably dressed brunette of thirty, with fine straight eyebrows and big fearless brown eyes.

This woman would never sink

With the burthen of an honour Unto which she was not born.

The Enville parson, returning thanks, said they must all look on the new Countess as their friend. That she was this, the next few days proved.

Inevitably, with such hordes of Birmingham roughs loose in the garden, there had been vandalism; a man was prosecuted for stealing 'fifteen rare geranium plants'. But halfway through his trial a courier arrived in court with a note from the Earl 'intimating that the Countess had interceded for the culprit and obtained a promise that he be forgiven'. Again, two boys in custody for purloining fairy-lights were liberated 'through the clemency of her ladyship'.

In the next twelve months Stamford missed no opportunity to open the grounds of one or other of his country seats and introduce Catherine. Her birthday. His. The harvest supper. Christmas. And always the next day the new chatelaine would drive about among her curtsying and forelockpulling dependants, laden with boots and blankets for the needy. Before long the landed bigwigs of five counties read that extravagantly ornate Gothic school buildings, embellished with the Countess's name, were being opened at Enville, Amblecote, and Groby, while at Newmarket Lady Stamford was holding Bible classes for the stud grooms and the stable lads. Kitty Cox, late of the arena, now teaching in a Sunday school! How could they know, the lip-curling big-wigs' wives, that Catherine's zest for good works sprang from no wish to be one with themselves? and that Stamford, far from rueing his marriage, as of course they all hoped and said, was, in fact, delighted by his wife's quick comprehension, her poise, her knowledge?

Yet, it was so. Ever since Harry had startled—but not dizzied—her by his proposal, Catherine had foreseen that as Lady Stamford she would be invited nowhere. Pleasing Harry and playing Lady Bountiful to his tenants would, thank heaven, comprise all her duties. And for these she came beautifully equipped. For one thing, she could 'talk horse' to Harry competently. She knew every stallion in the Midlands, its strain and the quality of its stock. She even induced him, after a bit, to build his own stud farm at Enville, with loose-boxes for the mares in foal, and paddocks,

and a race-course for the colts and fillies in training.

In Stamford's eyes she was flawless. He could even condone her frequent appalling rudeness to his guests. For, if she did sometimes consent to act hostess to his Jockey Club confrères, she took care to absent herself when, as so often, a more newly minted 'horsy' set came to the house. Poole, the tailor, she rather liked. But she refused to entertain Padwick, the moneylender. As to Jem Mason, and the steeplechase jockey, Tom Olliver, they belonged to her dappled past. 'Miss Geary, a ladylike person of middle-age,'



we are told, 'was her constant companion in the house and out of it. Even the honours of the table were delegated to Miss Geary.' So, while this mature virgin was having the time of her life among noisy young bachelors in the dining-room, Catherine would sup, unconcerned, in the housekeeper's room, with 'Tibby' the housekeeper, with Sarah Letitia, and with Susan. Sukey Morier, estranged from her husband, was now living permanently with the Stamfords.



Enville Hall, Staffordshire, as Catherine knew it. From a water-colour by J. Buckton

Stamford had, it will be seen, 'married the family'. Besides Susan and Sarah Letitia, he soon found himself landed with Tamar's two sons, and, in 1857, with Polly's sons by Lord Ribblesdale. This was before Polly's marriage, in St George's, Hanover Square, to Henry Hervey, son of Lord William Hervey, and nephew of the Marquis of Bristol.

The splendid alliance restored Polly to Catherine. For five years Polly's stock with her imperious sister had been see-sawing with the ups and downs of her affair with Lord Ribblesdale, dropping with a thud when this began in 1852, flying up the next year when Ribblesdale cried off and

got married, and then crashing badly the year after that when, following a long run of luck on the Turf, he eloped with Polly to Shanklin. However, in 1856 the young peer's debts sent him crawling back to his wife. And now, in 1857, behold Polly married into Debrett! As Mrs Henry Hervey she shot sky-high in Countess Catherine's good graces . . . to stay there, alas, only ten months. For as soon as Ribblesdale had more Turf winnings to play with he again bolted with Polly to Shanklin, an escapade which led to the divorce suit *Hervey v. Hervey and Lord Ribblesdale*, heard in July 1859. On this, Catherine's edict went out that Polly be again barred from Enville Hall.

But Polly's two sons remained there. Luckily they and Tamar's boys were all fond of sport, with the result that Stamford soon provided four ponies and each day spent enchanted hours on his race-course and about his breeding farm, teaching the young idea to ride. Did the County ladies titter, say he'd turned his home into a caravanful of gypsies? The fact was that Stamford liked his wife's family. Israel Cox had a swarthy skin and let fall devilish strange locutions, no doubt; but he rode like a centaur. Then Susan was a beautiful horsewoman—uncommon jovial company too while Polly was a regular little trump. Infernal shame Catherine didn't but no, Catherine was right about Polly. Aphrodite and Delphic Oracle in one, what Catherine said, when she said anything, went; and if, goddess-like, she could be implacable, she mostly showered her love on the Lilliputians at her feet. Her special pet was Tamar's workhouse-born daughter, Sarah Letitia. Sarah Letitia, being delicate, didn't ride. But Sarah Letitia could talk French; Sarah Letitia read Tennyson and Carlyle. Her uncle and aunt, who opened few books nowadays other than studbooks and, in Catherine's case, fashion magazines and the Bible, were deeply impressed. Still more so when, eighteen months after their wedding, a young Oxonian reading for Holy Orders proposed to Sarah Letitia.

But what of that other child, Catherine's own by-blow? One might suppose that Stamford, easy-going, biddable, and perfectly willing to take on his wife's niece and nephews, might with a little persuasion have adopted his wife's daughter too. After all, he condoned her pre-marital liaisons. Indeed, Lord Wilton, once her official protector, was their frequent guest at Enville. But Catherine knew her man. She could read Harry with a minuteness, a clarity, that a more educated, a less solitary, woman could never achieve. Her singleness of purpose, her realism, her



peasant knowingness and gypsy watchfulness—these enabled her to see, neatly divided as on a map, those nine-tenths of him that came under her mandate, and that tenth tenth she would never be able to control. Were Harry ever to learn that she had borne another man the child she couldn't have by him, all that she had had from him, the coronet, the curtsying tenants, everything, would, in one thunderclap, vanish. Still, she pined for the little Catherine in far-away London. Two years after her marriage, on an impulse, she sent for her daughter and put her at dry nurse in a cottage near Enville. She might seldom see the little Catherine, but she would be close to her.

In March 1856 Stamford accepted the Mastership of the Quorn. Determined to do the thing in style, he announced that, barring the Covert Fund, he would waive all subscriptions. Before the 1856-7 season opened he had got together eighty couple of hounds and a stud of eighty hunters and hacks. Contemporary journalists describe 'the Earl's establishment at Quorndom' as 'princely . . . beyond parallel or praise . . . never has the same scale of magnificence been adopted'.

Also eulogized was the palatial hunting-box that Stamford built on his Leicestershire estate, between the villages of Newtown Linford and Groby. Conceived in the Neo-Elizabethan-cum-Victorian-baronial style of architecture to which both his and Catherine's tastes inclined, Bradgate House, when completed, covered two acres, employed twenty indoor servants, and had stables that cost £30,000. This, throughout their Quorn dynasty, would be the Stamfords' winter residence. The first brick was laid in May 1855. In late October, in time for the cub-hunting, the Earl and the Countess took possession.

'The usual courtesies were exchanged' at the Opening Meet, when Stamford with naive pride introduced Catherine to the ladies of the hunt. But on subsequent days the Countess of Wilton, the Lady Blanche Egerton, the Hon. Mrs Villiers, etc., agreed that they had no notion of having Stamford's 'hippodrome dolly' crammed down their throats. This was what Catherine had expected. These ladies saw her as the interloper who had nobbled the best catch in the shires—a dark rank tare that had somehow sprung up in their patrician wheatfield. Well, she would triumph the moment the hounds broke cover. Again and again did the sporting journalists, after a fox had been raced for half an hour or so across a stiff line of country on a tearing scent, praise the Countess's performance.

Six-foot thorn hedges, 'yawners', five-barred gates, would rush up at her, stark and forbidding, and over she went like a sea bird afloat on enormous waves, to dart the next instant, swallow-wise, athwart the grass, the stream, and up the hill. 'Exceeded anything I have ever known . . . finest horse-woman in England. . . . No man nor woman could beat Lady Stamford on Trumpeter.' Thus the paeans of the Press. But the ladies Wilton, etc., thought otherwise. Scientific horsemanship? Psha! Ring-training. She sits like a ramrod, you see. Possibly the approved mode of charging balloons in the circle. But their comments and their slights were as nothing to the onslaught soon to be hurled by another prima-donna equestrienne.

Catherine Walters, alias 'Skittles', was, in 1860, the most-talked-of courtesan in London. Like the Countess, Skittles had begun her career in Jem Mason's stables, where she had heard much of her namesake and predecessor: how Lady Stamford had two maids to dress her, how in the vast wardrobes at Bradgate House were hung as many crinolines as Queen Elizabeth had farthingales. Today, out with the Quorn, she could watch the Earl and the Countess arrive at the Meet in a carriage-and-four, hear the church bells ring for the Countess, observe how sometimes that lady would change her mount three times in a run. Then all those newspaper puffs of the Countess! Didn't she, Skittles, always ride straight from find to finish? Wasn't she, Skittles, one of the first up at every kill? Skittles meant to shame this old has-been, eleven years her senior. She would ride in front of her, cut across her, talk loudly of professional horse-breakers. Now Stamford, no typical M.F.H., was slow to rebuke. But even he presently felt compelled to dispatch his huntsman to reason with Skittles. 'Tell the b--- she was never first in the profession, so can't be first in the hunting-field,' was the strumpet's reply. Stamford then warned Skittles that if ever he saw her in the field again he would at once take hounds to kennel. But, of course, at the next Meet there Skittles was, cheekier than ever. On the Master's proceeding to carry out his threat, however, and at the instance of her particular friends, she, with a parting shot at her enemy, galloped away.

The incident was to reverberate for months. 'Lord Stamford,' said the gossip journals, 'was too strait-laced.' He had 'listened to a power behind the throne'. Skittles might well have retorted, 'Et tu, Brute'. In fine, for each supporter of Kitty Stamford there were six for Kitty Walters. Worse, at the Cyder Cellars, a fashionable London drinking-saloon-cum-



music-hall, a burlesque trial entitled Skittles v. Lord Stamper & Warneroffe was staged, with male impersonators in the roles of the Strumpet and the savagely proper Countess. The show, which ran for eight weeks, 'drew all the nobility and gentry', and was daily advertised by a column of sandwich-men in Regent Street. All of which, for some reason, fed a feud long-existent between the Master and the Hunt Committee. Two seasons later there was a big bust-up. Lord Stamford resigned. Eight thousand people attended the sale of his hunters by Tattersalls at Bradgate in May 1863.

No longer King of the Hunting Field, Stamford now resolved to be Monarch of the Turf. He accordingly built at Newmarket 'the most extensive racing establishment ever known'. Soon the townspeople were familiar with the sight of his string of twenty-four yearlings being paraded through the High Street on their way to morning exercise. But the huge sums he gave for these animals he never recouped on stakes. His ill-luck that summer was unvarying. Horses for which he had paid four or five figures never even looked at a starter, and no entrant of his carried his colours to the winning-post. When a mare who had run second for the Cesarewitch failed badly in the Cambridgeshire, Stamford decided he was fed-up with racing. That same year—1863—which had seen his hunters brought to the hammer was to witness his Newmarket stud dispersed by auction too.

Catherine shook her head. But she knew that she must give Harry his. In his impetuosity, his vacillations, his betting, dicing, gambling, rushing into lawsuits, and general showing-off, he would always be a spoilt child. But a child increasingly reliant upon her. For, as he grew older, his spend-thrift madness so enslaved him that he was obliged, even with £90,000 a year, to raise mortgage after mortgage on his property. Though Catherine couldn't stay the outgoing tide of their exchequer she did contrive, materially, to retard it. Taking the home-training stud under her management, and trebling the stock, she did so well at shows and at sales as to make the concern prosper exceedingly. The Enville blood sires and brood mares achieved a nation-wide renown.

Twenty years before, Catherine had weaned her heart of vain sighs for Percy Fielding: Percy, a Crimean hero, long since married, a family man. Her sole relic of Percy was her daughter (now moved to a farm near Newtown Linford). Meantime for Harry, always beside her, affectionate, idolizing, she had conceived a profound tenderness.

## MANANANA MEREKEKEK



George Harry, 7th Earl of Stamford and Warrington

Though universally regarded as a rum couple—a law unto themselves—the Stamfords passed each year through all the phases of the orthodox Victorian grandee. The Morning Post announced their Arrivals and Departures. In late April the Porchfontaine Races and—for Catherine—fittings drew them from Bradgate House to Paris, whence the opening of the London Season recalled them to 33 Hill Street. Here they resided till the Enville Fête in late July. Then there was Scotland in August, Baden week in September, after which from October till the following April they were submerged in the chill green dampness of their vast country estates, an eclipse which Catherine, unlike most landowners' wives, had been longing for throughout the summer. For only at Bradgate and Enville was she anybody.

## 



Catherine, Countess of Stamford and Warrington

Today there were others, besides the country people, bound in homage and fealty to her. For she had planted—the neighbours said garrisoned—her husband's properties with her Cox nephews, Tamar's son Robert being put in charge of the Newmarket stables, Polly's boy Tom made land steward at Groby. But her pet protégé was Sarah Letitia's husband, the Rev. Alfred Payne. After his ordination Payne had, through Catherine's interest, been appointed first curate, then rector, of Enville (his being a former captain of the Oxford University cricket eleven no doubt aiding his preferment). It was Payne, young, voluble, compelling—but, alas, short-lived—who charmed Catherine first into sanctioning, then passionately enthusing over, his scheme for the restoration, by Sir Gilbert Scott, of Enville Church.

As to Catherine's sisters, they had, since the mid-'sixties, changed places in her esteem. Susan, for years a fixture at Enville and Bradgate, had been sent packing when, in 1863, Morier divorced her: she now lived at Wimborne where Catherine, though she refused to see her, supported her. The much more wayward Polly's long ostracism, also brought about by divorce, had been rescinded. For Polly had married again. Under her maiden name Cox, and describing herself as a spinster, she was united in St Martin-in-the-Fields, on 24 June 1864, to Henry Kiallmark, Surgeon. Whether or no the marriage was valid, Catherine reinstated Polly. Kiallmark, too, being a lively presentable sort of chap, and a great hand with a gun, was soon persona grata at Bradgate House.

Again one asks, what of Catherine's daughter? Did she learn to ride, have governesses, go to balls? Was an imposing marriage eventually arranged for her? Did she grace the immense epergne-dominated dinnertable at Bradgate House on those four splendiferous days in January 1882 when the Prince of Wales and a posse of earls and viscounts were Stamford's guests? On her death was she commemorated, like her Aunt Polly in 1879, by a gorgeous stained-glass window in Enville

Church?

Not at all. Reared in a yeoman farmer's family, the little Catherine married a yeoman farmer, receiving at her wedding the considerable sum held in trust for her. Always she was, it is remembered, a benign, contented woman.

When Lord Stamford died, in January 1883, the earldom of Warrington became extinct. The Stamford earldom now passed to a distant cousin in Cape Town. Enville—almost bankrupt—was Catherine's for life. But as the Leicester Hospital and Blind Home were engaging Catherine's lady patroness proclivities she remained at Bradgate House, though she often visited Enville to see 'Tibby', the old housekeeper. Tibby was now Catherine's friend of the longest standing.

The past ten years had lopped off nearly all the old attachments: the Rev. Alfred Payne, Polly, her adored Sarah Letitia, Miss Geary, her husband. To put forth fresh branchlets she must cultivate Sarah Letitia's children. Lord Stamford had bequeathed Enville on Catherine's demise to the eldest of these, her namesake, a girl who had lately delighted her great-uncle and her great-aunt by becoming engaged to Sir Henry Foley Lambert, Bt, the Duke of Montrose's nephew. In June there was a big,



fashionable wedding in St George's, Hanover Square. By a clause in the will the children of this marriage were to adopt the surname Grey, it being felt that these cuttings from another aristocratic stem would thrive best on Stamford soil were they grafted on to the Stamford tree. Catherine, who plumed herself on having made the match, was, of course, behind these testamentary dispositions. By procuring for her great-grand-nephews and nieces noble blood, a nobleman's name, and—however encumbered—noble hereditaments, she had, she felt, for ever healed the old sore of Sarah Letitia's workhouse birth.

But her own beginnings could not be erased. Beyond the park palings she must always be an outlaw. Throughout the 'eighties she continued to run horses and breed for sale. The Prince of Wales was sometimes a purchaser. Yet a young girl who used to attend the Wolverhampton Races regularly in those days with her father often wondered, so she tells us, about a strange 'foreign-looking woman, beautifully dressed', whom she always saw at these Meetings. 'No lady ever approached her or spoke to her. She sat in lonely grandeur in her carriage. . . . I was told she was the Countess of Stamford.' After thirty-five years Society would not let

Catherine's bygones be bygones.

Much better to stay where one has a roothold. Like one of the exotic cedars her late husband had planted in Bradgate Park, Catherine had, through the years, come to blend with the ancestral demesne, her strongfibred practicality to bind each square inch of the land, her benevolence to shade every cottage. By her orders fields were dug and trenched and watercourses cleansed, brick bullock sheds replaced the old wooden ones at Luttrell's, Mrs Stubbs was given a stone floor. What riveted her onepurpose mind today was a determination to bring the Enville estate, as near as might be, to solvency for Sarah Letitia's grandson when he should come into it. Owing to the late Earl's fecklessness—and his Turf losses alone amounted to over half a million pounds—Enville was crippled by debts. Catherine was resolved, in what remained to her of life, to clear them. That despite the drastic retrenchments this involved she was yet able to act the beneficent suzeraine among her vassals, is vividly revealed in cameos of memory still preserved by those of her relations and employees who once knew her.

First picture Enville village on a fine spring day awaiting the Countess's arrival from Bradgate. A boy has climbed the church tower to con the highway. The moment the procession of four carriages is sighted the



church bells peal, tools are downed, gaffers and grannies crowd the doorways, young people line the road, and the red-cloaked schoolchildren raise a banner with the inscription 'Welcome to Our Benefactress'. As her crested and be-flunkied victoria turns up the drive six other children,

the little Greys, run to greet 'Blue Auntie'.

The second cameo gives us the grounds at Enville Hall. The Countess is in a bathchair pushed by one cockaded footman and pulled by another. By her side is Miss Draper, her new companion. They are superintending the planting of an avenue by a dozen great-grand-nephews and nieces to some of whom the mute venerable image in the chair, with her white enamelled face framed by a big heliotrope bonnet with plumes, and a heliotrope mantle, is petrifying. They much prefer the bustling, chatty Miss Draper. But the little Greys assure them that for all her maquillage and her silence 'Blue Auntie' is kind: they will get presents before her visit is over.

The last cameo finds Catherine at Bradgate. She is in her boudoir being dressed for dinner. Her maid stoops to pick up a valuable diamond brooch. She hands it to Catherine. But Catherine pins the brooch in her abigail's

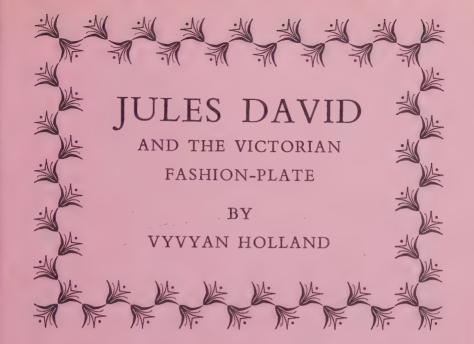
bosom. 'It is yours,' she says.

On 25 November 1904 Enville Hall was destroyed by fire. There were no casualties, and Catherine was at Bradgate when it happened. But Tibby died shortly afterwards, and the double loss of Enville and Tibby broke Catherine's heart. She died on 29 January. She had gone far to rid Enville of its burdensome charges. Another ten years and the estate pulled round

completely.

Half a century has passed since Catherine's death. Enville Hall has been rebuilt, and Bradgate House demolished. Outside the park gates there have been bigger changes. One of these is the complete annihilation of that harsh ethical code which, for all her humility, her pride, her strength of character, her wisdom, her simple acceptance even of the black-and-white Victorian standards, could still find no redemption for Catherine.

The drawing on page 99 is reproduced by permission of the William Salt Library, Stafford; the photograph on page 104 is by permission of the Earl of Stamford; and the portrait on page 105 by permission of Mrs Ross.



OLLECTING coloured Victorian fashion-plates is a hobby that has been taken up by so many people during the past thirty years or so that these plates are now becoming very scarce. And whereas it used to be possible to pick them up for a few pence they now cost as many shillings. Most of the early-nineteenth-century fashion-plates were stilted and stylized almost to the point of being diagrammatic. They gave one or, at the most, two figures, and those with two figures usually showed the front and back of the same dress. It is true that some of the German, Austrian, and even American plates contained several figures, but these were all line-for-line copies of French and English ones, which showed the fashions that then ruled the world; they were a conglomeration of figures awkwardly grouped together and had none of the artistic merit of the plates from which they were copied.

Many of these French and English plates, notably those in Le Follet, Le Petit Courrier des Dames, The Belle Assemblée, and Ackermann's Repository of Arts, were executed with great delicacy of feeling, and it is probable that many artists who afterwards became famous started their careers by designing fashion-plates. These early engravings certainly show an exceptional degree of skill, but unfortunately a great number of the more charming ones were unsigned, and there is no clue to the identities of

[109]

their designers. There is, however, a series of plates by Gavarni which were signed 'G.I.' and which even if they had not been signed would have signed themselves. They were drawn for *La Mode*, a fashion magazine started by Henri de Girardin in 1829; Gavarni joined the staff of the magazine in 1830, contributed a weekly fashion-plate for two or three years, and then carried on spasmodically until 1837, drawing about 180 plates in all. Gavarni's real name was Sulpice Guillaume Chevalier. In the year 1829 he had exhibited at the Paris Salon a water-colour drawing of a village in the Pyrenees named Gavarnie. In the catalogue the name of the artist became confused with the name of the village; this so amused the artist that he adopted the name 'Gavarni' as his *nom de pinceau* and used it for the rest of his life.

None of these early fashion-plates, not even those of Gavarni, had any background. The ladies might be seated on chairs or settees, and there might have been a vase of flowers on an occasional table or the suggestion of a column or of wallpaper, but that was all. It was not until 1843 that a sudden new departure came with the publication in that year in Paris of Le Moniteur de la Mode, for which a man named Jules David, then thirty-five years of age, began to draw the fashion-plates and to instil them with life.

Now, however much interest a woman has in the design of a new dress, she would still like to see how it looks in the surroundings in which it is intended to be worn; and this is what Jules David set out to show. He made conversation pieces out of his fashion-plates and showed his ladies carrying on their ordinary daily life and not merely being dummies hung with clothes. There were ladies on railway stations chatting with the stationmasters; ladies on race-courses watching the horses through opera glasses; ladies on horseback, at garden parties, at the seaside, and even boating and fishing; ladies seated before their easels, paint-brush in hand, playing blind man's buff, indulging in archery, disporting themselves on swings. And for evening gowns the ladies were shown playing the piano, seated in boxes at the Opera, or attending receptions and balls. Jules David was endless in his ingenuity in this respect. In one particularly charming early one, in the summer of 1844, two children, a boy and a girl, have apparently been quarrelling in a rose-garden. A broken doll lies on the ground and the little girl, in a white party frock with a blue sash, has her knuckles screwed into her eyes in a gesture of grief. The little boy, in impeccable white trousers and a blue jacket with gilt buttons, stands shamefacedly by, being



scolded by his mother who is clearly dressed for a garden-party, which, when one comes to think of it, it really is. Another plate which appeals to the imagination, drawn a year or two later, shows two noble, or, if not noble, rich, ladies in the lovely frocks of the eighteen-forties before the crinoline became too exaggerated, bestowing alms on three little children, unnaturally clean though in rags.

Of Jules David's private life very little is known. He was possibly related to Louis David, the famous French painter who was born in 1748 in Paris, where he died in 1825; during the revolution Louis David occupied a position somewhat similar to that of Minister of Fine Arts today; he painted a portrait of Napoleon, and believed in direct painting, refusing to conform to the mannerisms of his eighteenth-century contemporaries. A circumstance that adds to the possibility of the relationship is that Jules's art-master was himself a pupil of the great Louis David. Louis could hardly have been Jules's father, as he was an old man, by the standards of those days, when Jules was born in 1808. It is more likely that Jules was the son of David d'Angers, the French sculptor who designed the pediment of the Paris Panthéon and would have been twenty-five years of age at Jules's birth. This is, however, mere speculation. What is known for certain is that his brother Alexandre David was one of the artists who worked at the Sèvres porcelain factory near Versailles.

Whatever Jules David's ancestry may have been, it was undoubtedly he who first brought life and charm into the fashion-plate. His lead was, however, soon followed, notably by François-Claudins Compte-Calix in Les Modes Parisiennes, which started in the same year as Le Moniteur de la Mode, A. de Taverne, who drew for Le Journal des Demoiselles and Le Petit Courrier des Dames, and the three excellent fashion-plate-artist daughters of the painter and lithographer Alexandre-Marie Colin, whose names are constantly found on many of the more alluring plates: these ladies all married and enjoyed the charming names of Héloïse Leloir, Anaïs Toudouze, and Laure Noël.

Until this innovation in 1843 the English fashion-plates appearing in *The Belle Assemblée* and earlier in *Ackermann's Repository of Arts* competed strongly for British favour with French plates, but the arrival of the new technique dealt the English designers a death-blow and from thence forward nearly all the English fashion magazines imported their fashion-plates from Paris.

Jules David's best work was done in the eighteen-forties, 'fifties, 'sixties,

and 'seventies, when he obviously took a delight in drawing the lovely dresses of those years. His work seems to have fallen off in the eighteen-eighties, when ladies' fashions reached their lowest ebb in the century; the dresses of that period were so hideous that it must have distressed the fashion-plate designers to have to record them. Yet the ladies of the period, mesmerized as they always are by the couturiers of the time, like birds fascinated by snakes, thought that their gowns were very attractive. I remember in the 'thirties of this century having brought to see me an old lady who deplored modern fashions and said how beautiful the dresses were in 1886 when she was married. I produced a volume of *La Revue de la Mode* of that year, with coloured fashion-plates, and asked her what she thought of them and she exclaimed indignantly: 'I don't believe a word of it! These were not the clothes we wore!' She had become de-mesmerized.

Jules David drew all the fashion-plates for Le Moniteur de la Mode for fifty years, until 1892; during this time he produced nearly three thousand plates, which were all signed and all numbered consecutively. His work went to fashion magazines throughout the world; in England alone they appeared in several magazines, including The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, The Milliner and Dressmaker, The Young Englishwoman, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion, and it is not too much to say that the

golden age of the fashion-plate died with him.

The artistic activities of Jules David were not confined to fashion-plates. He exhibited water-colours at the Paris Salon at intervals between 1834 and 1881. In 1837 a Paris publisher issued an album entitled: Vice and Virtue; Moral Album showing by pictures the Inevitable Results of Good and Bad Behaviour. The album contains twenty-four lithographs by Jules David and traces the successive stages through which good and bad men and women passed between the ages of twelve and forty; a rather pretentious and priggish production, but typical of books of that period destined for the edification of the young.

David also designed many of the pictorial covers for popular songs and music, and in 1888 there was published a charming children's edition of

Don Quixote in Spanish, illustrated by him at the age of eighty.

It is, however, by his fashion-plates that Jules David will be remembered. His name will always conjure up pleasant visions in the minds of those who are interested in the history of fashion in the nineteenth century. So few of the actual dresses of that era are still in existence, and it is mainly by such fashion-plates that we know what our immediate ancestresses wore.



Original water-colour drawing, 'For the Autumn', 188. By courtesy of Miss Barbara Curti



'Toilettes de Campagne', 1844 By courtesy of Mrs Doris Langley Moore

[114]



Print in *Le Moniteur de la Mode*, 1872 By courtesy of Mrs Doris Langley Moore



Original water-colour drawing, 'Morning Dresses', 1884 By courtesy of Madame Callebaut



Original water-colour drawing, 'Indoor Toilettes', 1879 By courtesy of Mrs Viva King



Print of wedding gown for *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, 1865 By courtesy of Mrs Doris Langley Moore



Print for Allgemeine Moden-Zeitung, 1875 By courtesy of Mrs Doris Langley Moore



Original water-colour drawing, 'For the Musicale', 1887 By courtesy of the Wilton Galleries

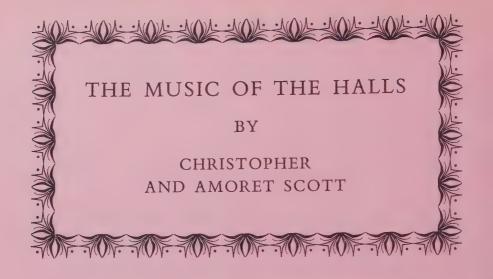


### DRAWING-ROOM BALLAD

WE MET—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would shun me; He came—I could not breathe, for his eye was upon me; He spoke—his words were cold, and his smile was unalter'd; I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice falter'd. I wore my bridal robe, and I rivall'd its whiteness. Bright gems were in my hair, how I hated their brightness; He called me by my name, as the bride of another—Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him: He smiled, and whispered low—as I once used to hear him. She leant upon his arm—once 'twas mine, and mine only—I wept, for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely. And she will be his bride! at the altar he'll give her The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver. The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother; Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY (1797-1839)



HE MUSIC HALL, that keystone of Victorian entertainment, gave up the struggle against its younger competitors when the boys came marching home from the 1914–18 war. They looked for the exciting and the spectacular in entertainment, to compensate them for four years in the mud of Flanders, and the Music Halls were old and easy and comfortable—faded red plush, warm beer, tarnished gilt, and Daisy Bell. It was not what the public wanted, and the breaths of fresh air that the managers tried to let into their premises did no more than cool the empty seats. One by one the Music Halls acknowledged their defeat. The lights went out, small boys threw stones through the glass doors, the last posters stayed stuck to the hoardings until the rain of successive winters and the summer sun reduced them to illegible, grimy strips.

It was the end of an era, the end of half a century of mirth and music. What did it leave behind for us to remember it by? Not very much perhaps. Most of the old theatres have now gone—demolished, burned down, or converted out of all recognition. But there are tangible souvenirs—a public-house down in Islington, under the roof of what was Collins' Music Hall, full of posters and photographs and souvenirs of the Gay'Nineties, where one can drink one's fill of nostalgia; names—Dan Leno, Katie Lawrence, Albert Chevalier, Marie Lloyd, and a host of others—that mean more to the older generations today than those of all the stars of the silver screen.

Above all, we have the songs that they sang—songs of the nineteenth century that children of the twenty-first may yet still sing. These live not



only by reason of their words and music (many of them in fact were not worth preserving!) but also, surprisingly, because of the enchanting covers behind which many of the songs were sold as printed sheet music.

The decoration of the title pages of printed music was rare until the second half of the eighteenth century, although the difficult art of printing the music itself had already been mastered for some time. The earliest examples of decoration were from woodcuts (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) and line and stipple engravings (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries). These were succeeded in the first years of the nineteenth century by aquatints—engravings on copper which gave the effect in printing of water-colour drawings. About 1820 lithography began to be used widely for the purpose of printing music title pages (which by this stage had become of major importance in the sales campaign of the publishers and retailers of sheet music). The new method of 'drawing on stone' was found so suitable for this purpose that it rapidly superseded the various types of engraving and etching which had been used hitherto.

The volume of printed music turned out by the publishers increased steadily, and it has been estimated by Mr Hyatt King that between 1820 and 1885 little short of a hundred thousand different title pages were designed and printed. This of course meant that artists were in great demand, for, however much the method of printing might change, the whole process began with the skill of the artist (until the fateful invention of photolithography).

At first the lithographed song titles were uncoloured, but it was not long before the first enterprising publisher began to have them coloured by hand from a master copy supplied by the artist. Chromolithography, the process by which the colours were printed at the same time as the design, first appeared in the musical world in the early 1840's and soon became the standard method. The decline of the artistic standard of pictorial music titles is often blamed upon the widespread use of chromolithography, but this is unjust to the artists and the printers of the mid-nineteenth century. The designs still originated from the pen of the artist, and the printer was enabled to add colour with far more pleasing results than could be achieved by teams of colouring boys with their paint-brushes. Of course there were cheap and nasty examples of chromolithography. But there were bad artists, too, for bad songs. No, the real decline of the music title as a work of art dates from the 'seventies, when the designs began to be copies from photographs; that really did shoulder the artists out of the scene!

During the heyday of the Victorian Music Hall the song covers fell into three main groups—the purely decorative, the descriptive, and what might be called the 'personal advertisement'. The purely decorative group was a legacy of the first days of musical ornamentation; the earliest examples of decorated sheet music in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries incorporated scrolls and flowers and flights of the artist's fancy as a border to the music itself—there was in fact no separate title page. This form gradually gave way to a half-page drawing, with the music occupying the remainder of the first sheet, and then to a separate title page occupied entirely by drawings and credits. The transitional period is shown by the title page of 'John Hobbs, John Hobbs' which appeared in 1811.

Of the other two broad groups into which the Victorian song covers fall, the descriptive designs (which put into visual form the subject of the songs) were by far the most common until the late 'sixties. As yet the Music Hall had not really got into its stride, and the publishers were concerned less with who had first sung the song than with making sure that the buying public knew what it was about. That was the artist's job—to catch the eye.

They were a shadowy group, these music-cover artists. Perhaps their occupation was the nadir of an unsuccessful painter's career; perhaps a means of making a little extra money under a nom-de-plume. At all events, we know tantalizingly little of the lives or careers of even the better-known among them. True, Cruikshank and Baxter both designed a number of covers (Baxter actually produced a total of twenty-three from 1850 onwards) and these bear the unmistakable stamp of quality. But this kind of work was very much a sideline for them. What of the men who made it their life? There are perhaps three song-title artists of the Victorian era who stand out from their contemporaries: John Brandard in the earlier part of the period, Alfred Concanen in the 1860's, and Thomas Packer towards the end of the century.

Brandard's life was over before the Victorian Music Hall really got into its stride, and his covers are therefore mainly concerned with other forms of music. He was born in 1812 and produced his first covers in his early thirties. His work, unlike that of Concanen, appears to have been of a consistently high quality. One of its characteristics is the masterly use he made of perspective; particularly in those designs where human figures are introduced the central theme is boldly and meticulously drawn while the backgrounds are misty and full of atmosphere. (One occasionally comes across title pages signed by Brandard in which another and later artist has



tried to 'restore' the original design of a lithograph becoming worn with hundreds of printings; it is always the heavy lines of the background that give the game away.) Brandard died in 1863. His best titles were operatic and theatrical scenes; he also produced a number of most attractive

topographical covers.

Alfred Concanen is an equally shadowy figure, born in 1835, who began to attract attention in his late twenties. His output of music titles was enormous from about 1858 until almost the time of his death in 1886, and a great deal of this work is of no more than average quality. It was only between the years 1861 and 1864 that he produced the sort of work for which he is remembered. We know that for some of his best covers he not only drew the designs but lithographed them as well; at other times the lithography was done by others-'Concanen & Lee' is a common signature on the later covers. It is tantalizing to know so little about this gifted artist—why he took up this work, where and how he lived, who his friends were. We know he was an Irishman from a Galway family; and very little else. But we can appreciate that he had a genius for catching in his drawing the elegance and dash of Victorian London. Look at his wonderful design for 'Don't You Do It Again'-the perfection of detail in the clothes, the shine on the top hat, the expressions of the characters; Concanen was at his best in this sort of subject.

Thomas Packer designed most of his covers in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and died just before his Queen. His skill as a draughtsman was renowned in the small world of the music publishing houses, and one seldom finds a bad drawing above his name. It may be that Concanen in his prime was the master of them all, but Packer produced a large number of title pages of a consistently high quality. He specialized in out-of-doors scenes—the river, the beach, the city streets—which are always full of subtle colours.

We might perhaps make a slight digression at this point. It is often extremely difficult to put an accurate date to music-title pages, particularly those of the period with which we have dealt up to now. There are a number of reasons for this: many of the artists concerned did not sign their work, and even when they did we know so little about them that it is often impossible to date their work more closely than to a decade.

The date of publication was rarely printed (although this became more general towards the end of the century), and even when it was it was more often on the last page of the music than on the title page. This is not

[125]

as irrelevant as it sounds, because the proportion of the actual music which has been preserved to the number of illustrated title pages we have today is very small indeed, entirely because of misguided 'collectomania'—the illustrations were and are popular items, whereas the music inside is usually of little interest, with the result that the latter has often been thrown away. Even worse than this, and a historical crime of the first magnitude, is the more recent habit of attacking the title pages with scissors and removing everything except the illustration itself, which is then framed. There it hangs on the wall, an attractive print about which in a few years' time—such is the shortness of human memory—we shall know nothing.

As a result of these depradations it is often difficult to put an accurate date to an illustration or to deduce the artist. The type of printing and colouring may be a broad guide, as indicated earlier in this account; some of the illustrators have unmistakable characteristics—Cruikshank, Brandard, Concanen. Human figures and their clothes are always valuable: for instance, the crinoline of the 'fifties steadily increasing in size through the decade to about 1862. There may be pictorial references to famous events—the introduction of the Penny Post in 1840, the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Crimean War of 1854. A little detective work is often worth the trouble, and, if the matter is really important, the Music Catalogue of the British Museum will probably have the answer.

The last of our three groups, and the one which became increasingly general throughout the second half of the nineteenth century, is what we have called the 'personal advertisement' type of cover. In the early days of music covers the three persons—composer, singer, and lyric writer—who combined to bring a particular song before the public ranked about equal when it came to credits to one another and to the artist, lithographer, and printer who produced the printed music; the publisher usually saw that his own name figured rather larger than any of these. But this was before the advent of the idols of the music-hall stage. From the 'sixties onwards the regal figure of the performer, who made the song, who literally owned the song, was the bait to tempt the public to buy; the rest of the bunch fitted themselves in as best they could. 'King of the Boys' is a good example of the personality cult. This was featured in a show called Faust Up To Date, produced in 1893 at the Gaiety Theatre, and the singer was Fanny Robina—a fact of which one is left in little doubt.

Who were these gilded creatures whose lightest word set London roaring; and what did they sing about? Among the galaxy of Music Hall



stars we can do no more than cast a quick look at a few of the most celebrated. There was Albert Vance, the pioneer of the 'heavy swell' character, conducting an artistic war with his great rival, George Leybourne, who created the character of 'Champagne Charlie' in 1867. Rumour reached Vance that Leybourne was making a handsome profit in commission from the great champagne firm of Moët by insisting on that brand whenever his admirers gathered round him. Vance accordingly marched upon the stage one night and declared 'Cliquot, Cliquot, that's the wine for me' to the tune of 'Funiculi Funicula', and waited for the expected offer—unsuccessfully, sad to say.

It was Leybourne to whom his astute manager Holland presented a carriage and four white horses in which to drive from Hall to Hall. This was one of the sights of London in 1868 and was given even greater spice by George Laburnum, who acquired for himself an agricultural cart and four donkeys. Another little musical battle between Vance and Leybourne, singing, respectively, 'Walking in the Zoo' and 'Lounging in the Aq', brought the word 'Zoo' into the language for the first time (to the horror

of the Fellows of the Zoological Society).

Then there were the 'one-song' merchants whose reputations rested almost entirely on the phenomenal success of a single song. George Coborn was engaged in 1886 for a run of fourteen days at the Trocadero, and then sang 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' every night for fourteen months. (Perhaps it is not quite fair to call Coborn a one-song man, for he was also the originator of 'The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo'.) The fame of Eugene Stratton, the King of the Coon Singers, rests mainly upon 'The Lily of Laguna', although he also sang a number of popular melodies written by Leslie Stuart and Stephen Foster, that pathetic character who had died a pauper in 1864. 'The Great' Macdermott (most of them became 'The Great' at some stage in their careers) was a one-song man par excellence. He it was who sang at the Pavilion one night in 1878 after a speech by Lord Palmerston:

We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
And we've got the money too
We've fought the Russian bear before,
And while we're Britons true,
The Russians shall not have Constantinople.



This was engagingly parodied by Herbert Campbell:

I don't want to fight,
I'll be slaughtered if I do
I'd let the Russians have Constantinople!

Secure on their pedestals, the darlings of the Music Hall had no scruples in turning to their own uses any subject from which they could make capital:

Charles Dilke upset the milk
When taking it home to Chelsea

chortled Macdermott, when the famous politician ruined his chances of becoming Prime Minister by involving himself in a divorce scandal.

And so they pass before us, this procession of talent: Sam Cowell of Evans' Song and Supper Rooms of the 'fifties—one of the famous predecessors of the Music Hall proper; Vance and Leybourne of the 'sixties and 'seventies; Dan Leno and Vesta Tilley of the 'eighties and 'nineties; a host of famous names who made their début in the 'nineties—Marie Lloyd ('Oh, Mr Porter' and 'My Old Man said Follow the Van'), Katie Lawrence ('Daisy Bell'), Albert Chevalier ('My Old Dutch', 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road'), Little Tich, a dwarf who took his name in mockery of the vast George Orton, the Tichbourne claimant, who was also appearing on the halls; and the magnificent troupers who first appeared at the turn of the century or soon afterwards and who still conquered an audience in the the Second World War forty years later—Florrie Forde, George Robey, Nellie Wallace, Harry Lauder, Albert Whelan (still wonderfully with us, whistling the first-ever signature tune).

We must leave them standing on the bare boards of the stage in the heady glare of the footlights (gas or electric according to their time), projecting their exuberant personalities into the darkness of the auditorium. We can be sure that they loved every minute of it as much as the audience loved them. And we can be equally sure that we shall never see their like again.

The song covers illustrated in the following pages belong to Mr John Hall and Mr David MacWilliams.



JOHN HOBBS, JOHN HOBBS.

Sung by Mr. LOVEGROVE, with unbounded Applause, in " Any Thing New," at the Lyccum Theatre, Strand.

A corry short akin, Jehn Hadder, John Hobbs, A political and kin, I will Hadder, He constant for extension for the former, Northern of role of Formatter, But to constant furtar, John Hadder, I will Hobbs, Yellow and Cartarantar, John Hobbs,

He tied a rope to ber, Adv. Hobbs, John Hobbs, He tied a rope to ber, John Hobbs; To 'scan from hot water But nobody bought her. Jane Hobbs, Jane Hobbs,

Oh, who'll buy a wife? says Hobbs, John Hobbs, A sweet pretty wife. - 138 Hobbs; But some how they tell us, The wife-dealing fellows

Were all of them sellers, Jobn Hobbs, John Hells, And none of tem wanted Jane Hobbs.

The rope it was ready, John Hobbs, John Hobbs, Come, and the rope, says Hobbs, I won't stand to wrangle, Avself I will strangle.

A bring dingle dangle, John H. 18. Lata Hobbs. Herrich and angle, John Hobbs.

But down his wife cut to so John Hobbs, John Hobbs, But down his wife cut has Jo' Hobbs; But the wind of the cut of the cut of the weather that the cut of the cut of

Published 12th August, 1811, by WHITTLE and LAURIE, No. 53. Fleet Street, London.

The cover above is typical of the transitional period in the decoration of sheet music, between the early embellishments of the music itself and full-page cover illustrations. John Hobbs, John Hobbs was printed in 1811; half the sheet is occupied with the verses of the song and half with an illustration of the subject-matter—the vicissitudes of this revoltingly engaging couple



PRINCIPAL COMIC VOCALISTS AT THE LONDON & PROVINCIAL MUSIC HALLS.

JOHN CAULFIELD,

J. CAULFIELD JUNE

DON'T YOU DO IT AGAIN
HO USE AT ME BE WINKING



WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

T . M A C L A G A N .

& SUNG BY HIM WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE
LONDON & PROVINCIAL CONCERTS

## SENSATION MAD



The later nineteenth-century songcovers are less naive but often no less charming: Sensation Mad is a combination of the decorative and descriptive styles of adornment; the little scene is left to speak for itself and the only name which appears on this cover is that of the artist. Concanen. The Ratcatcher's Daughter was one of the redoubtable Sam Cowell's successes: a macabre ballad of the 'fifties which ended with the death of all the dramatis personae — Ratcatcher's daughter drowning (notice upturned feet), lover (suicide), and lover's donkey (murder, no less).

A Few Words About the Crinoline is a cover which scarcely needs a title. One wonders whether the oily gentleman is trying to force his unwelcome attentions upon the shrinking maiden (is that mistletoe above her head?)—or merely trying

to dance with her.

## RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER





THOMAS WALKER.

The further on in the century, the more the personality cult takes prominence in the design of music covers. The Masher King is an outrageous piece of self-advertisement; Charles Godfrey was a boxoffice draw of the first magnitude in the late 'eighties, and nobody really cared about either the words or the music of his songs. Accordingly the artist stuck to the essentials; he drew the imposing figure of Godfrey and nothing else. Herbert Campbell's song, Poor Little Stowaway, was a few years later than Godfrey's, and although his name appears as a considerable feature on the cover, so does the subject (in this case, food), for Campbell was a comedian of the realistic school.

King of the Boys is nothing but an opportunity for the display of the pseudomasculine charms of Miss Fanny Robina.



HARRY ADAMS.

E. JONGHMANS.

4 Courses there are a Press As Name Water Street





#### LAL LMIGHANI



# COMPOSED FOR THE PLANOFORTE BY

LONDON ROBERT COCKS & CO. NEW BURLINGTON STREET, REGENT STREET

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT - MUSIC PUBLISHERS TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA & HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

### THE SULTAN'S POLKA



CHARLES D'ALBERT.

Design by John Brandard



Engraving by Gustave Doré for Blanchard Jerrold's LONDON, 1872



## THE ROOKERY

#### BY BELTON COBB

HE REAL STRENGTH and felicity of the Victorian Age,' says Professor G. M. Trevelyan in his *English Social History*, 'lay . . . in the self-discipline and self-reliance of the individual

Englishman.'

Let us take a look at Victorian London, the home of millions of Englishmen who showed those magnificent qualities of self-discipline and self-reliance. To quote from a contemporary description: 'London possesses those grand features which characterized ancient Rome: it is the seat of liberty, the mart of intellect, and the envy of nations. . . . London is, perhaps, the most healthy city of Europe. . . . The metropolis is distinguished by an appearance of neatness and comfort.' It is not surprising that when the Great Exhibition of 1851 was held in Hyde Park, 'all the world' (to quote again from Professor Trevelyan) 'came to admire England's wealth, progress, and enlightenment'.

Yet London in the Victorian Age was not quite like that; and parts of it

were not like that at all.

Within a mile of Mayfair lay the parish of St Giles-in-the-Fields. In the centre of that parish—on the spot now occupied by New Oxford Street—was an area known as 'The Rookery', an inappropriate name, because rooks are comparatively clean. Many of the streets of that district were no more than twelve feet wide. There was no drainage, only a shallow channel running down the middle of each street, into which all filth was emptied: it often overflowed, and it always stank.

Naturally, the best people—those with 'self-discipline'—did not live in

the Rookery. Yet it comprised three classes of society.

First, there were the proprietors of lodging-houses and brothels; they had regular incomes. The charge at a lodging-house in the Rookery was fourpence a night on the upper floors and threepence in the basements. For that, one slept on a little straw laid on the floor, with sixteen people, men and women together, in a room twelve feet by ten feet. In a brothel, of course, the charges were higher; one had to pay as much as a shilling for an hour or two in a room with a bed in it.

The second class among the inhabitants of the Rookery consisted of

burglars and pickpockets on the male side and prostitutes on the female side. In neither category was trade very regular; but when they prospered they spent their earnings in the public-houses, getting very drunk—for gin, in those days, could be bought for tenpence *a pint*, and a more venomous variety, 'Blue Ruin', was obtainable for a shilling a pint.

Besides these two classes in the social life of the Rookery there were 'low ruffians and hangers-on', with their attendant womenfolk, a class of person that, according to a contemporary account, 'half sits, half lies, on the pavement through inability to stand—the consequence of continued intoxication—is insensible to all enjoyment and grunts forth no other

sounds than foul oaths and obscenity'.

Inevitably that district, which lay so close to the fashionable West End of London, was 'a perpetual scene of riot and disorder'. Incidents which had little to do with 'the strength and felicity of the Victorian Age' constantly occurred there. For instance, a cab-driver was asked by a young woman (who, admittedly, ought to have known better than to commit the impropriety of entering a cab without either a chaperon or a male escort) to drive her from one respectable London district to another. Temptation proving too much for the cab-driver, he doped her, stripped her naked, and drove her to a brothel in St Giles, where he was sure of getting a good price for her. That brothel was in George Street, which was always particularly notorious. In 1853 there was a murder at No. 11; in 1863 there was a murder at No. 4.

Let us recall the case of Emma Jackson. She did not live in St Giles, but in Soho, where for the most part she worked with her mother at shirt-making. She was described as a quiet, peaceable girl, but 'she was given to excesses and used to break out and absent herself from home for days together', when she 'would go with anybody'. It was during one of those 'breakings out' that she arrived at the 'lodging-house' at No. 4 George Street St Giles, in the company of a man. It was then 7 a.m. She asked for a bedroom 'for two hours', and for that accommodation (given, in view of the character of the place, with no questions asked) the man paid the landlord the sum of one shilling.

Emma Jackson, however, stayed considerably longer than two hours: at five o'clock that afternoon she was discovered in a dirty, squalid room, on a foul, rumpled bed', dressed only in her chemise, and with her throat cut. She had three stab-wounds too. The man who had accompanied her was never found: and since she could have had nothing worth stealing,



there was not even a theory as to why he had murdered her. But things like that happened in districts like St Giles. They were not brought to the view of those who came to admire England's 'progress and enlightenment'.

The men of G Division of the Metropolitan Police had an unenviable task in St Giles. This was partly because in the cellar of almost every house there was a hole about two feet square, low down in the wall, connecting one house with the next. Any criminal who was pursued and in danger of arrest could travel the whole length of a street, leaving the police to follow—if they dared to crawl through dark holes, beyond which someone might be waiting with a chopper. In that district every man's hand—and every woman's hand, which might be worse—was against the police.

On one occasion a police raid was ordered against a gang of coiners in Carrier Street, St Giles. For a body of uniformed policemen to have marched into the area would have been hopeless: that would have given ample warning of the raid, and no criminal would have been found. An inspector and several constables therefore entered the district singly, in plain clothes, and met at a given hour outside the house. They burst in and were able to effect a surprise, capturing 'three rough-looking fellows'.

By that time, however, a crowd of five hundred people had gathered in the streets outside. The police, holding on to their handcuffed prisoners, had to fight their way out amid a shower of stones and brickbats, which injured several of them. Later there was an organized attempt at rescue, in which knives were used. Fortunately reinforcements arrived at the critical moment, and the police won their way through to Bloomsbury Square and thus out of that dangerous district.

As would be expected, the more active of the criminals of London, though they might live in St Giles or another of the 'notorious' areas, did not confine their attentions to their home districts. There was little to be stolen from the degenerates who came to those low-class brothels; much more could be taken from the 'fine gentlemen' who walked in Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, or Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In 1862 some twenty or thirty desperadoes formed themselves into a gang to carry out a new form of robbery. For this purpose they worked in pairs, though sometimes a woman was taken with them to act as decoy. One of the men would seize the selected victim by the neck and 'crush in his throat', while the other rifled his pockets. 'The scoundrels then decamp, leaving their victim on the ground writhing in agony, with tongue protruding and eyes starting from their sockets.'

At first, the 'savage Thugs' who committed these 'garotte robberies' worked only in by-streets at night. Later they grew bolder and committed the crime in well-lighted, fashionable streets, and even sometimes during daylight 'with police constables close at hand and passengers pursuing their way within sight'. Even the nearness of the police made no difference: the advantage of the garotting system, from the criminals' point of view, being that there was no chance of resistance and it was all over in a matter of seconds, after which the thieves could hurriedly depart with the booty.

Sometimes the attackers were not content with garotting, but made doubly sure that they would not be pursued, by using life-preservers or knuckle-dusters, or by kicking the victim on the head. A Mr Le Brun was attacked in Artillery Row and was lucky inasmuch as he got off with a dislocated ankle, a bad head-wound, and the effects of near-strangulation, for which he was treated in Westminster Hospital. A gun-maker named Wood, however, had to have his arm amputated after being attacked, and died in the operation; while a watchmaker named Pearce died after a week of severe suffering, simply from the damage done to his throat.

These outrages 'spread terror over all the millions that inhabit London', though chiefly, one assumes, among the wealthier people in the West End. Such people were afraid to go out at night, except in carriages and cabs, and the statement that 'a reign of terror' existed in London hardly seems to have been an exaggeration. Yet it is typical of the English temperament that the horrible process of garotting was known as 'putting on the hug'.

However, the Metropolitan Police had then been in existence for thirty-three years and the force had become efficient. The work of the men on the beat was supported by a highly trained Detective Department (the forerunner of the C.I.D.). Within a few months no less than twenty-four garotters were arrested. They received very heavy sentences—imprisonment for life, or for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. Then 'the inhabitants of the metropolis once more traversed their streets without starting at every footstep or turning pale at every shadow'.

It so happened that none of the charges brought against the garotters concerned attacks from the results of which anyone had died. So there was no charge of murder. Generally speaking, professional criminals do not commit murder: or, at any rate, they seldom commit it deliberately, 'with malice aforethought', as distinct from doing it 'accidentally' through unskilful gagging, or too rough handling, or in the act of escape. Murder, in fact, is rather an amateur pursuit, and very often it is a part of family life.



Family life was an almost sacred cult in the Victorian Age. Yet it was certainly no unknown thing—not even a very uncommon thing—for husbands to murder their wives; though for wives to murder their husbands was more rare, probably because women were not yet emancipated.

There were certainly a very large number of exceedingly gruesome murders throughout the Victorian Age. One of the most striking of them was committed at Christmas time. Snow was falling, and the streets of London bore an appropriately Christmas-card appearance, when someone found a large package in the Edgware Road, and, on opening it with excusable curiosity, found in it the nude body of a woman from which the head and legs had been removed. Ten days later, a much-battered head was taken from the Regent's Canal at Stepney, seven miles from the Edgware Road. The trunk had, by that time, been buried in Paddington Cemetery, but it was exhumed. The head belonged to it.

Several days afterwards, two legs (described in the police report as 'probably female') were found in a marsh near Camberwell. The body had been buried again by that time, but it was again exhumed, and then it was known that the whole of this victim of murder had been recovered. But who was she? And why—or, at any rate, how—had the portions of

her been disposed of at places so far apart?

While the body was buried once more, and the legs were now put into the same grave, the head was preserved and put on public view. To go to Paddington and gaze at that battered head of a woman, preserved in spirits in a large glass case, became the sensational pleasure of the day. It was better than going to the waxworks! Thousands of people came, and at last there was a man who said he was 'almost sure' it was the head of his sister. Thus in due course the murdered woman was identified as Hannah Brown; and, after a little more time, James Greenacre was executed for her murder.

Before the execution, he confessed. He had been going to marry Hannah, but at almost the last moment, when even the details of the wedding breakfast had been fixed, he discovered that she hadn't as much money saved as she had led him to believe. He was annoyed about that, so he hit his intended bride with a rolling-pin and knocked out one of her eyes. He then found—to his horror, he declared—that she was dead. It was all an accident, as far as he was concerned.

Having unfortunately got into that position, he said (though he omitted to mention, in his confession, that at that time, a few days before the wedding, he was cohabiting with another woman) he had to dispose

[141]

of the body, for his own safety. He accordingly separated the head and legs from the trunk. The legs he disposed of near his home at Camberwell: the body he wrapped up in paper and carried—with some assistance from an obliging carrier who allowed him to put the heavy bundle on his cart—to the Edgware Road: and the head he wrapped in a silk handkerchief—and, with that gruesome object resting on his knees, he travelled in an omnibus to the City and then in another omnibus to Mile End, whence he walked to Stepney in order to throw the head into the canal. The handkerchief he took home with him: it was a good one.

It may perhaps be felt that whatever fine qualities were missing from Mr James Greenacre's character, he certainly did not fail in 'self-reliance'.

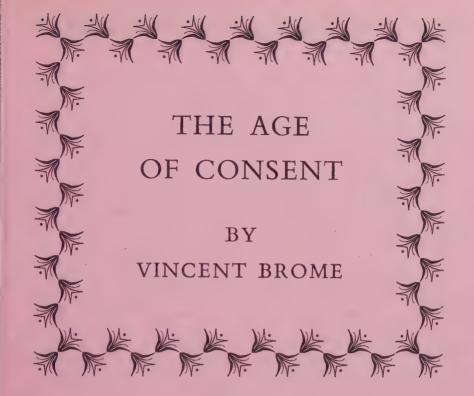
It must not, of course, be assumed that crime and violence in the Victorian Age were entirely a prerogative of the 'lower classes'. That was not so at all. The people of fashion—even the nobility—had their vices, too. For one thing, there was duelling—a practice which could be legally equivalent to murder. Until Victoria came to the throne, the law said that 'If any person unlawfully and maliciously shoot at any person, with intent to maim, disfigure or disable such person, or do some other grievous bodily harm to such person, he shall be guilty of felony and, being convicted thereof, shall suffer death as a felon.' Only in the first year of Victoria's reign was that altered to the extent that if the person shot at did not die, the felony was only punishable by transportation.

Yet, in spite of duelling being a felony, and liable to severe punishment, it remained the fashionable practice. The nobility continued to write to one another in such terms as: 'I now call upon your lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has the right to

require and which a gentleman never refuses to give.'

It may seem unbelievable, but no less a person than the great Duke of Wellington, while holding the office of Prime Minister, committed this felony by meeting the Earl of Winchilsea in Battersea Fields (very secretly) on the morning of 21 March 1829. By the law as it stood at that time, though neither party was wounded, the Prime Minister rendered himself liable to the death penalty.

In all quarters, among both rich and poor, in the West End of London and in the slums, life in the Victorian Age was not entirely an existence of unbroken serenity. Nor was the attitude of all the people one of primness and propriety. In fact, the people of the Victorian Age were not, after all, so very different from the people of today.



N THE COSY GLOW of that sitting-room in Chester Square, the oil paintings, the crimson plush curtains, and the multiplicity of bric-à-brac all contributed to the sense of wealth and ease. The tall windows with their brocaded pelmets looked out on the green square with a hansom trotting past and two old ladies heavily clad from head to foot. It was Victorian England on a calm, assured afternoon in 1885. Inside the sitting-room Sir Charles Howard Vincent, ex-head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, sat before a coal fire talking to a bearded man in a snuff-coloured suit. The bearded man was sitting forward asking eager questions.

'Is it or is it not a fact that, at this moment, if I were to go to the proper houses, discreetly introduced, the keeper would, in return for money

down, supply me with a virgin girl of thirteen?'

'Certainly,' Sir Charles Howard Vincent answered.

'At what price?'

'I remember one place which came under my official observation where the price agreed was twenty pounds.'

'Are the girls willing or unwilling parties?'

'Rarely willing.'

'But,' said the man in the snuff-coloured suit with amazement, 'do you mean to tell me that in very truth actual violation in the legal sense of the word is constantly being perpetrated in London on unwilling virgins of that age, purveyed and procured to rich men at so much a head by keepers of brothels?'

'There is no doubt of it.'

William Thomas Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sat back apparently dumbfounded at this declaration. It was a little disingenuous of him, because he already had a pretty shrewd notion of what went on in the darker caverns of Victorian society and had sought the advice of Sir Howard Vincent to clarify certain confusions in his mind. He left the beautiful sitting-room in Chester Square an hour later, summoned a hansom, and was driven slowly back to his office, indignation rising at what he had heard.

W. T. Stead was a man of contradictions. Of middle stature, the force of his personality gave the illusion of height to his person. His big domed forehead might have belonged to an intellectual but he was not in the strict sense of the word an intellectual. He had the florid complexion, bright blue eyes, and reddish-brown beard of a rich-living Dickensian, but he followed a carefully disciplined life and had a puritan sense of duty. His mind was quick and shrewd but converted every other thought into pompous sentences. His writing showed signs of a Mandarin rotundity but he could talk with spontaneous brilliance. No sensualist himself, there were times when he seemed preoccupied with sex.

And now as the hansom wound its way slowly back to the offices of the *Pall Mall* he pondered upon the prevalence of juvenile prostitution in England, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill which had been introduced to check it and never received a second reading, the small group of loose-livers in the House of Commons who deliberately stopped the bill going through, and the desperate need to raise the age of consent from thirteen

to sixteen. As he reached his office he made up his mind.

He wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to Cardinal Manning, and to Dr Temple, the Bishop of London. He had come to the conclusion, he said, that the Criminal Law Amendment Bill would never be passed unless someone risked a spectacular scene of a kind which could only be engineered. He proposed taking the risk himself. 'In order to demonstrate that a vicious man [can] have a girl over thirteen procured for him for



vicious purposes [I will] personate such a man playing the part in every

detail short of actually consummating the crime.'

Archbishop Benson found himself torn between horror at any such idea and deep sympathy with Stead's aims. Cardinal Manning and Dr Temple at first recoiled from the whole plan, but later, after a period of heart searching which gave Dr Temple several sleepless nights, they endorsed the scheme. It was rather as if the Editor of *The Times* today had written to the Prime Minister and Archbishop informing them that he proposed to have procured for him a young Lolita from the backstreets of Soho in order to demonstrate that this kind of abuse was more prevalent than anyone knew, and then proposed to cover six pages of *The Times* with a detailed report of his encounter.

W. T. Stead formed what was melodramatically called 'The Secret Commission' from the staff of the *Pall Mall*. While it was busy interviewing every relevant person, he talked himself to General Booth of the Salvation Army. Through the agency of Mrs Booth, the General's wife, Stead met a woman called Rebecca Jarrett who had once kept a brothel with all the efficiency of a French madame. Under the influence of the Salvation Army she had seen the error of her ways and acquired something more than a veneer of respectability. As Stead's chosen accomplice she was released into her old haunts and asked to procure for him, at a cost of not more than five pounds, a young virgin just over thirteen.

She selected a Mrs Armstrong, mother of Eliza, who had just turned thirteen. Mrs Armstrong revealed at the outset an unexpected resistance, angrily denying that she would ever permit her daughter to be sold 'like a sack of potatoes'. However, indignation was no proof against the sight of three golden sovereigns, and when she heard that another two sovereigns would follow on completion of the bargain her principles vanished.

The child Eliza—more bewildered than alarmed by the strange, oblique conversations she had overheard about herself—was now conducted by Mrs Jarrett to Stead, who at once carried her off to a prearranged meeting with a Madame Mourez. This lady ran, with a frankness characteristic of Maupassant's Maison Tellier, a house of ill fame, and among her complicated accomplishments claimed to be a midwife. At all events she now examined Eliza and pronounced her unquestionably virgin. Eliza then went to bed and was left alone for half an hour. Stead presently entered the room in which she was lying asleep and she woke up with a startled cry: 'There is a man in the room.'



It is interesting to pause and examine Stead's reaction to this cry. It could be said that the whole episode had a curious ambivalence, expressing powerful hatred of violation and a curious fascination with it. Play-acting through an incident which was somehow touched by the allure of sexual outrage, Stead found this moment of 'climax', when the girl cried out, embarrassing and moving. Of course he did not touch her, but left the room at once in some confusion. A woman Salvation Army officer then escorted the now tearful Eliza to yet another rendezvous, this time a nursing home, where a distinguished physician of impeccable standing certified that she had suffered no injury of any kind and was still a virgin.

The first of Stead's articles—'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon'—burst upon the astounded eyes of London in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for 6 July 1885. Twenty-four hours later the offices were in a state of siege.

Stead began his articles with lofty protestations, which were genuine enough:

To avoid all misapprehension as to the object for which I propose to set forth the ghastly and criminal features of this infernal traffic, I wish to say emphatically at the outset that however strongly I may feel as to the imperative importance of morality and chastity I do not ask for any police interference with the liberty of vice. I ask only for the repression of crime. . . .

But the headings which followed were very much to do with vice and showed no small sub-editorial skill in luridly crystallizing the whole scandal. 'The Violation of Virgins'—'Virgins Willing and Unwilling'—'The Confessions of a Brothel Keeper'—'A Girl Escapes After Being Sold'—'Strapping Girls Down'—'Why the Cries of the Victims Are Not Heard'—'You Want a Girl, Do You?' One brothel-keeper was quoted as saying:

I will undertake to deliver at your rooms within two days two children. Both are daughters of brothel-keepers I have known and dealt with and the parents are willing to sell in both cases. I represented that they were intended for a rich old gentleman who had led a life of debauchery for years. . . .

#### Later he added:

I went to Mrs N. of Dalson. Mrs N. required little persuasion but her price was higher. She would not part with her daughter under £8 as she was pretty and attractive, and a virgin aged thirteen, who would probably fetch more on the open market. I could deliver up this child within two days if the money was right. I would, on the same



conditions, undertake to deliver half a dozen girls, ages varying from ten to thirteen, within a week or ten days. . . .

In the embalmed correctness of Victorian England such words appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* were liable to read like pornography, and there was no doubt that some of Stead's readers were thrilled in the wrong

way by what he intended to be a realistic exposure.

The scene in Northumberland Street the morning after publication was chaotic. The entrances were 'blocked by a dense crowd of men and boys, fighting promiscuously in their eagerness to get near enough to the office to buy the paper, and the faces of the group round each door were positively purple from the pressure in which they were standing'. If the ordinary public completely failed to penetrate the offices of the *Pall Mall*, one friend of Stead's did get in, to find that great heaps of the paper were lying about undistributed. It was impossible to release them through the usual exits because that would have meant the crowd breaking in, a crowd ready to smash and loot in its eagerness to lay hands on the paper. The friend forced his way to the foot of the inner stairs and halfway up them met Stead himself. He told Stead of a rumour widely circulated by two lawyers of the Crown who were closely in touch with the Home Secretary, that the Government intended to ask for an injunction against the paper before launching a determined prosecution.

'Bosh,' said Stead with a smile. 'Prosecute me? I wish with all my heart they would, and they know I do. Almost all my staff is invalided from hard work, and a prison is really the only place where I shall be able to get

any rest for a long time. But I shall not be prosecuted.'

It became very clear that it was part of the hidden purpose of the Government to prevent distribution of the paper by refusing police assistance to control the crowds, but, late in the evening, as the crowds diminished, the *Pall Mall* began to circulate once more, and the following day Mr Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., one of the fiercest opponents of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, asked in the House of Commons: 'Whether [The Home Secretary's] attention has been directed to certain publications relating to objectionable subjects which have been printed and circulated throughout the metropolis by the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. . . .'

The following issue of the *Pall Mall* gave the Home Secretary's reply. Although, he said, the publication of obscene matter could be prosecuted

by indictment in the public courts, it was for a jury to define in what

obscenity consisted.

Throughout those early days Stead never tired of repeating to a Home Secretary harassed on all sides that he would willingly stop the series if the House would endorse the Criminal Law Amendment Act; but such was the power of the small clique who had set their minds against the Act that the Home Secretary dared do nothing of the sort. At last came a private interview between Stead and the Home Secretary himself. The interview was short and stormy. Towards the end Stead said:

'What you should do is to say in the House that the Pall Mall has covered itself with everlasting glory by this most courageous attempt to

extirpate a most disgraceful evil.'

The word 'extirpate' was typical of the rhetorical distance which debate in those days put between words and reality.

The Home Secretary's reply was down to earth: 'Of course I cannot say

that,' he said.

'Then,' answered Stead, 'I wish you would say that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has committed an abominable outrage on public morals and that you have instructed the law officers of the Crown to prosecute me at once.'

It seems very clear that Stead, backed as he was by an Archbishop, General Booth, and all the anti-vice organizations of the country, felt immune from the prosecution which did in fact follow a few weeks later.

In the meantime a number of Stead's fellow newspaper editors excelled themselves in Victorian humbuggery. Protesting that 'there will be scarcely a boy or girl in England whose ignorance will not be tainted by the disgusting pabulum with which they have been so plentifully supplied' they later reported in every salacious detail the case which Eliza's mother brought against Stead.

The case came about in this way. As one issue of the Pall Mall succeeded another, immense crowds clamoured for the paper, and scores of police, mounted and on foot, were at last called in to keep order. The presses could not possibly keep up with the demand. Paper ran out and was replenished with an emergency supply which turned out to be pink in

colour and delighted the hearts of the more vulgar readers.

The hue and cry of publicity now caused great embarrassment to Eliza's mother in her slum home at Marylebone. She became the butt of her neighbours' wit and savagery. They taunted her as she walked down the street and accused her of selling her daughter into prostitution. Mrs



Armstrong decided that she must retaliate. She said she might have sold her daughter 'into shame', but she wasn't prepared to lose her altogether. She now went to the police and asked for Eliza back.

Extraordinarily, Bramwell Booth of the Salvation Army had taken Eliza off to Paris, a manœuvre hardly calculated to reassure Stead's enemies. Stead wrote: 'As there was a good deal of fuss in the hostile papers I publicly stated on the platform of St James's Hall that I had abducted

Eliza Armstrong and that she was very well cared for.'

In the confusion which developed around the whole case Stead could hardly have chosen a worse word. Cavendish Bentinck at once seized upon 'abducted' and set off a new accusation. This time it was legally valid. Mr Stead might have obtained the permission of Eliza's mother to take away her daughter, but had he even so much as *consulted* the father? The answer of course was—no—and Cavendish Bentinck at once called upon the Home Secretary to take action against Stead for abducting a child without the father's permission.

Newspapers throughout the world seethed with the news that Stead was on the point of being arrested and imprisoned. An array of famous people plunged in to defend or attack him. When confronted with the fact that he must face a prosecution by the Attorney-General, Stead indicated that he had no intention of hiring counsel but would defend himself.

The case came to the Old Bailey some weeks later. In court a still grander set of witnesses were subpoened, ranging from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, and Bishop Temple to John Morley, Mr Balfour, and Labouchere. It looked, for a time, as if the Olympian splendour of this gathering was capable, in combination, of overwhelming any charge.

Stead left a vivid picture of what happened towards the end of the case:

The jury were absent for a considerable time and the crowded court buzzed with eager conversation as everybody canvassed the possible verdict with his neighbours. I think that I was about the most unconcerned person there. When you know what is going to happen you do not get so excited as those who are still in suspense. In the dock with me were Bramwell Booth and Madame Combe. The remaining occupants of the dock were a French woman of infamous repute, who was convicted and died in gaol, and the converted procuress Rebecca Jarrett who had aided me most reluctantly in exposing the traffic. . . . Our friends, legal and otherwise, were crowded round the dock confidently expressing their belief in our acquittal. Suddenly there was a thrilling whisper: 'They're coming. They're coming.'



Everyone hushed . . . those who had seats sat down . . . the twelve men . . . filed back into the box. Then the Judge amid a silence as profound as death asked if they had agreed upon their verdict. . . . Everyone held his breath to hear the next fateful words. It was a verdict of not guilty as to Bramwell Booth and Madame Combe, of guilty against the ex-procuress and guilty against me. But in my case the jury added an extraordinary rider. They found me guilty of being deceived by my agents; they recommended me to mercy and wished to put on record their high appreciation of the services I had rendered the nation. . . .

When the last words were spoken, the tension relaxed and the whole court hummed with excitement. I never can forget looking down from the dock upon the crowd below. Some of my friends were very angry. But I could not for the life of me see how the jury could have done otherwise. The foreman of the jury, after I had been sent to gaol, called upon my wife and explained, with tears in his eyes, how utterly impossible he had found it to answer the Judge's question in any other way. . . .

The Judge sentenced me to three months' imprisonment. I was so certain I was going to prison for two months that I with difficulty restrained myself from saying: 'My Lord—have you not made a mistake? It ought to be two months.' I fortunately did restrain

myself.

Any romantic illusions which Stead might have cherished about a prison martyrdom were quickly dispelled by the great dark corridors of Newgate, the figure of his gaoler leading the way, wordless, through the labyrinth, and the air so chill and damp after the crowded warmth of the court.

Overhead the tiers of cells with their iron balustrades and iron stairs rose storey after storey. It was as if you were walking at the bottom of a hold of some great petrified ship looking up at the deserted docks. What a sepulchre of hopes it was. . . .

At last he came to the cell. It contained a plank bed, a gas jet manipulated from the corridor, a scrubbed wooden table, a stool, and a wooden salt-cellar.... That was all. Stead's first meal arrived, a tough, gluey composition which, looking at the prison regulations, he discovered to be suet pudding. His first visitor was the prison chaplain, 'the only creature,' Stead wrote, 'among all those to whose care spiritual and moral I was entrusted, who ever said an unkind word'.

Presently, Stead's hair was cropped, his glorious beard decimated, his legs encased in baggy yellow linen with Government arrows stamped all over them, his shoes replaced by massive boots and a great label sewn to his breast, R.27. The next forty-eight hours were physically miserable, but Stead survived them philosophically.

Within a few days conditions changed dramatically. Stead was moved to Holloway Gaol and there given a room instead of a cell and amenities



which steadily grew until an almost farcical expansiveness came back into his life.

Here, as in an enchanted castle, jealously guarded by liveried retainers, I was kept secure from the strife of tongues and afforded the rare luxury of journalistic leisure. I had papers, books, letters, flowers, everything that heart could wish. Twice a week my wife brought the sunlight of her presence into the pretty room all hung around with Christmas greetings from absent friends, and twice a week she brought with her one of the children. On the day after Christmas the whole family came . . . and what high jinks we had in the old gaol with all the bairns.

Not unexpectedly, W. T. Stead emerged from Holloway unscathed, but what happened to the ex-procuress he had persuaded to conspire with him, Rebecca Jarrett, a woman also found guilty without the rider to mercy? Under ruthless cross-examination in court from the Attorney-General she had broken down, contradicted herself, and finally lied in an effort to protect her former associates in child prostitution. Later she became, for a time, a pitiable object, but helped by Mrs Josephine Butler and Bramwell Booth, she gradually recovered something of her self-respect, re-entered the Salvation Army, and gave the remainder of her life to it. As for Eliza Armstrong, the 'violated' thirteen-year-old, she married, and wrote to Stead years later to say that she now had six children of her own.

They were children protected by the Criminal Law Amendment Act which Stead's spectacular conspiracy had driven through the House of Commons with almost undignified speed. The age of consent was now sixteen instead of thirteen, and the stage was at last set for Mr Nabokov to



# FIESTA

by Sara Jackson

SERAFINA, sleeping in the shade there,
Drowned in the waterfall dream of your hair,
Shake those drowsy limbs into morning sunlight;
Though your night-fringed eyes keep their questioning stars,
Let your mouth cannon poppies back at the sun,
As your waking laugh breaks with the dawn
That captures the distant snows of the mountain.
You have all to prepare, for day has begun!

If the goats have wandered, they must be found,
And tethered, again, on this golden ground,
That already smells like the bread you must bake
When their milk, for yours or the morning's sake,
Has brimmed each bowl to a foaming lake,
White as the flour which the corn in its hour
Had no thought of, though you, with so much to do,
Conceive each crust as, later, you thrust
Castanet hands in its binding dough
Till, oven-light, it yields, and you go
In search of food, in search of wine,
With clinking fingers, with swirl of skirt,
With a follow through, and a pause before
You reach for the key of the cellar door.



You're part of the feast, so the very least
You're part of the feast, so the very least
You can do is to see that the meats are ready
And fixed on their turning spits. . . . Now, steady!
If you steal one draught of that heady wine,
Your summer lovers, line by line,
Will storm the citadel of your brain. . . .
Oh, well, lie down and drowse again;
Dream of the pleasure, ignore the pain.

Serafina, sleeping in the shade there, Your siesta must not last too long; If it does, like a flower the wind has closed At nightfall, you will not hear the shepherd, Or know the meaning of his song.

© Sara Jackson 1960

# MCMXIV by Philip Larkin

THOSE long uneven lines
Standing as patiently
As if they were stretched outside
The Oval or Villa Park,
The crowns of hats, the sun
On moustached archaic faces
Grinning as if it were all
An August Bank Holiday lark;



And the shut shops, the bleached Established names on the sunblinds, The farthings and sovereigns, And dark-clothed children at play Called after kings and queens, The tin advertisements For cocoa and twist, and the pubs Wide open all day;

And the countryside not caring: The place-names all hazed over With flowering grasses, and fields Shadowing Domesday lines Under wheat's restless silence; The differently-dressed servants With tiny rooms in huge houses, The dust behind limousines;

Never such innocence, Never before or since, As changed itself to past Without a word—the men Leaving the gardens tidy, The thousands of marriages Lasting a little while longer: Never such innocence again.

© Philip Larkin 1960



#### IN PRAISE OF CREATION

## by Elizabeth Jennings

THAT one bird, one star, The one flash of the tiger's eye Purely assert what they are, Without ceremony testify.

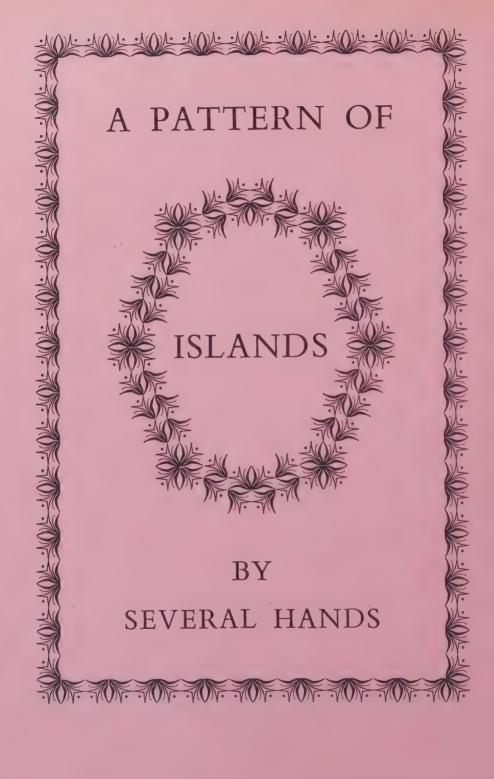
Testify to order, to rule— How the birds mate at one time only, How the sky is, for a certain time, full Of stars, the moon sometimes cut thinly.

And the tiger trapped in the cage of his skin, Watchful over creation, rests For the blood to pound, the drums to begin, Till the tigress' shadow casts

A darkness over him, a passion, a scent, The world goes turning, turning, the season Sieves earth to its one sure element And the blood beats beyond reason.

Then quiet, and birds folding their wings,
The new moon waiting for years to be stared at here,
The season sinks to satisfied things—
Man with his mind ajar.

© Elizabeth Jennings 1960





FIRST wanted to go to Ponza when I saw it one evening from the top of Mount Epomeo in Ischia, a distant hump on the horizon to the west. I knew it was said to be Circe's island, the island of Aeaea on which Ulysses and his men, bewitched by Circe, stayed for a year. But when I eventually got there I found it quite unlike the description of it given in the Odyssey. Far from being 'low-lying and covered with dense oak-scrub and forest trees', it is in fact a mountainous volcanic ridge, bare, and almost treeless.

Ponza and its two satellite islands, Zannone and Palmarola, lie about sixty miles west of Naples and sixty miles south of Anzio. Boats sail several times a week from both places, and also occasionally from Formia. In recent years there has been an attempt to popularize the island as a holiday resort, and the little steamer which plies between Anzio and Ponza is sleek and new. White-coated waiters serve drinks and snacks in a smartly decorated saloon, and music blares continuously from loud-speakers. The passengers—one rarely sees a British tourist—are mostly going for the underwater swimming, and the decks are littered with

[157]

equipment: aqualungs, compressed air cylinders, harpoon guns and fishing tackle. The journey from Anzio takes about three hours before one is close enough to see the houses sprinkled like granulated sugar above the towering cliffs.

Ponza is four and a half miles long and nowhere more than half a mile wide. At every point along its coastline huge cliffs rise from the sea. The soft volcanic rock—white, purple, ochre and pink—is wind-blasted to weird shapes and wave-battered into arches, grottoes and innumerable caves. Most of the beaches are approachable only by boat. At the southern end, above the harbour, the land rises steeply to its highest point of nearly a thousand feet, and the slopes are ribbed with green contour lines of ancient vineyards.

As always on an island, the arrival of the steamer is an event of importance. Small craft and swimmers swarm across the harbour as the anchor chain rattles into the blue water, and the stone pier and quays are dense with waving crowds. In such a little-known place it is surprising to find that the horseshoe of harbour buildings forms one graceful architectural unit. Painted a warm faded pink, this perfect miniature harbour was designed and built in the middle of the eighteenth century by Luigi Vanvitelli, the architect of the great palace at Caserta. Above the arcaded storerooms, cellars and workshops, which line the quay, runs a broad elevated promenade from which all the activities of the harbour can be watched: the unloading of fruit and vegetables, the hauls of lobster and fish, the noisy bargaining for boats, and the luxurious life aboard the yachts and cruisers of visiting millionaires. Most of the five thousand inhabitants of the island are concentrated in this harbour area. Here one can sit beneath the dusty little trees outside the Maga Circe restaurant and watch the leisurely evening parade—the cobbles ring with the musical clip-clop of wooden sandals—or one can climb the steep flights of steps between the houses to the Eea, a restaurant with a terrace commanding a superb view of the island. Temistocle, the padrone of the Eea, is a firm upholder of the Circe tradition and has christened his son Omero, his daughter Nausicaa, and his two dogs Ulisse and Polifemo.

Unlike Ischia and Capri, Ponza has almost no traffic. The single metalled road follows the high narrow ridge of the island from the harbour in the south to its northernmost point, Pian d' Incenso. On either side, scrub and terraced vineyards lead abruptly to the cliffs, and there are only one or two places where it is possible to climb down with safety. The bare



landscape—Greek rather than Italian—is scattered with myrtle, rosemary, and yellow broom; gaunt spires of aloe stand against the sky; the little flat-roofed houses crouch in their groves of prickly pear—and beyond, in every direction, is the glittering circle of the sea.

It is known that these islands have been inhabited since prehistoric times. On Palmarola one can visit the troglodyte dwellings in which obsidian tools and weapons have been found, and on Ponza there are a number of Roman remains. The great cisterns built by the Romans still provide the island's freshwater supply and are replenished every few days by tankers from Naples. Tunnels, cut by the Romans through the cliffs, carry the road round the harbour bay, and there are traces here and there of walls and irrigation schemes. It is said that Augustus had a summer palace above the port, and that tumbled marble columns can still be seen beneath the sea at the foot of the cliffs. Today a cemetery stands on the traditional site of the palace. The broad terraces are covered with pink and white oleanders, and flights of steps lead between grotesquely ornate and ghoulish family mausoleums. But the strangest remains are below the palace, the so-called Grotte delle Sacre Morene. These caves of the sacred eels, originally natural caverns, were enlarged by the Romans and hewn into the shape of shrines and temples. One enters by boat and, in the weird echoing gloom, reflected sunlight dapples niches for statues and barrel-vaulted roofs. Galleries and tunnels carved in the soft rock connect the various excavations, and one can only wonder at the rites for which they were originally created with such labour.

But it is for its underwater scenery that Ponza is supreme. The volcanic eruption which heaved the islands from the sea has produced an underwater Mecca for the goggle-swimmer. Unfortunately, the best places can be reached only by hours of rowing, unless one has a motor-boat. The cliffs of these remote beaches are honeycombed with interconnecting grottoes. Some of the headlands have natural tunnels through which it is possible to sail a boat, and there are submerged archways through which one can swim in a lunar landscape of peaks and bottomless chasms. Rising from a dive, one sees the surface of the sea above, a gently undulating canopy of shining silk. Shoals of fish flicker like knives in the sunlit water; and along the rocks tiny neon-violet *Castagnoles* explore the gardens of orange coral and anemones. For the harpoon-gunner there are fish of every kind, and at deeper levels great *Cernie*, Groupers, are hunted by those with aqualungs. There are also, occasionally, sharks.



Of Ponza's two satellites, Zannone to the north has little to offerthough it is said that amethysts can be found there. Apart from a lighthouse and the solitary villa of a rich industrialist, there is nothing but scrub and rock. But Palmarola, seven miles to the west, exceeds even Ponza in the spectacular violence of its formation. Two miles long, uncultivated and uninhabited except for a female hermit, it is a vast volcanic explosion of jagged cliffs and peaks. Of the hermit little is known; she lives in a cave hewn in the rock, and tends a few goats, vines, and olive-trees. During the summer months a woman from Ponza provides meals for chance visitors at the only house on the island. But even among a noisy crowd—and there are often twenty or so, for the swimming and fishing here are unrivalled—it is impossible not to be daunted by the silence, loneliness and grandeur of the massive scenery. Palmarola has a feel of the edge of the world. The Ponzesi may claim their island as the home of Circe, but it seems far more likely that she lived on Palmarola and, perhaps, still does.

Although the beauty of Ponza rivals that of Capri and Ischia, it is unlikely that the island will be invaded by tourists until accommodation is available on a bigger scale. But it will not be long now. The Ponzesi are fully alive to their opportunities. Already advertisements have begun to appear in travel columns and garish brochures. There are threats of new hotels, and every year sees enlargements to the few small *alberghi*, the installation of new bedrooms with shower-baths and radios, 'improvements' to simple bars and restaurants. For the Neapolitan business-men this is a beginning. For others it is the beginning of the end; in spite of even Circe's potent magic they will soon be feeling the urge to move on again

in search of other islands, new enchantment.



Ponza has few roads. Cobbled alleyways wind steeply up between the houses which are more like those on a Greek, than an Italian, island.



Above: From the calvary above the beach at Santa Maria one looks across the harbour bay to the highest point of the island, Monte della Guardia. The road which skirts the bay passes through tunnels cut in the rock by the Romans.

Top right: Huge cliffs make descent to the sea difficult and dangerous. Most of the beaches are approachable only by boat, but for the goggle-swimmer the underwater scenery is unsurpassed.

Bottom right: The evening sunlight falls full on the harbour which is painted a warm faded pink. It was designed by Luigi Vanvitelli, architect of the great palace at Caserta.





Above: The way down to the Cala d'Inferno, a cliff-path leading to a secluded beach. In the distance, the harbour and Monte della Guardia.

Top right: The Faraglioni di Mezzogiorno, a natural arch about a hundred feet high at the southern end of Ponza's satellite island, Palmarola.

Bottom right: The island of Palmarola, uninhabited except for a hermit. Pope Silverius, the patron saint of the islands, is reputed to have died here in the sixth century. A small shrine, erected to his memory on the rock to the right, is said to glow red on the approach of storms as a warning to sailors.





Most of the island's five thousand inhabitants are concentrated in this harbour area. The chief hotel can be seen to the left, and above the houses to the right is the excellent Ristorante Eea, with its terraced garden where Temistocle, the padrone, serves an unforgettable aragosta al diavolo. The export of lobsters is an important item of livelihood to the Ponzesi, and two of the brightly painted old lobster boats can be seen moored to the quay. A number of motorcruisers and yachts also put in to Ponza and provide glimpses of a life beyond the dreams of luxury for the old people leaning on the harbour wall.

No one knows why the hermit of Palmarola decided to cut herself off from the world. She lives all the year round in a cave, an ancient troglodyte dwelling, and tends a few goats and olive-trees. People visit the island only in the summer months for the fishing and swimming, but even then the hermit is not often seen. Perhaps in this face one detects an affinity with the awful silence and haunting loneliness of the place, a sense almost of evil.



No less than ninety years separate this child from the old woman on the right, the one staring into the future with eager curiosity, the other into the past with an immense assurance. The child will surely one day be beautiful; the old woman undoubtedly was. Cover half her face: to the left are kindliness, humour and wisdom; to the right, a courage and ruthless determination that have seen her through nearly a century of hardship.







Palmarola lies on the horizon seven miles to the west, a spectacular volcanic ridge of jagged peaks and cliffs, its coastline honeycombed with caves, arches, and grottoes. The date-palm, shielding the evening sun from the lens of the camera, is the only tree of any size on Ponza.



### GRAND CANARY

#### BY EDWARD HYAMS

RAND CANARY and its neighbours, Fuerteventura, Lanzarote, and Graciosa, lie off the coast of Africa roughly between 28° and 29°N., and east of another group composed of Tenerife, Hierro, Palma, and Gomera. The whole archipelago was known to the Grecks as the Islands of the Blest, to the Romans as the Gardens of the Hesperides, and to the Berbers, most probably, as the Ganar or Canar Islands—Ganar being what is now the Rio de Oro.

There exists among bureaucrats of all times a curious illusion that because a place is not down in their records it does not exist: thus, the first recording of a place will be called its 'discovery', although thousands of people have known that it existed and have visited the place for centuries. It was so with the Americas: Leif Ericson was there half a thousand years before Columbus; and that navigator himself had trouble in getting financed partly because Portuguese sailors had been to America and given an ill report of it. Thus, too, with the Canaries: Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Berbers, all knew them; the Portuguese 'discovery', on which they later based their claim to the islands when Spain grabbed them by right of conquest, and which occurred in 1341, was so far from being one that the Genoese captains of their ships used maps on which Lanzarote, named after a townsman of theirs, was marked with the arms of Genoa. For, as it is written in Petrarch, an armed fleet had gone from that city to the Fortunate Isles a patrum memoria. Now the poet was born in 1304, and the paternal generation's memory was certainly able to go back to, say, 1280. It is also recorded in the Canarian, Pierre Bontier's and Jean le Verrier's account of de Bethencourt's expedition to the islands in 1402, that when they landed on the first island they came to they found, 'un vieil chastel que Lancerote Maloisel' (the island's eponymous rediscoverer Lansaroto Malocello)—'avoit jadis fait faire selon que lon dit'.

This Jean de Bethencourt, whose name is still borne by notable families on the island of Grand Canary and has been carried thence to Latin America, albeit a Frenchman of La Rochelle, could get no backing at home. His heirs went to Spain for both cash and feudal authority. The

story of Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Vatican intriguing for ownership is a frightful muddle: the islands were sold outright twice. Meanwhile the native population, the Guanches, under various chiefs, one of them briefly paramount, and whose names have a strange memorial in those of the Dessen Line ships which trade to the islands, were putting up a magnificent fight against the ruffians sent to crush and convert them. The tale of the conquest, not to be told here, is as ugly as the vaster tragedy of Mexico's enslavement and Peru's destruction. The Canary conquest was, indeed, a sort of dummy-run for the rape of the Americas.

Grand Canary is a lop-sided volcanic cone almost circular and thirtyeight miles in diameter at sea-level, rising very steeply from coast to summit excepting on the north. With an average winter temperature of 70°F., summer 75°, and a mean annual rainfall of seven inches, made up for by piping every stream at source to feed a well-managed system of irrigation, and with a volcanic soil, the island is one of the most fertile on earth. A century ago the source of its wealth was cochineal, the beetle being fed on prickly-pear; when that bonanza collapsed it was British enterprise which introduced the banana, now cultivated from sea-level to a certain altitude on well-built terraces all round the island. Banana planters are immensely rich; their plantation hands get very low wages, live in shacks, and are only not abjectly miserable because the climate is so good and their staple diet, a preparation of maize-flour called gofio, is as sustaining as polenta, and cheap. Above the banana level is the citrus zone. The garden of the villa where I lived for three winter months was rich in oranges, tangerines, and lemons, waiting to be picked as we wanted them. Every morning in February I sat in the shade of these trees to work until the heat of the sun drove me under the porch.

Above the citrus level is a climate suitable for peaches; higher still, apples and pears do well. The grapevines which produce the island's wines, good dessert wines, fine reds, poor whites (a shilling a quart), are at all levels, but absent, of course, from such near-tropical valleys as Angostura, Mogan, and Berrazales, where dates and pineapples, avocados and chirimoyas, coffee and cotton are among the crops, pepper and casuarina flourish, and where that glory of the island, pelargonium, is to be seen at its most spectacular, completely covering terraces, walls, and rock-faces up to forty feet high with solid masses of chalky colours in contrast with the

glossier purples and reds of bougainvillaea.

Like all the islands of the archipelago, Grand Canary is botanically



remarkable—about 400 species peculiar to the islands; and horticulturally thousands of species from all over the world, of which some hundreds are naturalized. To me the most striking species were not the incomparable echiums, nor the fabulous euphorbias, but the innumerable houseleeks, some as large as a cabbage, others as small as a shilling, which decorated every rock-face, even the vertical ones, with whole families, tribes, and colonies of blue-green fleshy rosettes from which in March the salient spikes of yellow flowers were extruded. In the dry beds of erstwhile torrents their water, now carried in pipes for irrigation, grew incomparable royal blue and blue-speckled-white statice, one of the dozens of species of this genus native to the island, and its neighbours, from the inch-tall miniature statice of the Lanzarote cliffs overlooking Graciosa to the tree-statice of Tenerife. I have picked in February, during one short expedition for wild flowers, cinerarias—Grand Canary is the habitat of the genus—white flag iris, asphodel, and great sprays of periwinkle. Canarina campanulata is a graceful climbing plant which drapes itself on banks and among shrubs, bearing large, perfectly formed coppery-red bell flowers; another exquisite self-draping plant is the lotus called pico-de-paloma, a wandering, feathery-grey perennial which we found in high places and which, when in flower, is covered with hundreds of ruby-red blossoms, shaped like the dove's beak which gives the plant its popular name.

The visitor in a hurry can see the island's species collected conveniently and with consummate art in one of the most remarkable botanical gardens in the world. The botanical garden at Oratava is world-famous, and I could spend six months in it. The botanical garden I refer to, called Vierra y Clavijo, after the island's historian, is as yet unknown, but deserves an equal fame. It lies off the main mountain road from Las Palmas to Cruz de Tejeda, a little to the north-west of Tafira, a small town of fine villas in lush gardens. The garden is built into an almost vertical hill-face, its paths rising in long zig-zags from bottom to top between plantations of all the species native to the island. Among them is, of course, the famous Dragon Tree; but Grand Canary has no such monstrous specimen as the three-

thousand-year-old Dragon Tree of Icod, on Tenerife.

If you leave Las Palmas by the road which runs due south to Gando airport, and go to Ingenio for a cup of locally grown coffee and then on through a string of villages which occur in pairs, Aguines, Sardina, Juan Grande, and others, you pass through an astonishing variety of country. The pairing of villages is due to the fact that after the Guanches had been

pacified—that is, after enough had been massacred to frighten the rest into submission-Spanish villages sprung up in the near neighbourhood of native villages. To the right of the road, the whole way to the southernmost tip of the island, are the mountains, sometimes looking more remote than they can possibly be in an island not as big as Kent; at others seeming to crowd you into the sea. You drive or walk through plantations of datepalms growing cheek by jowl with Canary pines and the island's extraordinary stylized araucarias; past banana terraces, and cotton fields within a dozen yards of stony desert made even more interesting than the sown by an astonishing variety of echiums and euphorbias, and by cacti which include the stately and gigantic organ-pipe cactus. The people working in the fields are as diverse as their plants; as far as I could make out, a single family can produce children with ash-blond hair and blue eyes, red-heads —there is a strikingly pretty local 'strawberry' blonde—and almost pure Negroes. They work hard, and they work well. In the fertile plains, where they are employed by plantation owners, they are sullen and silent; in the mountains, where they are free smallholders, they are no better off, perhaps, but they smile and they sing at their work. They plough with oxen and even cows; I ploughed a furrow, if you can call it that, with one of their wooden ploughs, which the Spaniards, who had had it from the Romans seven or eight hundred years before, brought with them. With the broad-bladed hoe the farmers make elaborate irrigation channels in patterns of great charm; and, penniless, they nevertheless carve the wooden vokes of their oxen with pleasant designs.

As you continue on your way south, the ugly plain between the road and the sea, whose water is carried many miles from the mountains in pipes, becomes a vast plantation of tomatoes, twenty mortal miles of the wretched things—they are the ones we eat here in January and February.

The southernmost tip of the island is Masapalomas: it consists of a light-house, a vast extent of sandy bathing beach, breakers of almost Australian splendour, miles of sand-dunes, an oasis of date-palms and other tropical trees, and a blazing sun every day of the year, so that if it happens to rain on the other side of the mountains all you have to do for sunshine is to go to Masapalomas.

Beyond it the road is, or was until recently, atrocious; and dangerous. It leads by way of the remote and pretty fishing village of Arguineguin, African in its feeling and the bright colours worn by its women, to the tropical valley of Mogan. At the small town at the head of the valley we



found people making daily use of pots crudely made and baked, without the potter's wheel, by a technique inherited from the Guanches. Guanche pots were poor; the modern ones are worse. But the knives, with their inlaid pattern of fabulous antiquity, are excellent, the blades rather roughly hammered out on the anvil, but of fine temper. Beyond the road is a mere track. The old lady who gave us coffee on her handsome veranda in the town expressed surprise at our attempting it in a car: as a girl she had once walked completely round the island, and she thought that it might still be the best way. And what a terrible year, señores! With hands and eyes raised to express consternation, she concluded: 'Nothing but sun, sun!'

That night we stayed in the one rather wretched inn at St Nicholas, on the extreme westerly point of the island, in order to be on the road between it and Agaete at dawn. The road is a ledge in the precipice which here falls sheer to the sea. I know not how far, but something over a thousand feet. The sun, rising over Africa, suddenly reveals across fifty miles of sea the pale fire of Teyde's snowy cone poised twelve thousand feet above invisible Tenerife. What can one say about such spectacles? Not even the most sublime descriptive poetry has ever contrived to 'com-

municate' the quality of such experiences.

Of the thousands of aspects of Grand Canary which gave us delight, one, very different, was equal in the impression it made to the spectacle of Teyde at dawn. Of that, more in its place, when we come to Ayacata. Our nightmare road with dreamlike visions brought us to Agaete, where we were first taken with that one distinction of Canarios architecture, the wooden verandas and balconies of superb carpenters' work. Like all the products of craftsmanship, they are doomed; for if there are still men who can build them and carve them, there are few or none willing to pay for them; and concrete will soon offend the eye in every urban scene.

Grand Canary, being volcanic, is rich in caves and craters. Most spectacular of the latter is the great crater of Bandama: to see it you walk round and round a conical mountain by a spiral road every turn of which exposes some new and astonishing panorama of land and seascape, until you stand on the rim of the volcano and look down a thousand feet into—a farmhouse and a well-tilled farm which occupies the whole extent of that vast bowl. As to the caves, they are, now as in Guanche times, inhabited. Their ancient tenants left some wall-paintings, of no great interest, in the caves of Galdar. Their modern ones, at least in the big sprawling cave village of Atalaya, have become performers in the tourist circus.

м [173]

But there are other cave-dwellings, in the foothills and the remote mountains, unspoilt by self-consciousness and where the children have not been taught to beg with a kind of mocking arrogance. I would not object to living in such caves as we visited; the climate, and the porous rock, provides the dryness and the even temperature which are expensive luxuries in Britain. In one cave where we were given wine and good talk, and which seemed fairly typical, the mouth had been closed by sound masonry into which a door, and two windows, had been built. The rooms had hanging cupboards, shelves, and beds, the walls had been levelled and smoothed. There was even a small 'front garden' bright with geraniums and fruitful with two pawpaw-trees. The tenants were grave and self-respecting people with friendly, well-bred manners. They had none of the things which money can buy, but enough of those which are the products of manual skill.

This cave visit occurred in the course of a long and wandering expedition whose destination was Ayacata, a tiny village in the centre of the island. Our own house was above Santa Brigida, between Tafira and San Mateo, on a road which consists of some hundreds of hairpin bends, magnificently shaded by stately and fragrant eucalyptus-trees, and extending from Las Palmas to the Cruz de Tejeda, the nub of the island.

We drove up through San Mateo to the Cruz de Tejeda, where, at something over four thousand feet, there is a good government inn or parador and miles of fine mountain walking. Look to the right and the scene is a wild one of barren mountains heaved and tumbled into forms preposterous and impressive; but even among that stormy sea of rock, dominated by the two fantastic great stones of the higher mountains, called Bentayga and Nublo at 6,500 feet, narrow, fertile valleys are hidden away. Look to the left and the eye follows mile after green mile of cultivated hillside and terrace, down to the sea.

Walking over the thin grass of the high hills we found tiny mauve tulips on the cold side of rocks, and heard a peasant and his wife sing a wild, sad song as they hacked at the two inches of soil over stone. There were a few, a very few, lean sheep living thin off those pastures, and a boy who guarded them played on a pipe with a note shriller than the smallest recorder. When we approached to ask if we might examine the pipe, he fled, but his dog stood at bay. I should have liked to see that pipe; it was probably of Guanche design.

There was another musical instrument which I was more successful



with: at ten every morning the fishmonger passed our house, with his two great panniers of fish slung on either side of his stocky donkey, and the device he used to draw attention to himself was a conch-shell, on which he could sound an astonishingly resonant howl. He let me try once or twice, but not a sound could I get out of the thing. (He had picked up this huge shell on one of the beaches: the sea-shells of Grand Canary are diverse and beautiful; and the sea-shell museum in Las Palmas is, I believe, the best in the world, a place of fantastic beauty.)

From Cruz de Tejeda you go down by more hairpins among eucalyptus, pine, and araucaria, into Tejeda itself, the prettiest small town in the island, clean and huddled against a permanent high wind, a place with those sudden squares and abrupt invasions of empty sky or panoramas of mountain-tops which enliven alpine towns. Here, already, you are among the almond-trees, drifting up every hillside following the lines of green which indicate water. Tejeda has a cake of its own—of ground almonds and the honey of the almond flowers, a delicious kind of coarse marzipan.

We went from Tejeda by way of the Lagunetas, which are artificial reservoirs like a string of small lakes, feeding the irrigation system. We ate our lunch there, sitting on a low euphorbia which gave out a strong scent of camphor, and screamed at by a small and angry eagle. Thence, lurching and slithering over a road which was probably fine for mules, to Ayacata. How to describe it? Figure to yourself an arena of mountains, unclad, the naked stone upheaved and scattered and tumbled by irruption, some of it crimson, some umber, some burnt sienna, pale grey, and crow'swing blue. The floor of this vast amphitheatre is grey, stippled lightly with the faint green of euphorbia, and streaked with the darker green of narrow asphodel leaves. Wherever a boulder has stopped in its fall from the mountains and trapped a little soil and moisture, or wherever the people could make a small bastion of boulders to hold some soil, grows an almond-tree. I do not know how many thousands there may be; most of them are ancient, gnarled, twisted by the wind. Their flowers are some white, some pale pink, some cyclamen, and a few almost magenta. These colours lie in half-transparent clouds all over the floor of the valley, and clamber up the gullys and arroyos of the mountains. Above them the sky is a flat deep blue-a poster-colour; and the air is overpowering with the bitter-sweet smell of almonds. I have never seen anything like it, never seen another scene painted with so strange a palette.

Our map showed a road of sorts due south from Ayacata through the



'African' village of Fataga, to Masapalomas. We discovered that no such road existed, and, turning back, went instead north-west to see and smell the nightfall in the forest of Tamadaba, where, at nearly five thousand feet, the Forestry department are planting tens of thousands of pine-trees of several species, including the beautiful native *Pinus canariensis*.

Of the island's towns, Las Palmas, disproportionately large by reason of its importance as a port, is a tourist centre, with the usual fittings of such places: a commercial and industrial city of some substance, and a place of 'sights'—a baroque cathedral of no great interest, the church of St Anthony where Columbus heard Mass before setting out for the Americas in 1492, and the house where he lived while his ships were victualling. The food market is more interesting than these, and, the best of the tourist bait places, the *Pueblo Canario*, a sort of permanent crafts exhibition where you can see, and even buy, the lace and embroidery for which each island has its own style, the superb straw hats, notably of Graciosa, the carpenters' work and smiths' work and potters' work.

Better than Las Palmas are the small towns, and best of them, perhaps, Teror, with its beautifully carved wooden balconies, its fine local tiles and admirable pots, and its Spanish baroque churches. The principal one of these is the church of our Lady of the Pine: late in the fifteenth century our Lady appeared nursing the Christ-child in the branches of a pine-tree. Subsequently a healing spring burst out at the same spot, and the church is full of ex-votos for the cures wrought by its waters. The shrine is immensely rich in objects of gold, silver, and fine needlework. One or two of the offerings are worth seeing for their beauty, apart from their value, notably the monstrances of goldsmiths' work presented by the marquis of Santa Cruz.

Not all the jewels in all the shrines of the church, however, can compete with the spectacle of sunrise on Teyde, of the almond-trees of Ayacata, or the faint blue outline of Fuerteventura, that volcanic desert far across the sea. I do not remember that, as a boy, I was ever ambitious to be Emperor of China, or Sultan of Arabia, much less Prime Minister of England; but I confess now to a wish that, somehow, I might pass my old age as the benevolent prince of the fortunate island I have tried to describe.



## THE ISLAND OF THE LILY

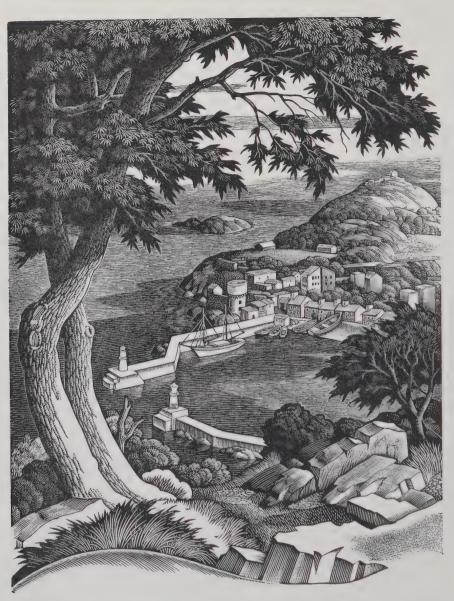
#### BY AVERIL MACKENZIE-GRIEVE

IGLIO, the Island of the Lily, is marked only on the larger maps of the Tyrrhenian coast, and it was on such a map that I first found it seven years ago. No travel agency knew anything about it except that it belonged to the Tuscan archipelago, had an inn of sorts, and was reached by boat from Porto Santo Stefano. I could find no pictures of it beyond a blurred one of its little walled mountain village—which might have been anywhere. None of my Italian friends had ever been there; one, after enquiries in Rome, wrote assuring me that it was 'absolutely uninhabitable', another that it was full of convicts. So I wrote to the mayor of the island, because I did not know to whom else to write, and through him booked a room at La Pergola, the inn of which it turned out he was the keeper.

The islands of the archipelago are scattered along Italy's western coast, with Gorgona and Capraia north of Elba, and Pianosa, Montecristo, Giglio, and Giannutri to the south. The northern group is reached from Piombino and Leghorn; but for Giglio, if one has no motor-car, one must leave the main Rome line at Orbetello, rattle in an old bus out between the lagoons to the harbour of Santo Stefano on the Argentario peninsula, and embark in the *postalino*—the little mail boat which leaves each afternoon for the island. To visit Giannutri or Montecristo—and they are both beautiful—one had to wait for a chance schooner or a fishing boat, sailing from there or from Giglio, and beg a passage. Giannutri, has, alas, appeared on the weekly excursion time-tables, but Montecristo and its ruins lie untroubled on the horizon.

The lagoons glittered with promise that June morning when I hurtled out to Santo Stefano. In the sadly bombed little harbour the water was a gay glass-green, silver-splintered with fish and tin cans. There was no mistaking the Giglio packet; she lay tied up alongside the quay, alone among the fishing boats. She looked squat and solid enough, but 'Ai, she dances, does that one' I was told, and rolled like a porpoise too, I found later when we were in the big swell off the point. She took an hour and a half to reach the island.

Giglio is the top of a submerged granite mountain, thrusting itself



1,500 feet out of a sea without shallows: blue-black under the rocks, a startling purple-streaked emerald-green in the sandy coves. A wonderful sea: clean, cold, clear as crystal. Giglio Porto is simply a crescent of houses built on the sandy shore where the big shoulder of the mountain behind comes steeply down to flatten into two small rocky headlands linked by the slip of sand. It has become a harbour by the addition of a couple of elbow-angled jetties, and to these the red, green, blue, and grey fishing

boats are tethered, the odd schooner moored, and between them, almost on top of the houses, are the barques pulled up for careening, and the boatbuilders' stocks. At one end the squat barrel of a medieval watch-tower gives weight to the little string of ochre and blue houses, and at the other a granite pavement and a few little tamarisks separate them from the sand. I found three minute general shops, a ticket-office for the boat, a wine-shop with a nasturtium-covered wooden terrace, and a cave-like room, mysteriously decorated with glass battery-jars, where an elderly Gigliese, who looked like an alchemist, sold stamps and presumably dealt with the mail, for it was the post office. Set back from the sea was a small convent and a big modern church. Behind, olives and a few dark chestnut groves softened the steep mountainside. Beyond the southern headland the land sloped more gently to the sea from the sharp spine of the island, but it was left entirely to the goats, the flowers, and the scented maquis.

More than half of the two thousand people who inhabit Giglio's twenty-one square kilometres live in the port, but it is only for the last century and a half that any islander has dared to settle by the sea. Before that, for hundreds of years, the Gigliese lived on the island's summit inside the bastioned walls of their fortress-village, and, although it is a breathless hour-and-a-half's climb by mule-path from the harbour, it is still the official centre of the island's life. Telegrams are sent from there when the station is working; when it is out of order the messages are flashed from the walls by hand, weather permitting. The only priest lives there. The Sacrament, protected by St Mamilian, is kept there in the

church with its Aragonese inscription.

The exact history of St Mamilian, Protector of all the sailors of the archipelago, is vague, but he figures prominently in the life of the islanders. A fifth-century Bishop of Palermo, he and three of his monks were exiled to Africa by Genseric, King of the invading Vandals. He escaped in a small boat and tried the hermit life in Sardinia and Elba before settling in a cave high up on the slopes of Montecristo, whence his reputation as a holy and wise man spread throughout the archipelago. When he died, he told the islanders, a cloud would arise from the mountain-top. From the habit of self-preservation the Gigliese, alert to signals, were the first to spot it, and hurried over to Montecristo to take the body of the saint back with them. Protected by a storm from their rival Elban Christians, they brought Bishop Mamilian to Giglio and his tomb is recorded to have remained there for six hundred years. Then, his bones

were taken to Pisa. But the Gigliese kept his right arm and still celebrate

his feast on 22 September.

The overlords of Giglio were always changing, although not always violently. Charlemagne gave it to the Abbey of the Three Fountains; Princes of Tuscany frequently bartered it when they became poor or powerless. Pisa and Florence both owned it for a time. Alfonso of Aragon certainly took it by force, but he sold it profitably to Pope Pius II, whose family in its turn relinquished it to the Medici. Tuscany, with all the neighbouring Italian principalities, was involved in the two-hundredyear Franco-Spanish struggle for supremacy in the Mediterranean. When, during the sixteenth century, the Emperor Charles V's rival, Francis I, horrified Christendom by allying himself with its hereditary enemy, the Turks, it fell to Giglio, as the farthest Tuscan outpost to the south-east, to watch and signal to Elba and to the mainland the movements of the enemy—a practice every Gigliese, brought up on tales of Corsair rape and rapine, learned almost from birth. Cosimo I de' Medici, acknowledging Charles as his overlord, garrisoned and victualled the island at his own expense. He was concerned, therefore, to hear in 1554 that his captain, Ferrardo, had been forced to surrender it to the French. He re-took the peak the following year, strengthening the garrison, and it was Giglio that signalled the approach of the Turkish fleet, commanded by the legendary Dragut and carrying Codignac, the French Ambassador, bent on attacking Piombino and Elba on his way to Corsica. Whereupon, responding to the Giglio signal, Cosimo's captain Cuppano at Portoferraio stationed 'his arquebuses in the Duchess's garden, commanded the servants to hold their fire till the Infidels were almost in the cannon's mouth, thereby causing enormous slaughter'. So, thanks to the Giglio alert, Elba was saved in one of those battles which go to make up the epic history of nearly all the Mediterranean islands.

Later, Tuscany, no longer interested in the small mountain-tip as a beacon, let it go to Naples, with whose history it was henceforward associated. The thousand-odd Gigliese, fishermen and smallholders, were apparently indifferent to dynastic changes, rather as they appear to be today. It was only the Barbary Corsairs who were a constant menace, against whom successive overlords failed to protect them. For two and a half centuries they knew no security from raids and pillage. Up in the minute square of the medieval fortress, where the main gateway bears an inscription to Ferdinand of Aragon as well as the Medici balls, a plaque

commemorates the repulse of the great Corsair attack in 1799 and ordains the anniversary of it as a public holiday. The holiday is still kept. One day perhaps the Gigliese will put up another plaque to the memory of the young man who, shaving at his window in 1944, was killed by the machine-gun of a passing German plane.

Up in the fortress the people live very much as they have always done, emerging at daybreak from their crevice-like streets to till their fields on the western slope outside the walls and to draw water in splendid brass and copper pots whose shape has remained unchanged for centuries, and, until a very few years ago, withdrawing behind the walls at sunset, barring the

gateway behind them.

Down in the port, however, I discovered life was already becoming sophisticated. At dawn the whispering silence of the sea was shattered by the explosive motors of at least a third of the fishing boats, and at night, from eight o'clock until midnight, there was electricity for lights and radio-sets. But the generating plant, housed in a building beneath the Saracen tower, was temperamental. Sometimes darkness fell and still no lights sprang up round the harbour, and there was an atmosphere of expectation, a faint tension. Small boys clotted at the power-house door, encouraging the electrician, every now and again dissolving to relay progress reports and official exhortations to patience round the harbour till they reached the inn. Just as we were beginning to fumble for our wineglasses, a thin *aah* of triumph came across the water and simultaneously we were dazzled by the bare brilliance of the bulbs festooned in the leafy roof from which the inn takes its name.

The Pergola is simply the last six pink-washed houses of the harbour, with a bit of tamarisk-and-olive-planted sea-wall, divided by a gate and a fig-tree from the angle where the granite-flagging turns up inland as a cobbled path. A long whitewashed passage links the first-floor rooms, but the ground floor still retains its windowless vaults, each opening on to the sandy terrace which serves for all social purposes. When they were built, more than a hundred years ago, they were storing places for ships' gear, wine, pasta, and flour; some of them still are, but one is a kitchen, and a couple more have benches and trestle tables for food and wine when the weather drives family and guests from under the Pergola or off the granite wall above the sea.

I found the Pergola unique: it belonged to no category. It was, in fact, the entirely personal and private concern of a family of seamen. Demo,

the patriarchal owner, who, I was told by a friend of his on Elba, is still hale, was eighty-four, blue-eyed, white-haired, upright, and limber, typical of the old sea-captains of the islands, Giglio's leading citizen. With Corinna, his wife-who was over seventy-he was up and out on the sea-wall every morning at daybreak with his telescope under his arm. There was no need at all for this: it was a combination of habit and preference. At dawn there was always much more going on than at other times of the day. The big and small fishing craft slid or chugged out into the quicksilver sea, voices and rattlings came from the bowels of the postalino that sailed, and still does, at 6 a.m.; hens scattered squawking among slithering sandy ropes, and the children were everywhere—on the jetties, in the boats, in and out of the sea, carrying gear, untying painters, or simply laughing and shouting. So at dawn the old sea-captain watched the harbour, and Corinna banged her handwoven sheets on the granite cistern-edge as if her life depended on it. And, as I said, there was no need for it at all, because the old couple have six sons, four daughters-in-law, a daughter, and a son-in-law to share the work of the household, and only sometimes, in the height of the summer, or when the postalmo brought an unexpected week-end party of exploring tourists (now, I suppose, more often when the excursion boat advertised in Rome arrives) did the family have to work at full stretch. Then one son was over the sea-wall for more fish, another two tied on aprons, their wives laid tables and made coffee, and upstairs Corinna achieved prodigies of bedmaking. But usually the rhythm of life was easy, with plenty of time for a talk, a smoke, or a song. The family, all of them astonishingly handsome, treated one, like all the islanders of the archipelago, with the courtesy of good breeding: they expected one to accept the hospitality they could offer—perhaps 'expect' is not the word, because acceptance is taken for granted—and put their house and service at one's complete disposal. 'Ask for anything you want,' they said, and meant it.

And the rare people who came to Giglio then did not generally demand more than it could provide. For all I know, the good-natured excursionists are no more demanding. Scrupulous cleanliness, comfortable beds, a cold shower, or a soup-cauldron of charcoal-smelling hot water, brought with great, if puzzled, goodwill; for breakfast, coffee, poor sourish island bread, a pot of jam, and a tin of butter set down by the tumbler of lilies and geraniums, and, for the rest, as much lobster, langouste, red mullet, and every sort and size of squid and prawn as one could wash down with



the sherry-coloured local wine. At first, after the mild well-bred wines of the Tuscan mainland, the strong rough wine of Giglio shocks the palate. But taste it with the white juicy flesh of a fresh young langouste and you will believe that a benevolent Providence created them especially for each other—and for you.

All Giglio is like its wine. The people are clean, vigorous, handsome; their talk has colour, a racy tang to it, and a straightforward and unequivocal bawdiness. Its shores are of granite, rough, but neither spectacular nor savage, dipping great smooth-washed flanks into the sea, heaving enormous sun-warmed surfaces out of the turf that one wants to pat like the backs of huge friendly animals. The sand in the coves is coarse and crystalline like brown sugar, the flowers grow with a lavish and unrestrained ebullience right to the sea's edge. In the spring mesembryan-themum makes a flaring magenta carpet on the headlands; the hillsides are waist-deep in tooth-paste-pink cystus, in violently scented saffron broom; the thickets of lavender have outsize royal-purple flowers.

After a day of walking the goat-paths, above the peacock sea, along cliffs which seemed to me like the creation of a millionaire rock-gardener, of scrambling down to an empty white cove to swim and sunbathe and swim again, to return to a deck-chair at the Pergola, prop one's feet on the sea-wall, and watch the sea and sky darkening, sniffing the good smell of vegetable minestrone and of broiling lobsters or red mullet frying in oil, was a satisfaction as rarely to be matched as the eventual meal under

the vines and the sleep which followed it.

But Giglio's character has been carved and toughened by the winds and the rains as well as by the sun and the sea. On Sirocco days the islanders up in the fortress cling to door-jambs and shut their eyes as the wind blasts the dust or the rain through their funnel-like streets. Outside the walls it is often hard to keep standing. Down below, in the port, doorways are deserted, the younger women drink camomile infusions 'for the nerves', and at the Pergola the family sits at the trestle tables gossiping with the local carabinieri or one of the schooner-owners having a grappa—probably on the house. The talk in the islands is nearly always of ships and the sea. All the six Cavero sons are merchant sailors, although they take months or years off to help at the Pergola, and Demo owned barques of his own, trading pasta and flour from Genoa round the islands. One day two of his sons—he had eight then—sailed out of the harbour in one of the laden barques. On the horizon he and Corinna saw their ship and their sons

sucked to destruction in the black funnel of a whirlwind. They told me in the harbour that, after a great wail, the family went into the house, and without a word the old man took his fiddle and broke it across his knee, Corinna took her concertina, stripped off the ribbons, hung it on the wall, and her tall red-haired daughter fetched her mandolin and hung it beside the concertina. That was years ago, but, although they will laugh and sing to other men's playing, and by the oil-lamp in winter Corinna will tell her endless richly spiced sagas of the island, they have never made music any more.

That is the life of Giglio and of the little islands of the archipelago, a life that stretches back unchanged through the centuries because it is made up of fundamental human experience. But now the electric lights wink round the black pool of the harbour, the radio voices mix with the voices of the young fishermen singing to their guitars out on the jetty in the starpointed darkness, and I dare not ask if Demo has bought a juke-box so beloved of the fishermen. Someone has built, and is still enlarging, an hotel, pensioni are springing up on the hillside, and, over the other side of the island at Campese, an iron-ore mine is scarring the valley round the glassgreen bay in which Ferdinand I built his tower. When I was there a single aged motor-truck rattled up the stony road to the fortress once a day and a young islander had bought a second-hand motor-scooter. The islanders proudly pointed to all this, for it was Progress, they said. 'All we need now,' they added, 'is money from the Americans to develop the island—and then . . .'

Meanwhile, for those who found it soon enough, Giglio, with its dignified people, peaceful emptiness, its sun and its sea, its lilies and its lobsters, remains a perfect, if transient, paradise.



## ÎLE D'ORLÉANS

#### BY TUDOR EDWARDS

HEN is an island not an island? The answer may well be supplied by reference to Marken, recently fastened along the greater part of its perimeter to the Dutch mainland by the process of reclaiming the Zuider Zee. Very well, but if a high suspension bridge links an island to the mainland, what then? Does such an aerial link invalidate the claim to island sovereignty and status? On consulting a dictionary the answer can be only in the negative, since an island is defined as 'a piece of land surrounded by water'. It is a relief to find a definition with the modicum of pedantry, for it enables me without losing face to return in spirit to that happy island rising jewel-like from the St Lawrence River, the Île d'Orléans, a score of miles in length and barely five miles across at its widest.

It was not always called so. When Jacques Cartier and his French settlers landed there early in the sixteenth century they dubbed it l'Île de Bacchus, for they found masses of grapes growing there. The Indians knew it as 'Minigo'. For a while indeed it was the home of the Hurons, or rather of the remnants of those Christianized Huron Indians, allies of the French, who were hunted by the savage Iroquois. In 1650 those who were left alive settled on the Île d'Orléans, but only a few years later the Mohawks attacked at dawn, plundering, killing, and carrying off the women, nearly a hundred of them. Indeed the island is strategically well placed for attacks, as Wolfe found when his ships dropped our redcoats on it immediately before the storming of Quebec. There were few Hurons left when the French began seriously to colonize the island in the second half of the seventeenth century.

The Île d'Orléans, then, is a slice of France cast upon the waters of the New World, an oasis in a country where within a couple of hours one may freeze to death in the Barrens or become hopelessly lost on the prairie. The French tongue is heard everywhere, the French of Champlain touched with a rough backwoods flavour, and the civil law is based upon the Napoleonic Code (though criminal law follows British precedent). The islanders—they are nearly all of Norman or Breton stock—are proud, puritan, and tough, with one eye on heaven and the other on the

bank balance. The women are ardent church-goers and try once a year to make pilgrimage to the great shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré on the mainland. A handful of the older men are isolationists or nationalists who still look to the country of their forbears, though I knew one who had volunteered for military service in the First World War and had survived most of his comrades when Canada lay dying in the Flanders mud. The younger men, however (and I include and remember with gratitude 'Red' Rousseau, with whom I once travelled to Beaupré), insist that they are as British as any denizen of Bow or Caterham.

This might even be a slice of Normandy but for the missing magpie-colouring of timber-framed houses, for houses here are of stone, pastel-grey or white-harled, and barns are of rough stout timbers. These houses have rakish sharply pitched roofs, the walls often slope slightly inwards, and most of them have central stone fireplaces, while windows have small panes, much like William and Mary houses in England. Most kitchens have primitive stoves, and electric lighting is only of recent provenance. In the better homes there is a collection of matured furniture and other woodwork with the bouquet of old wine, and much of it, cabinets, cradles, rocking-chairs, and spinning-wheels, has been handed down from generation to generation. The long tradition of wood-carving and joinery is a revered one, and on my first visit, before the last war, I found that the Guerards of Argentenay were as celebrated for their carpentry as they were for their farming and their gusty folksongs.

The farmhouses are screened by cascades of flowers, marigolds, zinnias, and golden rod, and the orchards are lethargic with the weight of tiny purple apples, making an impressive foil to the faint purple of the great river and the mauve of the hills on the mainland. There is a flowing of farm buildings, venerable massive repositories for waggons, old ploughs, and tractors, and of byres where strong swarthy labourers who might answer to the name of Prosper or Baptiste or Raoul sometimes sing chant-

like folksongs to unheeding cattle:

En roulant ma boule-le roulant En roulant ma bou-le.

The same families have worked the land which their ancestors cleared three centuries ago. Yoked oxen still draw farm-carts, but the old implements are vanishing. I remember years ago seeing Alphonse Plante and his young son working the last fuller trough on the island. Spinning is still



one of the chief diversions—and necessities—of the island matriarchy, and most cottage floors have a heap of raw wool waiting to be made into yarn for clothes and rugs. On mild evenings the women, earthy and inelegant, sit with their wheels outside farmhouse doors. It becomes a ritual, this turning of wheels and tapping of spindles. The same women when in the garden wear wide-brimmed straw hats and skirts of homespun which sometimes have a peacock flamboyancy but are more often in a subdued puritan tradition.

Until recent years life here was reduced to elementals—it was a life in close touch with the soil, wholly lacking in the conscious gaiety, colour, and frippery of islands in the Latin south. This was the north-west, the home of dour hardy settlers who would need quite a few tots of liquor before they rose up in a body and wound in a linked snake-like file through the village singing 'Alouette'. This dour note persists, and, except perhaps in the brightness of a summer's day, the island seems uncommunicative, secretive, almost hostile. The chance visitor will not penetrate into that circle within which everything is implied and emotionally significant. Yet there is never complete isolation, for the land lies all about, the greatest vista of water lying due north-west towards the distant gulf. And at night the mainland lights flicker and twinkle like signals. The summer hedonism of Montreal and Toronto may people this island kingdom with inquisitive hordes, but for the rest of the year it goes quietly, even prudishly, about its business, an isle of content where little more is demanded than its hectares of rich soil and its enclosing fishsilvered waters can give.

A rural economy, happily unhampered by a distant bureaucracy, ensures that the fortunate islanders (and there are some four thousand of them) enjoy their own early strawberries and glistening plums, their own milk, bread, and cheese. Most houses have an outdoor baking oven, a rather primitive affair often like a large dog-kennel or a wayside tomb. There is not always the acrid scent of hot yeast, however, for the fire is often raked out and food placed on a spiked tray pushed in to cook. Children may sometimes be seen curled up and sleeping beside the oven, cradled in the warmth. As to the local cheese, it is true that new methods are supplanting the old, but one still encounters the mysterious utensils of a mysterious alchemy, the drain cups, rack, and mat of marsh reeds, and such cheese makes a spicy addition to a local cuisine which includes soupe aux pois, ragoût de pattes, and crêpes Suzettes.

Some friendly islander may take us along in his calèche, the Quebec horse-drawn buggy, though it is no great burden to see the island on foot. The little island capital of Ste Famille on the north coast, looking towards the mainland Beaupré country and the towering Cap Tourmente, consists of a sprinkling of prudish houses, a shop or two, a bar like a Maupassant estaminet, a church, and a convent. Snatches of Gregorian plain-chant are wafted from the convent chapel. Like their late-seventeenth-century predecessors, the black-habited nuns in their white coifs go two by two from the convent to the church. The church façade has a garnish of painted and niched full-length figures of saints, the towers are pricked with ail-de-bauf or cartwheel lights, and above the doorway is a fanlight with the same suggestion of rococo. Spired tourelles soar above the red roof, and beyond them, from a distance, one sees the rose-tipped granite peaks of the ancient Laurentian mountains. Inside, the church is bright with classical decoration in which there is more than a hint of the Quevillon style, Quebec rococo, that is, with painted ceilings and floral carvings. Old Communion plate and the work of Quebec gold- and silversmiths sparkles in the sacristy.

On the edge of the village is a little wayside calvary erected to the memory of Robert Gaignon, who settled here in 1657. There are still Gaignons (or Gagnons) on the island, and I met one weatherbeaten old fellow of that name who told me that Robert Gaignon had hundreds of descendants. Just before the First World War, he said, out of a family numbering sixty-two, most of whom were then still living, fifty-three had entered the Church. I also heard of several girls who had entered the vast and historic Ursuline Convent in Quebec city, for the island piety too is traditional. A lane crossing the island from St Pierre in the north to St Laurent in the south is still known as La Route des Prêtres—the Priests' Road. Not so very long ago there was a feud between these two villages. The bone of contention (and it was literally a bone) was an osseous fragment of the body of St Paul encased in a silver reliquary. The men of St Laurent claimed that the relic rightfully belonged to their parish, and they finally went in a body to the church of St Pierre and carried it away to their own church. There were further altercations, and the ecclesiastical authorities ordered the return of the relic to St Pierre, where it now lies in the early-eighteenth-century church with its wood-carving and retables, the most festive after Ste Famille.

Five of the half-dozen churches on the island are of this date, though of



earlier foundation, with slender spires, a hint of Quebec rococo, flaming and formidable saints, beatific Madonnas, and the homely gaiety of paper flowers. The exception is St Laurent, which has been rebuilt. It was on the door of this church that Wolfe's soldiers found a notice pinned up, addressed to the 'worthy British officers' and begging them to spare the church from sacrilege. The message added, with Gallic politesse, but also perhaps with tongue in cheek, that had the officers arrived earlier they could have helped themselves to the excellent asparagus and other vegetables that grew in the vicinity. Wolfe seems to have respected the notice, but at St François at the north-eastern tip of the island he converted the church into a hospital, littered with wounded gallants in soiled three-cornered hats and bloodied lace ruffles.

At St Jean on the eastern shore the marks of gunfire can still be seen on the walls of the Manoir Mauvide-Genest, an early manor house of the Seigneurs, with shuttered windows and Regency-type doorcase, which is now a museum of early French-Canadian life. It illustrates the relation of arts and crafts to the life of the soil in a civilized rural peasant community, as it illustrates a life dominated by the ancient cycle of times and seasons, traditions and beliefs. These forms of folk art, some archaic and primitive, others of high aesthetic quality, are giving way to mass-produced wares, and no longer is there a Robert Asselin to forge such fine wrought-iron crosses as are to be found in the graveyard of St François, many of which have found their way into this and other museums.

The village of Ste Petronille, on the southern shore, sounds intriguing, though the vision is perhaps greater than the reality. It has long been the base of several well-known French-Canadian painters, however, and it is from here that the ferry leaves for Quebec. All these villages shine out of a background of browns and greens, reds and golds, yellow ochres and ash greys, and the mauve that turns deep purple in the fading light. There are tiny lakes hemmed with pines, bosky hollows, copses, and clusters of birch. Birds like robins but with greenish-yellow breasts have come up from the Gaspé country to taste new delights. Rough meadows and the beginnings of the new strip-cultivation reach down to the indented shore, which here and there is edged with soft red cliffs. In one of the inlets I came upon rocky recesses in which lay anemones and corollas and what appeared to be madrepores, all swaying and moving almost imperceptibly in the clear water like an amphibious ballet.

It is not surprising then that this little Eden has been sung by schools of

N [189]

poets and novelists, by those writers who at the beginning of the century used to meet at a bookshop in Quebec, and more recently in the Château de Ramezay in Montreal. I have encountered in island houses some old copies, over a century old in fact, of the Gazette du Commerce et Littéraire, together with such classic novels of Quebec province as Jacques et Marie and Maria Chapdelaine.

Winter is often severe. The men in their bottes sauvages and leather makins drift into the bar to warm up before the stove and to drink a fiery tot. The river becomes frozen almost solid, and great sheets of ice float and collide with an odd crackling. It is then that a natural bridge of ice connects the island to the mainland near Quebec. This bridge is strengthened and nurtured by the islanders with fresh snow and ice, and fir-trees are stuck in to mark the trail. Then human traffic flows back and forth across the river, for the hardy set out in brightly coloured horse-drawn sleighs, a strange and hazardous return journey of some seven miles. By night, with lanterns carried aboard the sleighs, the picture has an epic touch.

Winter passes, and almost every day the ships pass along the great river; from the northern shore, in summer, one sees the fat pleasure steamers, with a touch of Mark Twain and the showboat, making for the Saguenay River. The mainland is far enough away for some, not far enough for others. There, all is flux and change. No longer does the wind send the scent of wood pulp across the island from the lumber camps along the mainland shores.

Here eighteenth-century France survives like an *imperium in imperio* in twentieth-century North America, but it is an oasis in a land where the old order—the old pastoral and narrowly prescribed social pattern of a Louis Hémon novel—is quickly being shattered.



## BERLENGA GRANDE

#### BY MARIE-NOËLE KELLY

DANTESQUE CAVE, a meandering tunnel, a pink-lined cove reverberating sound. An island with a tinkling name, squat, naked, fierce, and strong, with a jutting promontory carrying a fortress. A dream come true, a meeting-place for secret lovers. . . .

Within sight of the harbour of Peniche, in Estremadura, seven miles out at sea, surrounded by the swirling Atlantic, Berlenga faces the jagged line of Portuguese shores. The winds whip the seas and whistle down her tunnel; the ravens pounce and patter on her rocks; fishing boats hover round her lobster beds; travellers few and discerning visit her fortress—

but only in the summer months.

Shrouded from the mainland of Portugal on misty days, sharply outlined when the light is good, Berlenga Grande belongs to a complex of minute islands forgotten by the sea's convulsions when Atlantis swooned away, and, later, when Lisbon was shaken to its foundations by an earth-quake in the eighteenth century. The archipelago is composed of over twenty islands, too small to be inhabited. Berlenga alone, whose outline on the map looks like the jaw of a terrier, has a great lighthouse served by men who have brought their womenfolk; in a fold of rock a few fishermen's cabins are tucked away. Three miles long, hardly a mile wide, Berlenga has crimson cliffs three hundred feet high. Nothing much lives on its granite, as rabbits by the thousand destroy what little vegetation there is. No tree would stand the incessant winter gales, the rough breath of Boreas which made Byron write of a journey to Portugal on his way to Turkey on board the Lisbon Packet:

Breezes foul and tempest murky May unship us in a crack.

All the strangeness and fascination of the place lies below in the very marrow of the island, its tunnel, its coves, in the splendour of rock and depth and richness of the ocean at water's level. Pluto's trident has probed: from the impact strange treasures have come forth.

Using a tiny rock jutting from the island, the Portuguese built a fortress

on it in the sixteenth century. It follows the natural line, and looks like a Norman castle, perhaps irregular in shape, a solid, towerless block, rather like the ruins of Sidon in the Lebanon. Grim heroism was factual then. In 1676 twenty-eight Portuguese sailors looked out one day from the small apertures of their fortress and spied a Spanish Armada with fifteen vessels of line manned by fifteen hundred men. Admiral Barra closed in slowly. For generations the Portuguese knew, as the proverb goes, that neither good winds nor marriages came from their Spanish neighbours. They gritted their teeth, furbished their cannons, and never gave in. A splendid feat.

Less than a hundred years before—in 1589—twelve thousand English lancers had disembarked at Peniche under the command of John Norris: a forlorn gesture to enable the Prior of Crato, Don Antonio, to uphold his rights to the Portuguese Crown. This was, alas, too late. They should have come in 1580 when the succession of the Cardinal King was opened. Philip of Spain sent the Duke of Alba to invade Portugal; the peasants fought in vain for the Prior.

For three centuries the fort has held. Its fabric of pink granite grained with ochre streaks defied the elements; but some years ago walls suddenly crumbled dangerously. From the mainland men hurried over in their fishing boats, and small trawlers came carrying sand, cement, beams, nails, and all the paraphernalia of repair, for nothing is found on Berlenga itself. With infinite patience—for little money was forthcoming—the fortress walls were breached, the inner courtyards levelled, the windows widened, staircases rebuilt. Time passed, and now, in the deep summer, but for a short season only, the *cognoscenti* come to the fortress of Berlenga, transformed into what the Portuguese call a *pousada*—in fact, an hotel. The deep gun embrasures of the past, about forty in number, are now whitewashed rooms, spotlessly clean. A measure of relatively sophisticated comfort has set in; a chef comes over and cooks giant lobsters which guests can fish for from their own bedroom windows.

To reach Berlenga from Peniche is an hour and a half of slow going in a small boat which accommodates twenty-five people only. Twice a week there is much domestic traffic between the mainland and the island as the lighthouse men come backwards and forwards and their families pack the boat with hens and children. If the women come from Estremadura they often wear the traditional black costume; if not, the seven skirts characteristic of the fishing village of Nazaré just down the silver coast; certainly



the black felt hat shading piercing green eyes, and a shawl, a corner of which they sometimes hold between their teeth, Arab fashion. The women go as often as they can to shop in gay Peniche with its pasteltoned houses, and they buy all that the rich earth of the lowlands offers at the market: the luscious, herb-scented cheeses of Azeitao, the melons, the maize, the grapes and pears. They also bring back, to decorate their granite houses on Berlenga, basketwork, lace embroideries, and the coloured ceramics of Caldas. Models for these go back as far as the sixteenth century. In the nineteenth century there was a great taste for every-day subjects: fruit and flowers and animals, from reptiles to spiders. These ceramics cover the walls of houses, decorate the public parks, and are in keeping with a race which sometimes covers all inner and outer walls of churches with painted tiles, the Azulejos.

Waiting for the boat, the women go in pairs to pray at the shrine of Senhora dos Remedios, our Lady of Healing, worshipped in a sixteenth-century blue-and-white chapel, a mile or so out of the fortified town. The shrine is very ancient as the statue was hidden from the Moors up to 1300,

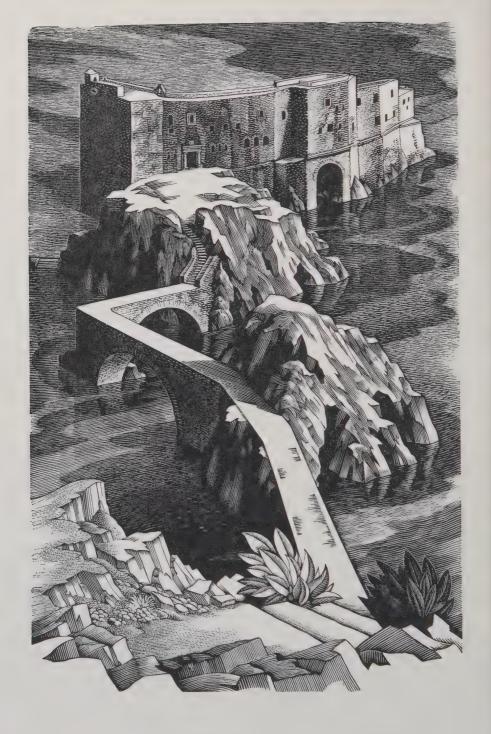
when it was rediscovered by fishermen.

Travelling on the cutter one stumbles over rope and fishing tackle. Turbots, congers, swordfishes, plaice, and the humble sardine spill from baskets. If the fisherman is not in his dull Sunday best, but in his working clothes, he is a most striking figure, with a flannel band wound six times round his waist. Pushed down to his eyebrows is a sock cap, the hem of which carries tobacco, matches, bait, and money if he possesses any. There is no nonsense about his capacity to make his wife work: the *pexeiras* unload fish, just as well as the men, carry it on their heads in enormous baskets, or salt it directly on the shore.

Slowly the boat approaches the island and its cliffs, which face Portugal. The ocean-lashed stones, although perpetually laved, never lose their warm depth of tone; they clothe the fortress whose hundred uneven windows now smile from its rounded carapace. Lichen softens the old walls.

The visitor transfers to a barque from the cutter, which stops at the entrance to a narrow creek, the Careira do Mosteiro; suitcases are thrown into it, and, after some twenty minutes' hard rowing, kind hands help one to jump on to a rough landing-stage.

The fortress of San João Baptista looms above; a short scramble brings the visitor to the gate over which a stone coat of arms is deployed. The



great doors open into a dazzling courtyard, where the flagged stones are alive with lizards. A tenuous path, carried on three arches so narrow that only three people can walk abreast, and without any parapet, ties up the fortress to the island. Steps, high and rough, eventually ascend to the plateau on the way to the lighthouse.

A rowing boat is essential for exploring Berlenga. Just beneath the fortress, but only attainable by boat, is a huge grotto, that of Furna de Flandres. Within its glistening walls the great throb of the ocean, so inarticulate outside, takes on a weird and cruel voice, pounding the air like a giant imprisoned and forever repeating a complaint. But if the ear is frightened the eye is enchanted, for the water is translucid. This is not the grotta azura, but the grotta esmeralda; limpidity and transparency vie with each other to allow great sheets of imprisoned green light to be fathomed. In the grotto itself the ocean is stilled and the weird and repeated roar seems to come from nowhere, certainly not from the waters imprisoned in the cave.

The barque follows the rough contours of chaotic rocks until it reaches a tunnel, the Furado. The island seems to have been cut here by a sword, and the wound is deep, two hundred and forty feet long. Gulls and rooks in flight darken the narrow defile. Wild duck find a resting-place on the red rocks until the swish of an oar disturbs them and they all flap into the sea, barely missing the boat. Ferns are everywhere; they overhang, nestle, cover the rock, their long green tropical fingers bobbing in the breeze.

Slowly the barque advances; the tunnel is dark and irregular. Slowly, too, the boatman explains in a voice of awe that one approaches the Cova do Sono, the Well of Sleep. A curious detachment permeates everything. The traveller is prepared for anything: a well, an abyss, another cave where Morpheus may pour philtres of forgetfulness? Reality is slightly different,

but has the elements of enchantment and surprise.

The tunnel opens finally into a semicircular cove with pink vertical cliffs over two hundred feet high, straight as arrows, Brangwynesque, which the Atlantic beats in the winter or caresses in summer. Looked at from the mouth of the Furado tunnel this hemicycle has the quality of a dream; it could be the setting for some gigantic orchestral concert as sound reverberates so dramatically against the granite rocks. Mermaids and dolphins might well have enjoyed unholy embraces under the emerald cover of the silky waves. Regattas coming from Peniche gracefully end their races here.



Above, on the thin crust of earth, rough grass grows infinitely slowly. It is hard going between the boulders to reach the lighthouse and three other curious sites: the Pao de Açucar, the Sugar Loaf, and on the north face of Berlenga a long, beautiful fjord, the Carreiro dos Cações, jagged and intensely cold, with vertical walls, half a mile in length. This spot does not distil the atmosphere of tranquillity conveyed by the Well of Sleep, but active pleasures, such as deep-water fishing. Rounded and voluptuous, the south-east coast of Berlenga is in utter contrast to the sharply dented north, biting into the ocean.

The Portuguese have named every rock and every promontory of the Berlenga Archipelago, evoking with names and peopling with illusions a world whose real inhabitants are duck, gull, rabbit and raven, eels and

every kind of shell-fish.



## MIDSUMMER ISLANDS

#### BY MOIRA SAVONIUS

NROLL a chart of Finnish coastal waters and you will see an unfinished jigsaw puzzle, its irregular and intricate pieces sometimes grouped close together, sometimes scattered far and wide, as if some impatient hand, despairing of building up a coherent picture, had brushed them roughly aside. Geologists have put forward their theories of what happened here when the world was young, but I feel that the old legend of two giants, one in Finland, the other in Sweden, endlessly throwing stones at each other, and so filling this part of the Baltic with countless rocks and skerries and islands, is as satisfying an explanation as any for the huge archipelago which stands as a barrier between the Finnish mainland and the open sea and forms, as it were, a bridge of stepping-stones to Sweden.

The inhabitants call this labyrinth of islands the *skärgård*, *skär* being the same word as 'skerrie' and *gård* meaning a fence or guard. And that is exactly what these islands are. The coast itself is sheltered, and appears in most places more like the shores of some inland lake than a salt-sea beach. It is the islands that bear the brunt of the weather, and break the fury of the sea and the winds. The farther out you go, the bleaker they become. The skerries which lie on the outer fringe are mere granite rocks, polished smooth by endless years of waves and ice, raising their rounded backs

above the water like whales basking on the surface of the sea.

I doubt very much whether anybody has ever tried to make an accurate count of the Finnish islands. It would be virtually impossible. Even the charts are not correct, as you find when you leave the normal navigation channels and make your way cautiously into the island groups which lie beyond the recognized official seaways. The charts which my family used for years, when we spent our summers exploring the archipelago, are full of corrections, and the routes we marked through the maze wind in and out like sea-serpents, dodging shoals and rocks and finding unexpected and delightful harbours that have never been given official recognition by an anchor sign.

The Baltic is practically tideless, and, except in a few long narrow channels where a slight tidal current is set up, the change in water level is

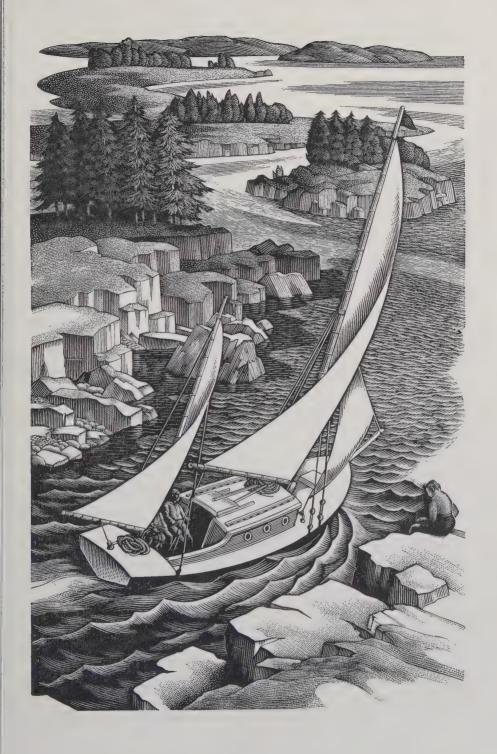
barely noticeable. This is a great advantage when sailing among islands, where a strong tide would make navigation extremely hazardous. High winds and changes in the weather do cause the water to rise and fall, but these changes are usually gradual and you do not experience the tidal races and swirling currents which endanger sailors in other lands.

The ideal boat for sailing the Finnish archipelago is a medium-sized yacht with a shallow draught and an auxiliary engine. My own exploring was done in a twenty-foot ketch, which, with the centreboard raised, could float in three feet of water. When we nosed among strange islands we posted a look-out on the bowsprit and chugged along slowly and carefully under power, ready to pull into reverse when shallows appeared ahead.

Close to the shore of the mainland many of the islands are large and well wooded, and in the Aaland group there is the town of Mariehamn and there are many villages. The large off-shore communities differ little from the villages on the mainland and it is, in many places, possible to get to the islands by car, over a series of bridges. In the vicinity of Helsinki and other towns the majority of the small islands are inhabited, at least in summer. The migrant population consists of city-dwellers who move out to island cottages at the beginning of June and return again to their flats in town at the end of August. The children, who are free from school for the three summer months, settle on the islands with their mothers, and the breadwinner comes out in his own motor-boat or by coastal steamer every evening. The summer villas and cottages gradually thin out as you get farther away from the towns, and except in a few favourite areas, such as the famous and beautiful Barösound, which is now quite thickly populated, the great majority of the islands are uninhabited.

The true natives are the fishermen and small farmers who live in the skärgård all the year round and endure the autumn gales and the winter cold when the glittering waters of summer lie still under the thick ice and only a single channel is kept open by the ice-breakers to allow the ships to reach the mainland. They are hardy, weatherbeaten people, used to privation and long weeks of isolation from the rest of the world. They are a dying race, and already many an old fisherman's cottage is left abandoned among the smooth rocks and the wind-tortured pines and junipers.

The Baltic herring is disappearing, and to make a living as a fisherman among the skerries is too hard a life for the younger generation. With faster and better motor-boats it is now practicable to live on the mainland or near it on some sheltered island where agriculture is possible, and still



be able to get out to the fishing grounds in an hour or so. Who is to blame the young men and women if they choose to better their living conditions? As one old fisherman remarked to me many years ago when I told him we had come to see what his island was like: 'You have chosen the wrong time for a visit. It is in November and December you should be here if you want to know what it is like to live in the skerries!'

To face realities is part of life, but although for two-thirds of the year the Finnish islands are bleak and uncomfortable and unattractive their smiling summer faces are a reality too. Blue days, translucent northern nights, the smell of pine and hay and seaweed blended with salt breezes from the open sea, the feel of warm smooth rocks under your bare feet, and the sight of white sails swelling in the wind as you set course for yet

another island, are experiences to be cherished all one's life.

The most interesting and characteristic of the skerries are those medium-sized islands, less than thirty acres in size, which lie some miles from the mainland but are still sheltered enough to have a good deal of vegetation. Each one has its individuality; yet they all show a resemblance which gives the archipelago its character. Basically the islands are outcrops of granite rock, though occasionally you come across one which is a ridge of sand or a huge pile of rounded stones, accumulated during the Ice Age. Along the water-line, and as high as the waves and banked ice of winter normally reach, the red or grey rocks are smooth and bare and almost polished. Most of the islands are fairly low, but here and there the pattern is broken by rocks that may rise to a hundred feet or more.

The shore-line is nearly always irregular and indented with bays and inlets which often cut the islands into fantastic shapes resembling animals or birds or starfish. Some of the most sheltered harbours curl into the interiors of the islands like question marks. A peculiarity of many of the best bays is the shallow 'threshold' at the entrance. Once this is passed the water deepens again, and it is often possible to bring the bow of your boat right up to the rocks and secure it to a boulder or a tree on the shore.

Some of the islands have little freshwater lakes and pools formed in rocky hollows. Where soil has collected in clefts and valleys grow pines and birches, spruce and alders, sallows and rowans, with a carpet of moss and lichen, bilberries, crowberries and heather at their feet. You find small hidden beaches of grey sand, strewn with rounded boulders and banked at the high-water mark with a broad band of dry crackling seaweed mixed with the flotsam cast up by the waves.

The water in the Baltic is far less salt than in the North Sea and the Atlantic, and the nearer you approach to the mainland the more brackish it becomes. Many of the fish are the same species as the freshwater fish of Britain, but the clear, clean water gives them a better flavour. The pike and perch which live in the forests of brown kelp between the islands, and come into the shallow inlets to spawn in the spring, make very different eating from the mud-impregnated specimens which anglers bring up from English lakes and ponds. Casting for pike in the evening from the shore of some little island, and then grilling the fillets over a fire of pine twigs and cones, is to blend the flavour of the sea and the islands in the best possible way. And in a good summer half an hour spent among the bilberry bushes will produce a bowl of large purple berries that can rival any garden produce. Occasionally you may be lucky enough to come across an island bog which grows a patch of cloud-berries, whose delicate and unique flavour is the very essence of a Finnish summer.

A typically high-summer day among the islands usually begins with a light southerly or south-westerly breeze springing up at about eight o'clock and freshening through the day. It may blow fairly steadily or perhaps die out at intervals, and in the evening it is usually calm. The summer weather is variable, however, and you can never be certain what the day will bring.

I remember days of light steady wind, with the water blue and glittering, and the bright islands gliding past like a row of pearls; days of unsteady cold east winds with sudden dark gusts rushing across the water and blinding rain approaching like a grey curtain. I can remember thunderstorms rising up rapidly in threatening pillars of heavy cloud that sent us scuttling for the nearest shelter, and days of winds so strong we sailed with mizzen and jib only. I recall very vividly a day of utter calm, with the sun beating down on the glassy water, the archipelago shimmering through the heat, and the only sound the voices of the eider drakes splashing in large companies between the bare rocks far out at sea. I have known days of grey drizzle, as dreary and depressing as could be, and days of spanking white horses and the exhilaration of fast sailing. And best of all I can remember days that ended in sunsets of indescribable colour and glory while we lay in the comfortable calm of some sheltered bay.

The main channels through the archipelago are clearly marked to assist safe navigation. During the day large white patches painted on the rocks or on wooden screens show the general direction of the channel, and special markers give warning of underwater rocks and shallow places.

These consist of tall wooden poles, floating upright in the water, with openwork wooden cones at the tops. A red pole with a single cone, point downwards, indicates a shoal on its northern side and a white pole with a black cone like a cap on its head means danger on the south. Two cones, point to point, like an hour-glass, warn you to keep on the eastern side of the marker, and a double cone, like a black Easter egg on top of a white pole, marks a dangerous rock that should be skirted on the west. A striped pole in red and white, topped with a cross, denotes a single small rock which can be passed on either side, at a safe distance.

Sailing among the islands at night is exciting and needs tremendous concentration, but it can be done quite safely if you follow the signals from the little lighthouses implicitly and turn about the moment they change colour. These little beacons send out flashes of white light which turn to green or red the moment you leave the channel. Sometimes you have to keep two lights in line, one above the other, or else follow a single light until you can see the next one. The whole system is worked out with

the greatest accuracy and is indicated clearly on the charts.

It is never really dark in Finland during the summer, and in June and July dawn begins very soon after the sunset has faded. In August the nights are no longer quite so light, and if the weather is cloudy it is impossible to find your way without the aid of lighthouses. Night sailing is especially attractive during periods of hot calm weather, because after a warm day you invariably get a land wind springing up at night, and it

blows gently and steadily until dawn.

As the sun sinks the colours gradually fade from the islands and seem to concentrate in the heavens. You find yourself lying becalmed on a sea that reflects the scarlet and orange and yellow of the western sky, while the skerries and rocks around you deepen from grey to blue and then become black silhouettes blending into one another so that you can no longer tell where one ends and the other begins. And then, when the crimson streaks begin to lose their colour, the silky water ruffles, the sails fill once more, and you glide gently forward on a northerly breeze which is warm and smells of pine resin and new-mown hay. The little lights wink ahead; the water gurgles along the sides of your boat; you move easily and smoothly, and apparently much faster than during the day, between the dark islands, mysterious and secret, which sometimes close in on you to form a narrow channel and then open up again into wide stretches of free water.

And so on through the night, the warmth of the day gradually giving way to a chill that creeps through your warm clothing and makes your legs ache. A cup of steaming coffee handed up from the galley seems then to be the most desirable drink in the world, especially when the first grey light of dawn has begun and the sea and the islands look unutterably sad, drained of colour and life, as if under some spell that could never be broken. But the spell does break, and the sun comes up in the north-east, painting the rocks and the pine-trunks and the moving water with a glorious red light that brings them all to life again and warms your frozen limbs. The night breeze fades away, the early-morning calm begins, and it is time to start the engine and make for the nearest island with a suitable anchorage where you can tie up for the day, sleep for a few hours, and then explore your little kingdom.

One of the most interesting regions of the Finnish archipelago lies beyond the south-western corner of the country and is known as the Golden Crown. Tradition has it that the legendary Swedish Queen Blanka, sailing to Finland, thought this wild region with its rocky scattered islands so lovely that she tossed her golden crown into the waves as a thank-offering for so much beauty. There is also an old fairy story which tells how the prince of the forest fell in love with the princess of the sea and made all these islands as a place where they could meet, he still on

land and she in the water.

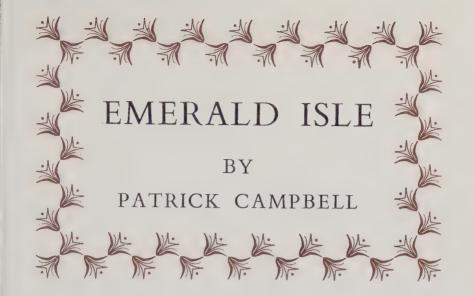
To the north and east of the Golden Crown lie the large islands like Korpo and Nagu, Dragsfjärd and Bromarv, with villages and churches and all the amenities of civilization. Along its southern edge runs the main shipping channel from Sweden, which is kept open through the winter. But Björkö and Notö, Tunnhamn and Berghamn, Vanö and Aspö and Tistronskär remain remote and untouched as they have always been. Here you can still find the old fishing communities, with two or three families living on an island, their low wooden houses crouching between the rocks, their little windmills raised on the exposed headlands, their small fields still cultivated to grow a few potatoes, some grain, and perhaps a little hay for the house cow. By the shores of their natural harbours stand the ancient sheds and boathouses with heavy stones on the roofs, and here are stored their most valuable possessions—the nets with which they gather a harvest from the sea and the boats that make island life possible. The master of Tunnhamn, an island shaped rather like a butterfly, with a double bay on the south-west and a deep harbour on the north-east, is undisputed king of a hundred and forty islands and small skerries, and knows them all like the back of his hand.

Most of these Finnish islands can claim a private owner, although a few belong to the state. Mainland farmers on the coast usually have a few islands which they use as grazing grounds for the sheep during the summer; the rest belong to fishing families or to people who have bought them more recently for holiday use. But whoever the owner may be there is a tradition that anyone may land and use the sheltered bays as harbours at any time, without having to pay dues. A notice forbidding you to land is the greatest rarity. The farther away the islands lie, the more welcome you usually are, and the fisherfolk are friendly and eager to talk.

One island where we never failed to pay a call on the owner was Busö, not far from the little town of Ekenäs. This is a fairly large and unusually attractive island, with a wonderful bay on the eastern side, where flat rocks rise in a series of terraces from the deep dark water. The farm lies on the western side, on a gentle slope which is a natural lawn leading down to a shallow bay surrounded by an expanse of smooth rocks on which the nets are spread to dry. The island's dog, a curly tailed Finnish spetz, used to come down to the eastern harbour soon after we arrived and escort us across the island to his master.

Our visit would last an hour or so, discussing the weather and the fishing, admiring the latest boat built by the owner and his sons, drinking coffee in the spotless kitchen with bright-striped rag mats on the floor, and hearing all the family news since our last visit. We would examine the weaving stretched on the loom, and perhaps buy a pint or two of milk or a pike that would be fetched from one of the wooden fish-cages floating some little distance from the shore. Then, with many thanks for our safe anchorage, we would return through the woods to the other side of the island. Invariably we were told to make ourselves at home and be sure to call in again next time we were sailing that way.

We would spend the evening sitting on the soft carpet of moss on the hillock above the bay, watching the sunset and listening to the cries of sea birds, the distant chugging of fishing boats or the surging and thudding when some small steamer went by with lights gleaming in the gathering dusk. We would wait for the waves to come crashing on the rocks beneath us and watch the lights recede in the distance until everything was quiet again and the ripples had died away.



CTUALLY,' said the nice young man, 'this couldn't be luckier. Both of you being Irish, I mean—'
'A very successful turn-up for the book,' Hogan agreed pleasantly, interrupting far too soon. 'It's the kind of chance,' he said to me, 'that makes everything seem worth while.'

It was a heavy party and we'd stayed beyond the point at which it was liable to provide any pleasure, but on the other hand the nice young man was scarcely up to Hogan's weight and in any case his wife was very pretty, in an elf-like, attentuated way.

'How do you mean—lucky?' I asked them. 'Perhaps you wanted some information——?'

'That's exactly it,' said the young man, obviously glad that things had taken a warmer turn. 'You see,' he went on, 'Sue and I are going over there for a few days—just a holiday, if you see what I mean. We thought we'd motor round and just sort of look at things—generally. We've hired a car in Dublin——'

'From the bold Dermot Ryan, no doubt,' said Hogan loudly. 'It's a pity you weren't over there for the radio-cab war. Until the bold Dermot appeared on the scene all Dublin taxis were mouldering American sedans, vintage 1936. Then Dermot shows up with a whole clatter of brand-new, radio-controlled cabs and holy murder breaks out. It was as much as your life was worth to hire one of Ryan's yokes. The other bunch were setting fire to them wholesale. D'you remember the Rolls-Royce?' he suddenly asked me. He turned back to the nice young couple. 'The flagship of the

[205]

Ryan fleet,' he explained. 'It was like a sieve, with bullet-holes, after some eejit of an owner hired it to take him out to Leopardstown to watch his horse run around.'

There was a silence of some duration. The young couple didn't look at one another. 'I hope,' the young man ventured, 'that's all over now. I

mean, we don't want to be involved in anything that might-

'Of course it's all over,' said Hogan impatiently. 'Everything's all over in Ireland.' He helped himself to another drink. 'Ireland,' he said, 'is a dream, a legend. The only thing that's alive in Ireland is what happened yesterday.'

'And it gets added to a bit in the telling,' I explained. The young couple were looking genuinely worried. 'Not much goes on, you see,' I told them, 'so when something does happen we warm it up a bit to make it

more interesting. It gives us the impression we're still alive.'

'A spot of the old Blarney, eh?' said the young man, trying to get into

the swing of the thing.

'That's a legend,' said Hogan, 'that was invented by an Englishwoman, Lizzie the First. There was some fella she was besieging in Blarney Castle and he kept promising to yield it up to her, and then going back on his word. "I'll have no more of your Blarney," says she to him, and that's how it started. It's an expression used by the English,' Hogan announced. 'You'd never hear it at all in Ireland.'

'Oh,' said the young man, after a moment, 'I see.' He brightened. 'That's just the kind of thing we wanted to know,' he said. 'I mean, we don't want to go putting our foot in it. . . .' He hesitated. 'Are,' he said, 'are English people fairly popular over there. I mean, the Troubles and all that. . . .'

'God love you,' said Hogan enthusiastically, 'we can't do without you. After seven hundred years of oppression we throw out the English tyrant—and immediately ask him back, to open up some boot, bicycle, and button factories, the way we won't all starve to death....'

The pretty young wife was looking at Hogan with her mouth partly

open. He was doing too well.

'In any case,' I said, 'the Irish and the English have practically switched countries. The Irish have come pouring over here in their thousands to draw down  $\pounds$ 14 a week for leaning on a shovel, while mobs of English are fighting to take up residence in Ireland, where income tax is lower and the licensing hours are longer, and if you can put up with her friends and



relations singing in the kitchen you can still hire a skivvy to do some of the housework. You ought to go and live there yourself,' I told the pretty young wife. 'You'd flower.'

'That'd be the day,' said Hogan sombrely, and immediately regained her attention. 'Of all the countries ever invented,' he went on, 'including that island off the coast of Wales where there's nothing but monks, Ireland is the worst one for a woman. If Sophia Loren was to walk down Grafton Street stark naked half the fellas would turn to look into Switzer's window, telling their beads, and the other half——'

'Wouldn't even notice,' I said. 'They'd be too deeply preoccupied in talking to one another about horses, dogs, golf, fishing, shooting, poker,

and the chance of getting a job in Birmingham---'

'They wouldn't even be doing that,' said Hogan crisply. 'They'd be running home hell for leather to their mothers, and when they got there they'd be in under the bed and they'd shoot the bolt on the door. The average Irishman,' said Hogan, rounding it off, 'gets married at the age of seventy-three, and only then if a couple of acres of land come with it.'

The silence this time was rather longer than it had been before. The young man struck out on a new line. 'The countryside itself, I believe,' he said carefully, 'is very beautiful. I mean, the lakes of Killarney, and that

sort of thing.'

'You'll be lucky,' said Hogan instantly, 'if you get a dekko at them. The whole lot's been bought by an American tycoon and he's put an electrified fence around it and if you put your face near it you get it blew off. In any case,' he said, 'Killarney was never more than a few puddles of water and souvenir shops—if you could find them—selling models of

bog-oak jaunting cars made in Japan---'

'He was done out of the concession,' I said. 'That's what has him so bitter. Killarney's all right, but give me Connemara every time. The only thing you'll ever see along the roads there is an Indian pedlar pushing a bicycle into a gale of wind and rain, with a fibre attaché case full of combs and toothbrushes on the handlebars. If you're looking for solitude and the undefiled splendours of nature, Connemara's the place to be. The picturesque peasants who used to grub a picturesque living out of its blue mountains, in between dancing jigs and singing heroic songs in the original Gaelic, are now all holding down good jobs on the Boston policeforce, thanking God they got out in time.'

'There's a good few of them left, though,' said Hogan, seriously. 'I remember the time I pulled up outside a grand little thatched shebeen in those parts, licensed for the sale of beers, spirits, groceries, and paraffin oil, with tin signs, advertising Virol and cut-plug, nailed on the whitewashed walls. I went into the bar——'

'You were lucky,' I said, 'you were on your own.'

'I went into the bar,' Hogan said, 'and---'

'Hold on a minute,' I said, 'I want to explain something to this beautiful girl here. If you're a beautiful girl,' I said to the young wife, 'and you step into a country pub in Ireland, they won't let you near the drinking part. You'll be shoved into the best front parlour, where the lace curtains haven't been pulled in seventy-five years. Antimacassars on the chairs, lace doilies on the table, and over the mahogany mantelpiece a tinted photograph of the landlord's mother's brother dressed up in the uniform he went off in to the Boer War. There's great refinement in Irish country pubs. It wouldn't do for a young—even or a youngish—girl to see the men drinking in the bar, so they immure her in the parlour, which closely resembles Queen Victoria's spare sewing-den in Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, minus of course the ornamental statuary—.

'I went into the bar,' said Hogan precisely, 'and it was then ten minutes to four on a Thursday afternoon. In Puritan England at this hour of day similar establishments would have been shut, with the manager asleep upstairs in his R.A.F. blazer and suède casuals, while his wife was at the flicks round the corner, watching a vegetable mass in full colour consuming Dracula's father's leg—X certificate and the attendant will visit every part of the house with choc ices during the intermission——'

'The Irish film industry has come on enormously,' I said, 'since the days when I helped Frank Launder with two words of additional dialogue on *Captain Boycott*. On that one we dappled the horse with black boot polish——-'

'At ten minutes to four, however,' said Hogan, 'on this Thursday afternoon, Hoolihan's Select Lounge and Bar was jumping with the distilled essence of Mardi Gras. That is, the overflow of stout on the floor had risen above the boot soles of the celebrants, the peaks of whose caps were poised with military precision over one eye, while they themselves bawled out—some perceptibly moved to tears—musical extracts from such popular transatlantic entertainments as *Kismet*, *Oklahoma*, and *The King and I*. Conceivably a preparation'—Hogan gave me a courteous nod—'for



service with the Boston constabulary. Except,' he went on quickly, before I could help him, 'that the presence of a lorry outside containing two goats suggested that they were still devoted to the native craft of husbandry.'

He smiled brilliantly at the young wife, who had achieved a grip on her husband's hand. She backed away. 'Ever eager,' Hogan went on, 'to add my mite to the cornucopia of Gaelic culture, I obliged with two choruses of "Some Enchanted Evening", and was just about to follow up this success with a rendition of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" when some mysterious migratory instinct warned the goat-traders that it was time to leave. Several of them fell down on facing the concussion of the outside air. They placed the one who wasn't able to walk at all behind the wheel of the lorry. Slowly, then, the whole gypsy equipage set out into the gathering darkness, on the wrong side of the road, with the horn blowing continuously, owing to the fact that the driver's forehead was resting on the button. I only hope,' said Hogan piously, 'they didn't meet any English tourists digesting the beauties of the countryside, and coming the other way.'

'I see,' said the young man, after the longest pause yet. 'Well, it's all

been most interesting—really it has. Hasn't it, Sue?'

Words presented themselves to her for the first time. 'Well, yes,' she said. 'It has, really.' She gave Hogan a quick look. 'I can't believe, though,' she said, 'that Ireland's as bad as you make out. I mean, some friends of mine went over this summer for the Horse Show and they had a lovely time. They said the Irish people they met were awfully nice. There was no shooting or—or drinking, or anything like you've been telling us about——'

'Of course there wasn't, girl,' said Hogan. He shook his head slowly and sadly. 'I told you—everything's all over in Ireland. The only thing that's alive is what happened in the past. It's only the legends that keep us going.'

'Yes,' said the young man with resolution. 'Yes. Well, thank you very

much. We've got to be going now.'

'Have a good trip,' said Hogan. 'You won't be able to tell the difference between Holy Ireland and Welwyn Garden City.'

We watched them to the door.

Hogan turned to me. We both felt spent, deflated, now that the audience had gone. 'Do you know what I'm going to tell you,' Hogan



said bleakly. 'I don't know how it is with you, but I'd give a good few quid to be in Hoolihan's Select Lounge and Bar this very minute.'

'Stirring up a legend or two?'

'You're right,' said Hogan. He sighed heavily. 'Let's get out of this,' he said. 'I'm parched.'

We got morosely mouldy in a joint in Gerrard Street. It didn't help at all.

# 

## SATURDAY BOOK STORY



# CHRISTMAS EVE AT DINDLE HYSSOCK BY MILES HADFIELD WITH DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL FELMINGHAM

MANAMAN MANAMARKA

gloom reigned at the old mansion of Dindle Hyssock. This pile in the County of Salop had recently become the property of Samuel Theseus Goadley, now esquire, late of Stokeport in the County of Stafford. At the moment of which we write the new owner and his wife had arrived to spend their

first Christmas as country gentlefolk.

Mr Goadley looked out of the mullioned window upon as much of the landscape as the murky sky and the fading, greenish light permitted him to see. The feeling of despondency engendered by the preliminaries of the festive season was lightened a little by the sight of the small fraction of his new and vast estates that he was able to see, for it caused him to reflect on the fortunate position to which he had now risen in the world. A flicker of benignity showed for a moment on his features, to be replaced by a look of worry, and finally of decision.

Mr Goadley moved to the chimney-piece; by its side, like a tasselled hose, hung the bell-pull. With a tug he transmitted a message through the creaking levers and tautened wires which emphatically informed the

servants' hall that the new master's call was urgent.

He addressed the footman who promptly attended: 'Send Bartleet.

Immediately.'

Within a few minutes a figure arrived. His appearance left no doubt that he was the head gardener—not, perhaps, to Mr Goadley but at Dindle Hyssock. With an implicit knowledge of this state of affairs the new owner spoke to him in an appropriate tone.

'Bartleet, I think we had better get the statues in before the snow comes;

it may be deep. Should you not put them in the long gallery?'

'Yes, sir, very good,' was the reply, delivered with the dignity expected from one of Adam's profession. Though, as is usual with such persons, Bartleet exuded an atmosphere of slightly melancholic displeasure, there was no hint of his understandable astonishment. Since the statuary had been acquired in the eighteenth century by Sir Daniel Hyssocke, it had remained in its present situations, protected from the elements only by the surrounding yews.

We might at this stage interest the reader in the peculiar story of how Sir Daniel Hyssocke obtained his treasures, if it were not to be found related in the excellent little guide now obtainable from the East Lodge when the house and gardens are open to public inspection on Tuesdays

### 

and Thursdays from April to September. It will be more profitable to examine the events which led up to that momentary look of anguish in Samuel Goadley's eyes when through the grey sleet of Christmas Eve he caught sight of the naked shoulders of a marble naiad in his newly acquired demesne.

Samuel Theseus Goadley was the son of Samuel Shadrach, in turn the son of Samuel Romulus. The Goadleys had dwelt for generations among the bleak banks of Staffordshire, where the fruits of the earth were



mineral more often than vegetable. Like many humble families in that harsh district they brought poetry to their Christian names from the scriptures and mythology but were not obviously poetic in other respects. The youngest—our Samuel—had at an early age been well favoured of the God whom he worshipped zealously and with exemplary regularity in the cold, square chapel. To him had been vouchsafed the honour of inventing a substance, harder and glossier than marble, yet but a fraction of its cost, compounded from the earths and clays underlying his native village. As a consequence, within a few years most of his fellow villagers found themselves in his employ. In due course

many persons from the surrounding districts came to join them and to live in the houses that Samuel built and sold at a satisfactory profit. A year or two more and the town of Stokeport was famed throughout the four quarters of the globe as the home of Goadley's Sanitary Earthenware. The citizens in Timbuktu and Nijni Novgorod alike were not infrequently relieved when they saw before them the symbol: GOADLEY—Eureka—STOKEPORT

Samuel, as will be gathered from his use of the trademark *Eureka*, was a serious man, with a belief in the value of learning; in due season, therefore, he had acquired not only commercial success but a considerable education. These excellent accomplishments, however, gave him no equivalent



standing in the social world, and he at last decided that the time had come to achieve a commensurately high state within it. This, he felt, could best be attained by a suitable marriage, which he hoped would also enable him to renew the line of the Goadleys, though in a higher station of life than formerly.

To this end, not without previous expenditure of money, time, and thought, he decided to seek the hand of Ariadne Pringle, daughter of Archdeacon and the Hon. Mrs Pringle in the neighbouring cathedral city. Her lineage was faultless, her character so unimpeachable that she had reached the age of thirty neither touched by the slur of scandal nor grasped in matrimonial venture.

Samuel succeeded in his suit, having first overcome some opposition from uninformed persons who were opposed to progress. The attitude of Ariadne herself caused him concern also. Often, but by no means always, she seemed reluctant to receive his attentions. But in this, as we shall see, he was mistaken.

The marriage was solemnized not at Stokeport chapel but in the cathedral. Yet it was to a new villa overlooking the scenes of his ever-expanding manufactories that he carried his wife.

Scarcely two years had passed, however, when Samuel learned through the confidences of his wife that her cousin Sir Roderick Hyssocke, of Dindle Hyssock, was at last trying his creditors beyond the bounds of their endurance. It was thus that Sir Roderick found himself able not only to pay his debts, but with a little in hand still left to lose on horses, and Samuel Goadley entered into the squirearchy as the owner of the Hyssocke estates.

Only one ambition remained unfulfilled—no son and heir arrived. And only one serious problem remained to be solved—the future of Sir Daniel's statuary.

There was little that Samuel Goadley did not know about stones and stone-like materials. He had been uneasy from the moment he saw these works of art, which he later learned from the inventory were of even greater value than he expected. Their substance had lost its pristine shine—and who knew better than he the frailties of earth's rock when buffeted by Nature? If only they had been moulded in his most permanent *Eureka* ware! He would have then at least been spared the look given him by a connoisseur to whom he suggested that a coat of patent brown preservative paint was necessary.

Then there was the difficult question of the subjects of the statues, or





rather, the fact that they were unclothed. He could gain no guidance from his chapel, as it had carved tablets, indoors, only. At the cathedral and in public places there were monuments embodying the human figure, but they were of a kind seldom noticed—always well clothed and so protected from the weather and the attentions of birds. No doubt there were many statues on the Continent; these, he knew fron his education, were works of art, and consequently often naked. There was nothing wrong in this, as they were seen only by foreigners and those British able to afford travel so that they might improve their minds.

But the Dindle Hyssock statuary stood naked to the Shropshire storms, naked to the eyes of all beholders—country yokels, country lasses. And, above all, naked to the sight of Samuel's old friends from the chapel.

Few problems in his successful career had vexed him more than that so unwittingly set by the craftsmen who had carved these nereids and naiads, fauns and satyrs. It was one that he faced alone, for attempts to consult others in his difficulties ended only in misunderstanding—or

distasteful jocularity.

The action of Bartleet and his men would now terminate all this anxiety. The statuary was henceforth to be comfortably housed in the long gallery, its stonework would be preserved, and it would be visible by permission and only to those interested in art. Samuel Goadley would never have admitted that he was finally aroused to issuing the order by the thought that somewhere within the core of her stone the naiad whose bare shoulders he had observed might be feeling the bitterness of the northern sleet.

After dinner Bartleet reported that the task was finished. Mrs Goadley, of course, agreed that her husband's action was correct. In spite of her aristocratic origins she too had felt some slight embarrassment when showing parties of Stokeport foremen and their wives over the grounds.

Husband and wife then settled down by the fire to enjoy their first Christmas Eve at Dindle Hyssock—Samuel with a bottle of port, Ariadne with her beadwork. Lulled by the warmth, and the moaning of the wind, both were soon asleep in their chairs.

In the distance a clock striking twelve awakened Mr Goadley. He was about to wish his wife a happy Christmas when he noticed that she still slept. Somnolent from the port, he lay back in his chair. At that moment the door opened and a chubby youth entered, naked but for a pair of wings folded over his shoulders. Mr Goadley was glad that the



old fireplaces had been attended to and that the room was now warm. Suddenly the youngster lifted up a toy bow, there was a twang like a Jew's harp, and Mr Goadley observed that a dart had settled in his wife's bosom. He was attempting to expostulate when the boy turned quickly and fired again. From a smarting pain near his heart Mr Goadley surmised that he too had been hit. The urchin spread his wings, flew, and settled on the ceiling.

Samuel heard his wife sigh as she awakened. And then she looked upon him with a smile and in a manner that brought to him agreeable sensations that had so far never come within his ardent self-education. Yet from that education there came a long-forgotten phrase: 'Ariadne daughter of Minos, King of Crete, loved Theseus, King of Athens. . . .' He suddenly

understood much that had formerly perplexed him.

'Ariadne! Ariadne!' he cried, seeing a being before him of such tender

loveliness as had never walked the bare banks of Stokeport.

His words aroused her; she was moving to him with a smile when the sound of shouting and the joyous arrival of guests caused her to halt, perplexed.

'It is the tenants, my dear,' he said. Taking her arm, and now assuming the part of the genial new squire, he stood with his wife on the hearth to welcome whoever might be coming. The visitors could be heard trooping down the long gallery, singing and dancing, but with due decorum.

When the door opened Mr and Mrs Goadley were a little surprised to see not tenantry, but nereids—or rather those representatives of the sisters chosen to decorate the long canal at Dindle Hyssock. Each in turn dismounted from her dolphin, on which she rode, and modestly

approached the host and hostess.

Mr Goadley, for his part, was quite delighted to meet these handsome virgins. Not only had he read of them many years ago when at the Stokeport Mechanics Institute, but he recalled their names. To Mrs Goadley, having been more expensively educated, they were not known. Samuel took pleasure in introducing each to his wife: Amphitrite, Galatea, Eione, Galena, Agave (Mrs Goadley started delightfully at the name, for she was a keen amateur botanist), Halimede, and Menippe.

Considering Mr Goadley's former perplexities, and the fact that the beauteous nymphs were still scarcely clothed, there was now surprisingly little embarrassment. Samuel, a little flushed, had eyes for none but his wife (hers sparkled in a manner previously unknown to him). The nereids

remarked quietly among themselves that it was delightful to see such a

loving couple among the mortals.

Following the sisters, Neptune entered. He was drawn by whimsical seahorses pulling a wheeled basket chair woven in the shape of a shell. Mrs Goadley was well enough versed in mythology to recognize him by his trident, and hospitably lead him into discussion upon some seascapes by

Mr Turner, lately purchased by her husband.

A moment later other deities from the gardens and terraces crowded in. Amidst a riot of fauns and satyrs was borne great Bacchus himself. Fortunately, in the annexe to the gallery had been formed a museum, and from it he had acquired both the skin of a panther and a stuffed magpie. While Mrs Goadley in the most friendly way was apologizing for their moth-eaten condition, her husband became a trifle anxious; and no doubt some of the glances that Bacchus cast at her would have been most unsettling had not the drug from Cupid's dart still pulsed through her veins.

Concluding that all his statuary was now present, and no servants having appeared, Mr Goadley himself led the way to the banqueting hall, and

threw open the doors to display a sumptuous repast.

Used as they were to such simple delights as ambrosia and nectar, there is no doubt that the gods were favourably impressed by sides of cold boiled beef, hams, tongues, brawns, plum puddings, apple pies, mince pies, jellies, and, particularly, trifles deep in cream, studded with almonds, and spread with 'hundreds and thousands'. All was set out on the heaviest of white damask cloths, and served in the latest of Messrs Wedgwood's ware, which caused little Eione to remark that it was just like being at home.

The Olympians enjoyed the unusual food. The younger nymphs found port a pleasant change from the water of crystal springs, and the older gods relished the strong Staffordshire ale. Talking among themselves, they began to compare living conditions on their native mountain—or even on their pedestals (where they were still free to rove the universe when no mortals were looking)—rather unfavourably with the warm and interesting interior of Dindle Hyssock. There was a feeling among them that the galleries of the old house would be a happier home than the yew-tree groves in the garden.

Neptune, however, was the first to suffer feelings of unease and constraint. Shortly, joined by others, he was to be seen wandering uneasily from room to room. Before long it was apparent that the significance of GOADLEY—Eureka—STOKEPORT, known, as has already been remarked,



to mortals in the four corners of the globe, was quite unrealized by the band of Immortals.

So, one by one, they politely thanked their hosts, and making their way out of doors eventually resumed their pedestals.

Mr and Mrs Goadley then sleepily, and very happily, went to bed. They were awakened by the church bells ringing out for Christmas morn. The day was bright and sunny, the earth lightly spread with crisp snow.

Samuel Goadley looked out from his window. He observed Sir Daniel's statues, back in their places-all but one: Cupid's pedestal was empty.

Mr Goadley watched Bartleet take one look at the statuary, tip his hat a little on the back of his head, and then pass on.

This anecdote is, perhaps, worth relating on account of its oddity. Its origin is unimpeachable, for it has been vouched for by no less a person than Angus McDoodell, Emeritus Professor of English in the McDoodell Scholasticum, McDoodell, Pal., U.S.A.—the foundation which acquired the famous Hyssocke-Goadley Archives.

It is also interesting historically and sociologically. When it is published with the other documents in a learned journal it will throw much light on certain obscure points. For instance, the Guide mentions the Cupid sitting so puzzlingly in the middle of the ceiling of the pink room; experts on plasterwork have expressed divergent views on its anachronistic presence.

Then there is the traditional garlanding of the statuary to celebrate the birth of Samuel Bacchus Goadley, First Baron Goadley of Dindle Hyssock in the County of Salop, on the 25th of the September following the happenings recounted above. Edwardians will recall that great man in his old age, a paragon of the worlds of sport, politics, and philanthropy. While the second name Bacchus follows the family tradition in principle, its particular choice by a family so long of the chapel persuasion (though eventually transferring to the Church) is perplexing.

All this will be made clear in the learned professor's publication. And much else: for instance, the significance of the name Bacchus will be related to the writings left by Samuel Goadley elucidating the somewhat conflicting accounts of Ariadne in Naxos. These are indeed interesting, for, as will have been gathered, Samuel was the only person in modern times to meet several of the persons concerned in these legends and record their conversation—if not at the moment it took place, quite shortly

after, while sitting in front of the traditional Hyssock Yule log.



# THE SATURDAY BOOK



# CABINET OF CURIOSITIES





### A RAILWAY IN MINIATURE

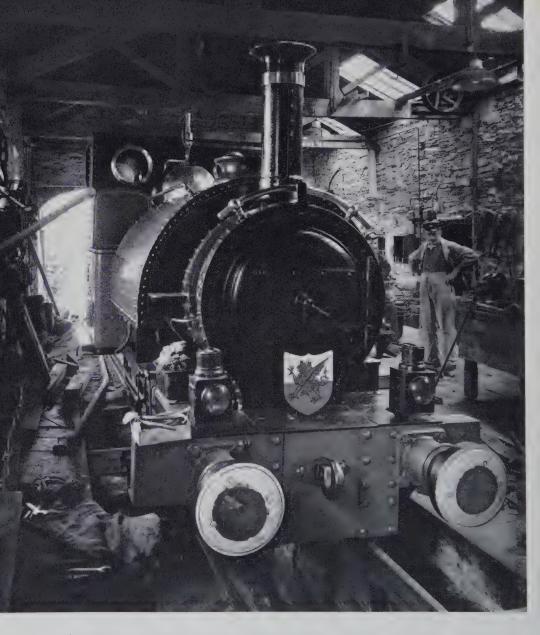
by L. T. C. ROLT with photographs by EDWIN SMITH

N Act of 1865 brought to birth the Talyllyn Railway—seven miles of narrow-gauge track in a mountain valley in Merioneth, six little stations, five coaches, and two small steam locomotives. That all these should still be with us today is due to the efforts of the voluntary Society which took over the old Railway Company in 1950.

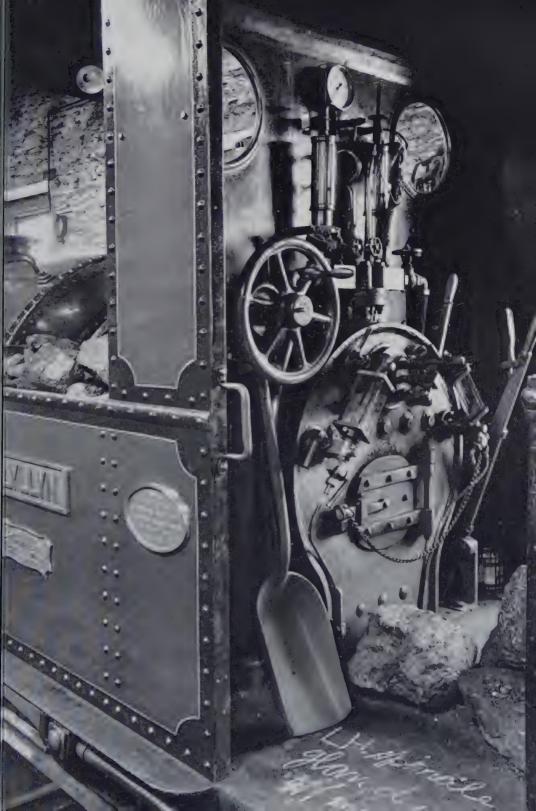


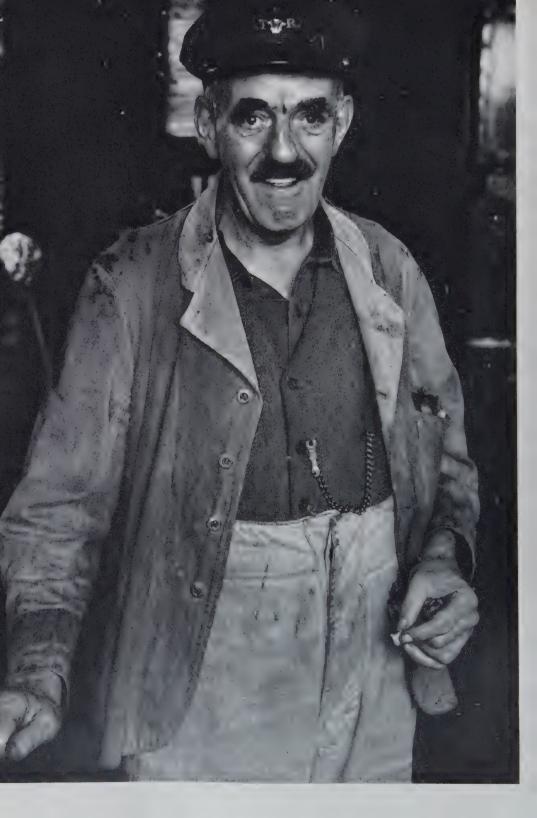
The headquarters of the railway are at Towyn Wharf station. Here in the booking office little has changed since Victorian days. Even the White Star poster recalls an age when sails still assisted steam at sea. At the other stations on the line there is no staff; instead, tickets are issued from a unique travelling booking office.





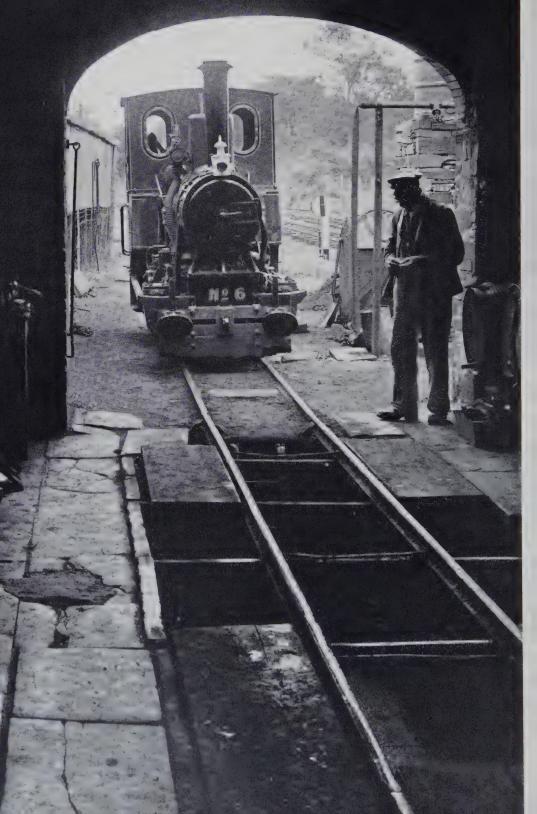
In the repair shop at Towyn is a sight to gladden the eye of anyone who has ever turned his head at the sound of a whistle—*Talyllyn*, the Company's No. 1 locomotive of 1866, now restored to pristine condition. Her sister engine, No. 2, *Dolgoch*, is undergoing similar treatment, while three more engines have been acquired to handle increasing traffic. No. 1 is no museum-piece but still does her fair share of work.







Members of the Preservation Society come from every walk of life and all parts of the country to work on the railway at holidays and week-ends. Some, like Charlie Smith, are professional railwaymen, Charlie has retired from 'Big Brother' now and the engine-shed at Towyn has become his second home. The gleaning green paint and brasswork of the locomotives reflect his loving ministrations with cleaning rag and metal polish. Note the Company's crest proudly blazoned on the cab side.





No. 6 stands outside the engine-shed ready to begin another hard day's work. Trains run daily from June to September and public interest in the line is such that the number of passengers carried annually has increased from 12,000 in 1951 to nearly 70,000 in 1959. The Company employs a small paid staff, but during the busy summer months they rely upon the help of enthusiastic Society members, who act as guards and firemen on the trains or help to repair the permanent way. Since the Society came to the rescue of the railway practically the whole of the seven miles of track has been relaid, a remarkable pioneer achievement which many people thought impossible.

More passengers mean more coaches, and above, coupled to the original Talyllyn brake van, is one of them. It originally ran on another little Welsh railway, the Glyn Valley Tramway, which disappeared many years ago. Rescued from the back of a garage at Chirk, Denbighshire, where it was used as a store, the old coach has now been beautifully restored and re-painted in its original green livery. Well-upholstered seats and carpeted floors provide first-class comfort.



By contrast with newer rolling stock the period interiors of the original Talyllyn coaches provide only a church-pew standard of comfort. This is the inside of a Talyllyn 'First', but the only features which distinguish it from a 'Third' are thin horsehair-stuffed pads of upholstery on seat and back rests and a notice prohibiting spitting. This is rail travel as our great-grandfathers knew it. Here in this remote valley these astonishing survivals of the Victorian railway heyday have been rumbling to and fro year in, year out, impervious to time and change. Meagre traffic before the days of holidays with pay ensured that they were never replaced. Now they have become what our American friends would call 'operable relics' and where is the railway enthusiast with soul so dead that he would not gladly forswear a soft seat for the privilege of a ride in them? When they were young the Company's Bye-laws strictly forbade passengers to smoke or to ride upon the roofs.



Even those to whom the railway's history means nothing are drawn to it by its romantic setting of superb scenery. Here in the shadow of the mountains locomotive No. 4 has stopped at a wayside station to take on water from a wooden tank fed from a convenient stream. While the fireman handles the hose, the volunteer guard waits to give the 'right away'.



At Dolgoch, five miles from Towyn, the train halts for a ticket check. Slate traffic was the original purpose of the railway, and although the quarries have closed now, slate walls, slate roofs, and slate slabs on platforms everywhere remind the traveller that this is slate country.



Engine No. 4, Edward Thomas, is one of two which the Society bought from the neighbouring Corris Railway. A comparative youngster, built in 1921, it has been rebuilt with the latest improvements which even B.R. locomotives do not boast and now handles the heaviest trains with ease. The steam locomotive is the most lovable of all man's inventions and as it disappears from the main lines the little engines of the Talyllyn will themselves attract more and more visitors. This is one reason why the founders of the Society believe that the future of the line is assured. In 1950 the idea of a band of 'amateurs' running a public railway was ridiculed as absurd and foredoomed to failure. Yet it provided Ealing Studios with a theme for their film comedy The Titfield Thunderbolt, and from that day to this the fortunes of the railway have never looked back.





The end of the line: the mountains sweep grandly down to Abergynolwyn, the railway's upper terminus. Back at Towyn, engine No. 6 retires to her shed for a well-earned rest. There will be plenty more passengers waiting for her tomorrow.





### STILTS

### BY HANNELORE HAHN

NE DAY in 1891 a French baker stalked on stilts from Paris to Moscow, where he arrived fifty-eight days later, This was not as astonishing as it sounds, for the baker. Sylvain Dornon by name, hailed from the Landes, a heathlike region in south-western France, where stilt-walking was, until the beginning of the twentieth century, an accepted mode of locomotion. The Landais shepherds, particularly, found it useful for viewing their flocks. Standing was not the only position they achieved on stilts; they could, with the aid of a third stilt to which a cross-piece was attached on one end, also sit on them. Seated on their gigantic tripods, they spun wool on distaffs, knitted footless socks, played Arcadian tunes on a pifre, and occasionally shot a prowling wolf—all while watching sheep.

The origin of stilts is not known, although an African version tells of an old farmer planting yams near the Cross River on a very hot day when the ground was burning his feet. To relieve his discomfort, he fashioned stilts for himself from a nearby branch and went on planting yams. Even if this actually occurred, it is a doubtful explanation of true stilt beginnings. Although a need to be raised off the ground was a primary factor in the invention of stilts, this need was not caused so much by heat as by inundation. Almost everywhere in the world the origin of stilts is associated with water and the need for human feet to keep above it. The Niger, Cross, and Senegal rivers in Africa; the Yangtze Kiang and Liao in northern China; the Tweed and Clyde in Scotland; the Sambre and Meuse in Belgium; the Canvery, Nerbudda, and Godavari in south and central India; the English Fens; the Landes wasteland in France; the Púszta marshes in Hungary; the Ghazal swamps in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan—in all these areas evidence of stilts can be found.

Any satisfaction derived from a hydro-stilt theory, however, is diminished when one considers that stilt-walking on soft wet ground would seem to be much more difficult than on firm land. How did people manage to stilt-walk in swamps, for example? Did not each step thrust

them more deeply into the bog?

[237]

Opposite: Nigerian stilt dancers performing for Queen Elizabeth II

### 

If few people seem to know anything about stilts, other than their use as children's toys, this lack of knowledge may be excused, since almost nothing save two slim booklets by K. G. Lindblom, a Swedish anthro-

pologist, has ever been written about them.

When asked today why stilts have been used since ancient times most people would answer that the feeling of bigness, strength, and power over others must have been their main attraction. This ever-recurring idea of superiority, however, tells more about our twentieth-century selves than it does about stilts. Ancient man used stilts not for the edification of his



Shepherds in the Landes

own ego, but for the deification of God; not to cut himself off, but to become one with the universe; not to look down, but to look up.

At funerals, circumcision celebrations, fertility rites—on all occasions which called for ceremony because they marked a transition from a previous existence to another one—the ancient man on stilts made his appearance. Always his human identity was disguised and always he wore a mask. It was the duty of the man on stilts to represent not himself but the spirit of the character he was portraying. Invariably on such occasions it was taboo for women to mount the stilts. Woman, representing nature, birth, death, and the physical world, was universally

# 

considered out of place at ceremonies which attempted to express the opposite. Stilts were one means whereby ancient man tried to express the spiritual, his wish for immortality, and his fear of the unknown.

When the Tall Man of the Woods emerges on ten-foot stilts from the jungles of Upper Guinea, for example, he personifies this fear in man's soul. Wearing a black crocheted mask with eyeholes, and surrounded by bodyguards who are to catch this almost blindfolded giant if he falls, he prances and sniffs for bad demons. He staggers, snorts, and, swinging one leg over the roof-top of a house, he 'cleans the air' of invisible evil spirits.



Stilt-walking in a procession in Tientsin

When the ancient Mayans danced a high stilt-dance to their green pheasant god Yax Cocah Mut, they hoped he would let them have plenty of maize and rain. This bird-deity was their symbol of scarcity; but were they, off the ground, not also birds?

When young boys in India's Central Provinces walked on stilts in the fields in spring they expressed their wish for the crops to grow as tall as they. When the Maoris in New Zealand tell of the gods Tama and Whaka, who, on the Samoan island of Hawaikiki, used stilts to disguise their footprints as they went to steal the bread-fruit off the tree belonging to Uenuku, a High Priest, they are reconstructing in legend an explanation for their immigration of long ago from Hawaikiki to New Zealand.

Similarly, when a Urhobo man in Nigeria mounts stilts and begins to dance out the graceful motions of the heron, he attempts to explain his origin, as Urhobo people believe themselves to be the direct descendants of a great hunter who first observed the majestic movements of the heron along the banks of the Niger.

When, however, the grallaetores in Roman Comedy stood on stilts they did not act out a ballet of long-legged water birds, although their name comes from the Latin, grallae, which means Crane. Instead they mimicked the peculiar jumps and amorous pursuits of Pan, the sylvan deity represented in Greek and Roman mythology as half goat and half man. Originally a simple keeper of shepherds and flocks, Pan later developed into a powerful nature god, who sported with nymphs in glades and was the constant prey of Eros. Theatrically, he engendered the comic figure of Harlequin, who was one of the leading characters in the commedia dell' arte and later became a favourite throughout Europe, appearing not infrequently on stilts.

Although it is said that the Roman grallaetores used stilts only to aid them in the imitation of Pan's stiff goat-like legs and hoofed feet, there is possibly more to it than this. Standing on stilts, between heaven and earth, in a neutral sphere, gave a sense of freedom and permitted a release from inhibition and responsibilities which was entirely suitable to the portrayal of such amoral and roguish characters as Pan and Harlequin. This position of immunity from censure, resulting in an increased freedom of expression,

was recognized and used by other people, at other times.

Until the present century, for example, itinerant actors on stilts in China entertained farmers at harvest times with amusing and ironic 'take-offs' of characters in Chinese life. Priests, schoolteachers, merchants, beggars, women, wood-cutters—none were spared from the tongue-incheek portrayal by the actor on stilts. Zapotec Indians in Zaachila, Mexico, performed a pre-Columbian 'group-therapy' on stilts, their feeling being that more could be said off the ground than on. Two men, one dressed as a woman and both masked, would mount stilts in the centre of their village and enact typical domestic quarrels, to the amusement and embarrassment of the other villagers. A favourite cathartic subject was 'problems with in-laws'.

The expression of sheer physical prowess, masculinity, and bravado is another stilt-use. On the Dalmatian islands of Mljet, Korčula, and Hvar, off the coast of Yugoslavia, a man's masculinity is tested by his ability to

### 



Harlequin on stilts

walk on stilts and to jump to the ground from them. The stilt-poles are extremely high, having foot-rests on various levels, and the man who can walk the longest on the highest rung of the stilts wins the prize, the girl.

Perhaps because of their close association with masculinity, stilts have been used by soldiers in time of war. Edward Ledwich, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*, makes mention of a Sir William Pelham, who as Lord Justice of Ireland, 'led into the Low Countries in 1586 fourteen hundred wild Irish clad only below the navel, and mounted on stilts, which they used in passing rivers; they were armed with bows and arrows'. Robert Graves, in his version of the autobiography of Tiberius Claudius, tells us that

scouts on stilts, disguised as cranes, were successfully used by Claudius in

his campaign for Britain.

The most elaborate examples of stilt-warfare were the great tournaments in Namur, Beigium, where for six hundred years thousands of brilliantly attired soldiers battled with such vigour that it was said: 'If two armies should clash together with as much energy as the youth of Namur, the affair would not be a battle, but a butchery.' Once, in honour of Louis XIV, there were to have been 2500 stilt-men taking part.

Stilt against stilt, elbow against elbow, dexterity was the only means whereby opponents could dislodge each other. Many soldiers were extremely agile, swaying back and forth on their six-and-a-half-foot stilts, but not falling; or pirouetting on one stilt and dislodging an opponent with the other. It was not uncommon that when a man actually lost his

balance and fell to the ground he was trampled to death.

These jousts were interrupted by the French Revolution. Though later attempts were made to revive them, the proper training of the men had been too sorely neglected. By the middle of the nineteenth century the city officials had collected the stilts and deposited them in the city hall.

This does not end, however, the subject of stilts, but opens yet another aspect: the French baker's stilt-walk to Moscow, bizarre as it may seem, is but one of many examples of long-distance stilt-walking, which have a

way of occurring, even today, at a rate of about one per year.

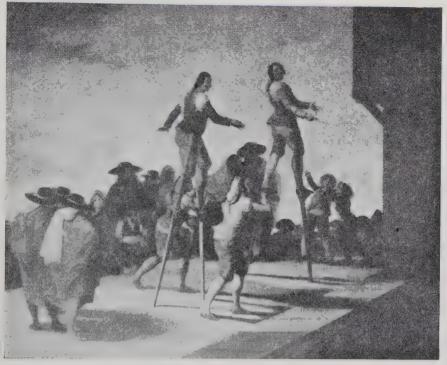
In September 1956, for example, Angelo Corsaro, a Corsican, made a 558-mile pilgrimage to Rome on ten-foot stilts. Exactly one year later Pete McDonnold, an American ex-infantryman and oyster-bar owner, stilt-walked from New York to Los Angeles. The Corsican went to see the Pope. The American was sponsored by a stilt manufacturer who wished to prove to the unions of plasterers, lathers, and electricians that stilts are not hazardous and can be used safely on certain construction jobs which would otherwise require the time-consuming erection of scaffolding. Almost yearly someone does a 'Tour de France' on stilts.

Although the reason for these unusual tours de force differ, they are all based on the simple fact that a man on stilts can cover more ground, faster, than a man on foot, an apparently undying challenge to long-

distance-walking enthusiasts.

It is not surprising that traditional long-distance stilt races flourished in the region of France which produced the baker, Sylvain Dornon. They had their inception in 1892, when the neighbouring provinces of Gironde

### MANANA MA



'The Stilt-Walkers', by Goya. Madrid, Prado

and Landes joined to organize a long-distance stilt-walk at Bordeaux. Since this event took place in France, a great many matters other than the sport itself had first to be settled: Were the stilts to be of a fixed length? Was a man on a wooden leg eligible? Could a contestant get off the designated road? Since a distance of 490 kilometres, or 302 miles, was to be covered, it seemed reasonable to assume that a man might have an occasional need for getting off the highway. And since total agreement on this point at least was immediate, the question which followed, so to speak, naturally, was: How? Remain on stilts or dismount? (The problem of style, always of importance to the French, seems by no means to have been neglected here.)

Female applicants were at first turned down, but they raised such a clamour that eighteen ladies in long black gowns—like ravens perched on dead branches—were finally admitted, although the distance of their race was ruled to be decidedly shorter.

# 

Prizes were offered for every possible category, including age, size, the first and last to arrive. Watchmakers, bootmakers, dressmakers, merchants throughout the region, advanced samples of their wares, and a private citizen, who announced himself as 'a lover of all sports', placed at the disposal of the winner a beautifully furnished apartment, with the use of a bathroom and a masseur. Almost all contestants were poor peasants from Landes, unused to such abundance, but determined to make a good thing of it. To make matters worse, or even better, each stilt-man had to present himself at an official control post upon passing through a village. There his signature, temperature, and pulse rate was taken, and his time was recorded. No Spartan check-points, these; all control posts were cafés, hotels, and restaurants, bulging with refreshments, wine, and merry-makers. Needless to say, these had a considerable effect on the athletic performance of the contestants, particularly since twenty-two of these spas dotted the race's course.

It should not be forgotten, however, that stilts also have had a real economic value, for the shepherds of Landes were not the only ones who used stilts to earn their daily bread. Hops have been picked, fruit harvested, millet thrashed, and fish fished on them. Girls on balconics have been wooed by young males on stilts. And in Los Angeles, California, Dave deGarro, a Hollywood stunt-man, stands on stilts to attract the attention of passing motorists to newly opened gas stations and real-estate tracts.

On stilts man has felt free to reach for god or devil; to terrorize or to amuse; to act out his spiritual, irreverent, masculine, and physical self. From the sublime to the ridiculous—that is the history of stilts.



Engraving from Bewick's History of Quadrupeds



### GOING TO THE DOGS

### BY FRED BASON

HE ONLY real difference between Samuel Pepys and me is that he is very famous and extremely dead, while I am merely half-dead and my only claims to fame are that I've contributed an article to every edition of this annual since volume five and the fourth of my diaries (edited by Noël Coward) was published this year. If anyone has influenced my life it's been old Samuel, whose diaries inspired me in my youth to become a diarist. If I hadn't my diaries for reference this useful and instructive little essay would have been impossible to write.

In the year 1666 Pepys wrote in his diary on 30 March:

I out to Lombard Streete and there received £2,200 and brought it home and contray to expectation, received £35 for the use of £2,000 of it for the quarter of a year, where it hath produced me this profit and hath been a convenience to me as to care and security at my house, and demandable at two days warning as this hath been.

I now wish to tell you how I lost the chance of making £2,000 by betting on greyhounds, and how I came to win £35 by betting on one dog. Pepys was no gambler. I've been a gambler for all of thirty years. My introduction to the sport (apart from a single visit to an early Greyhound Derby) was when a lady friend of mine asked a famous trainer of greyhounds to help to get me 'on my feet' by occasionally giving me the names of dogs that were likely to win. Because he loved my girl friend he agreed to help me, and it was arranged that three times a week at exactly four o'clock I was to ring a certain number and I would be given information about greyhounds that were exceptionally fit, well handicapped, in their most suitable traps, and were being backed by their owners. This seemed a wonderful way to make a quick fortune. Better information was impossible to obtain.

I made my first phone-call and was given one dog's name. I put 5s. on this dog with my local street bookmaker. The dog won at four to one.

I made  $f_{,I}$  on my first investment.

Now, reader, if only I'd had the common sense to keep my mouth shut I am sure I could have won  $\pounds 2,000$  during the next seven weeks.

During that period twenty-one names of dogs were given to me. Seventeen won, three got second, and the last one was crowded out at the first bend and never got a clear run. But I didn't use my common sense. Oh, I can see now what a fool I was! I passed on the information to all and sundry. I became a tipster as a sideline to my business of bookselling. I would provide the information, and my clients would give me a percentage of their winnings. I had in those far-off days a small bookshop. With the pound I had won I purchased a bronze statue of a greyhound. Taking out a pile of books from the shop-window I made room for this statue and above it I placed a bold notice: Allow me to present to you the name of a greyhound which WILL, I assure you, WIN TONIGHT. Its name is ... PUT YOUR SHIRT ON IT! But don't forget tomorrow who gave you this valuable information.

All day long I buttonholed passersby, drawing their attention to the notice, and begging them to have a bet on my dog. It won at three to one. Early backers on the course obtained nine to two and four to one for their money. People did not forget me. By midday the next day I had received in money just over £4, plus several bottles of beer, many boxes of cigarettes, and two tickets for a show at the Lyceum Theatre (from the leading trumpeter in the orchestra). I was extremely popular, and I was happy. I had won a good deal of money for a large variety of working-

class folks.

The third tip given to me won at two to one, by four lengths. My clientele increased. I did not bet myself. If I'd put  $\mathcal{L}_I$  on the first dog I would have won  $\mathcal{L}_I$ ; then the whole lot on the second dog would have made that sum into  $\mathcal{L}_{I2}$ ; and then the third dog would have meant  $\mathcal{L}_{24}$ . As it was (looking in my diaries) I find that I was given just over  $\mathcal{L}_0$  in money gifts, plus fruit, bunches of flowers, several dozen unwanted books, etc., by the time the third dog had won. But I was perfectly content. I was making lots of pals and was *most* popular. Over the next few weeks I had only four bets myself—three winners and a loser.

I got a signwriter to change the name above my bookshop from 'The Little Bookshop' to 'The Greyhound Bookshop'. Then, at four o'clock one Thursday, I went to the phone and the voice said: 'Nothing for you. I expected you to put your own money on the dogs. I didn't expect you to broadcast the information and upset the odds.' He told me never to phone him again. If I bothered him once more his boys would come over

and bash me up. He said I'd been a bloody fool, and I knew it.

With my information gone, and myself knowing little about dogs, I tried finding winners with a pin. That was hopeless. My luck went, and withit my clients. I returned to the slim living of selling second-hand books. But somehow the craze for greyhounds had got into me. I decided to study the dogs and devise a method of my own—and this time keep it to myself.

Thousands of folk try wonderful and weird methods in the hope of finding winners day after day and making a quick fortune. They lose in the long run, for they have to have a huge slice of luck (more than their fair share) in order to make any method win continually. If you can think up a method whereby you cut out hunches and cut out haphazard betting, and show a small profit on a year, it has a lot to recommend it. You could bet only on the dog in trap number one, stop at a winner, and come home. But should trap number one fail to produce a winner in, say, twelve races (and that's quite likely to happen) then you can easily lose a sizeable fortune as you double up in order to win back what you have lost.

Real gamblers are content to win a little money with a lot of money; i.e. they take odds against. You want a great deal of luck to win a lot of money with a little money. You could, for instance, go to a greyhound track, back only the favourite in the first and third races, night after night. I've known people do this and go broke! You could, also, follow any newspaper's 'nap' selection, go to the track where it's running, and put your shirt on it. But the tipsters are human blokes, and they could so easily have a long losing sequence of their nap selection and yet have many winners amongst the rest of their selections.

On horses a known system is to back the first and last favourites of the day at any meeting. The prices are small, usually seven or six to four. But it does occasionally show a profit over the year. You could do the same at the dogs. Certainly the favourite in the first race is a far better bet than the favourite in the last race. That goes for dogs, as well as horses. I have paused for a moment in writing this article and I've picked up a newspaper for January 1960. There were eleven meetings last night and six favourites won the first race; but only three won the last race.

I had to devise some system that would not give me a headache or many bets or involve me in great risks. It was for my own personal pleasure, and I meant to make it a winning pleasure if I possibly could.

For a week or two I went to practically every track in London. Then I realized that would not do. I had to get familiar with the running of particular dogs on particular tracks, to note and jot down their idiosyncrasies

—whether they were good 'railers' (i.e. hugged the rails on the inside of the track) or 'wide runners', who were best suited in outside traps, so that they got a clear run and didn't interfere with the rest of the field. It was obvious to me (and to anyone else, for that matter) that the inside of any track was the nearest way home, and that trap one was at least two lengths (of a greyhound) better off than trap six. There are some exceptions, but this is the general rule. An exception is when a known wide runner is in trap number one. It will tend to run wide and upset the rest of the field if it gets slightly ahead. A good railer has an advantage when in trap one or two.

Let me give some examples. I now go to a greyhound meeting three or four times a year, no more. I go only when I am pretty sure I have the right dog in the right trap at the right time. On 24 September 1959, at New Cross Stadium, a dog named Racing Bally was running. I had noted that on 18 September this dog had won easily from trap six, running wide the whole of the race, never trying to get to the inside position on the rails. It was a wide runner. Well, in the same race on 24 September there was a dog named Oona Rascal in trap one, but this dog was also a wide runner, and being in trap one was no real advantage to it. Racing Bally was in its favourite trap, six. In trap five, next to it, was Follom Boy, which was a slow starter. Follom Boy's best time over the 415 yards was 24.65, whereas Racing Bally's best time for the same distance was 24.52. Therefore everything was in favour of Racing Bally; and it did win, by four lengths, in the time 24.79—a slow time because, as I had judged, it kept to the outside of the course. Oona Rascal in trap one did just as I thought it would; it ran wide and impeded the rest of the field, spoiling the efforts of the other runners, except my dog, which kept clear of the danger. I was able to buy my Christmas presents in September!

Now there was nothing magical about this win. The entire information was on the race-cards, which gave the running of the whole field for their last four outings, and their manner of running. It just happened that I had remembered to put down the wide running of the Rascal, and had waited for his return to the right trap. Elementary, my dear Watson.

Now I promised to tell you how I won £35 on one dog. It was sheer luck. I had given a successful talk to Bermondsey Rotary Club—successful because I'd made my audience laugh, had sold six copies of my latest published diary, and had made a new friend in a Rotarian plumber—such a nice man. When the meeting was over I walked out of the restaurant at

the foot of London Bridge and stood on the bridge looking at the ships and barges being unloaded. A stranger came up to me and said: 'Do you need some money?' I said: 'Yes, please. Don't we all need money?' He then said: 'Go to Harringay greyhound track and bet all the money you can rake up and put it on this dog. It will win.' He handed me a slip of paper bearing a name. I asked him how he was so sure. He said that he owned the dog; it had lost several times in a row, and was now in a class below its true form and was particularly fit. I then asked him why he'd picked on me. He said I looked respectable (I had on my very best suit), but in need of money. He added that he preferred to share his good fortune with strangers than with his own relations.

I thanked him and we parted. I had only once been to the Harringay track, for it is a long way from Walworth. I knew nothing whatsoever about the dogs there. Well, it was a gamble, and I love a gamble. I went.

The stranger's dog was in the second race. When the runners and prices went up I was dismayed to find that the dog I'd come to back was ten to one, the outsider. I went and looked at the runners, and found that the dog I was to back was the smallest greyhound I'd ever seen. In the second trap was a much bigger dog. My little dog was in trap one, but obviously no one thought much of its chances. I said to myself: 'Freddie, what are you going to do? If that big dog in trap two gets out smartly and gets to the first bend first, it will crowd in your little dog and knock it for six.' My dog was a frisky little thing, but the rest of 'em looked very track-wise. Well, I'd come a long way to have a bet. I went back again to the book-makers and found to my amazement that the dog's price had shortened from ten to one to seven to one. Obviously someone had a good deal more faith in that dog than I had. Someone was betting on it. I found a rosy-cheeked bookmaker and I put a fiver on the dog at sevens.

The moment the race began I shut my eyes. I didn't see that race at

all. My dog won by six lengths and I won £35.

Getting back to systems, I've discovered a simple one which will limit your visits to tracks, cut down your betting to a very few bets, and yet every year show you a reasonable amount of profit, besides the real pleasure of going to the dogs. This system has not shown a loss on the past seventeen or so years.

The method is to back only substitutes. I will explain. In each race there is at least one reserve dog. Should any of the dogs for some reason fail to run (it seldom happens) then a reserve dog takes its place. You will easily see when a reserve dog is running. Not only are notices to that effect put up, but on the bookmakers' cards the absent dog will be crossed out and the reserve dog will be clearly indicated. Now you must exercise a little judgment and notice whether the reserve is in a trap favourable to it, i.e. a wide runner in trap five or six, a good railer in trap one or two. Should the dog be in traps four or three you have a small bet on it on the tote for a place only. Should it be in a trap that suits it then bet for a win with the bookmaker at best odds and for a place on the tote. Should the reserve dog become favourite in the betting you put a little more money on it, as it's wise to follow the market.

Let me give you one of dozens of examples to show you what I mean. It is Saturday, 14 November 1953. Reluctantly I've taken an American visitor to the White City Stadium. I hate taking folk with me: they distract my attention from the sport, and will chatter. Having seldom been to this track I am not familiar with the running of the dogs there; so I have to use the system of substitutes, and hope that a reserve dog is being

used that night.

Eventually we arrive at the fourth race (8.26), and although racing began at 7.30 I have not had a bet at all. The American (who is not a quiet American) keeps ragging me for coming to a meeting and yet not betting. He's lost £10! The fourth race has a dog named Mobile Gwen scratched from box two, and the first reserve for this race, a dog named Worthy Mate, takes its place. I glean one piece of information from the race-card. (Every one of the ten thousand people there has a card and the same data.) Worthy Mate's best time for 525 yards is 29.90, whereas Mobile Gwen's best time for the same distance is 30.15. Therefore Worthy Mate is about three lengths faster than the original runner. I place a good bet with a bookmaker to win. Then I place a win-and-place bet on the tote, the place bet on the tote being four times bigger than my win ticket, so that if my dog came second the place-money would still get me out of trouble. Worthy Mate became a worthy friend, winning with the utmost ease. My American friend, trusting to my system, won back all his losses. He was most annoyed when I insisted that we went home at once with our winnings. (Never be greedy. Don't expect to get three or four winners in one night.) He wanted to 'play up to his luck.' I told him to be satisfied.

My system requires self-control. You may go to ten meetings before a reserve dog is used. In that case you merely have extremely modest bets and study the ways of the dogs and the manner of their running. When a



reserve dog is used I seldom worry what trap it's in. I put a little more money on when it's in a favourable trap, and a little more still when it becomes first or second favourite. But in any case I bet on it.

I can recall only one occasion when two reserve dogs were used on the same night, and both won! It was Saturday, 27 June 1953, the night of the Greyhound Derby, at the White City. I went to this meeting not so much to bet as to see the pageant and the crowds. The trophy for the Derby was to be presented by the Duke of Beaufort, and for some reason or other I wanted to see him in person. The first of the twelve races that night was at seven o'clock and in the very first race a dog with the weird name of Synchromesh was scratched from trap five and its place taken by a reserve dog named Ganges Convert. I had no need to be converted. It was a genuine reserve dog and it was in the betting. Its best time for 525 yards was 30.38, whereas the absent runner could do only 30.52 for the same distance. The reserve dog was at least four lengths faster than Synchromesh, and faster than any other dog in the race! It was a heaven-sent opportunity, and I had a good bet. The reserve dog won easily.

If it hadn't been Derby night I would then have gone home. But the big race was not until 10.20, and it was now about five past seven. I stayed. Lo and behold, in the third race the dog in trap number four was taken out of the race and its place taken by Postman's Delivery. I just couldn't resist having another bet. Postman's Delivery delivered the goods. The dividends on the tote were 23s. 6d. for a win and 9s. 6d. for a place. For an outlay of 4s. one got 35s. and one's own money back. Nice gravy. Those two wins in one night contented me, and I did not go to a meeting for

over a year!

In November 1959 that famous artist Nicolas Bentley wanted to go to the dogs, and knowing my interest he asked me to keep him company. Now, although Nick is a pal of mine I refused to go. I will go alone or not at all. But I did give him the names of three dogs to back, and told him how to back them, i.e. four tickets win and ten tickets place. I told him to stop when he had won money, and come home. Of the three dogs I gave him two won and the other got second. He won just over £11. Next morning he sent me a pound note as a present, with his thanks. A week later he again wrote asking for some dogs he could do that Saturday night, and I was able again to name three dogs. Two won and the third lost, having been crowded out at the first bend in the course. He won again.

Nick was delighted. He said he was going to tell the Daily Mail about

me and see if they would make me an additional greyhound tipster on that newspaper. I declined. It would have been asking for trouble to become a tipster again after nigh on thirty years. Besides that, it was beyond my powers to give regular tips and regular advice, day after day, meeting after meeting. It was just fortunate for Nicolas Bentley that he'd won twice.

I have to tell you that the third time was *not* lucky for him. It was winter, late November, and there was considerable fog. For some reason or another it slipped my mind to tell him not to bet if it was a foggy night. Fog will always upset form and calculations. Greyhounds are delicate and intelligent animals. Just as fog upsets you and me (it certainly upsets me, for it brings on asthma that leaves me gasping), so will it upset any good dog. Mr Bentley lost his money. He didn't complain, but as far as I know he has not been back again to a race-track. Nothing whatever is certain, except death. If greyhound racing was all so sure I would now be a rich man, and bookmakers would be on relief!

Now for a strange story. On Saturday, 9 January 1960, a race-horse named Long Story won a steeplechase in the afternoon. I saw the race on TV and I remembered that Mr Syder had a clever Irish dog of the same name. I wondered if by chance it was running that night. It was running! Forsaking all my own rules, I had a bet on Long Story the greyhound to do what Long Story the race-horse had done. Bless its Irish heart, it won! This is probably the first time in the history of sport that a horse and a dog of the same name won on the same day.

An element of luck and fate *must* at times enter into gambling. On Saturday, 16 January 1960, there was at Dagenham greyhound track a dog in the first race with the name Riverside Robin. Well, the greatest friend I have in U.S.A. is Beatrice Winkler and she has a son named Robin and for years they lived on Riverside Drive, New York City. That very morning I had had a letter from Beatrice.

I knew Riverside Robin to be a good railer, and if it was in trap one it would stand an excellent chance of winning. It was in trap one and it won at three to one. But I was too ill with asthma to get out from 152 Westmoreland Road, S.E.17, to go to Dagenham or even to find a local bookmaker. I would have had £10 on that dog. I knew it would win!

In its early days greyhound racing was a working man's pastime. To-day it is big business. You can see men putting £100 on a dog to win, and not turning a hair when it loses. I've often been tempted to have a chat



with a big-time betting boy and tell him of my humble system. But I remember how I once opened my mouth too wide and put my foot in it. Now, at the request of the editor of this annual, I have told all, as the film-

stars do in Sunday papers.

I suppose you are just dying to know why I have a good deal of faith in substitutes, i.e. the reserve dogs. Reason one is that they are seldom used. Hence less betting. Then a reserve dog is running an unexpected race, and therefore has to some extent been hastily prepared and is likely to be excited. It is the only dog in the race running after the hare with the keenness of an understudy replacing a star!

Please don't write and prove me wrong. I am not a professional gambler. I can only tell you that this method has been kind to me. It has also helped me to some extent to give hospitality to *Saturday Book* readers who have honoured me by calling on me and my housekeeper Lizzie (who, I am so happy to say, is still with me). It has never made me a fortune; but I have never wanted a fortune. It would be so very out of place in Walworth.

In conclusion I pass on to you a piece of valuable advice. Whatever else you ignore, don't ignore this, for it's been learnt from bitter personal experience. When you win money on the dogs, spend your winnings at once. Go for a nice holiday. Buy a new suit. Take the wife to see my pal Alec Clunes in My Fair Lady. Never bank your winnings.

Why? Because there are troublesome, prying people called Income Tax Inspectors, and if you've got a nice little nest-egg laid away in the bank you'll find it quite impossible to prove beyond all doubt that you won it on the dogs. If you've got a commission agent maybe he can turn up his books and put the tax man to flight. But if you've been betting at the track what proof have you got?

The Tax Inspector may not know a railer from a wide runner. He may not believe that the day Riverside Robin won I had a letter from a dear lady with a son named Robin who used to live on Riverside Drive. So spend your money when you win it, and don't expect to make a living by betting. You'll get a lot of fun out of going to the dogs anyway, win or lose. May the best dog win! Good luck!

P.S. I would like to know how you get on at the dogs—but I cannot replace your losses or make a dog win!

[253]

R

#### UNCOMMON CLOCKS

#### BY JAMES R. WITTS

FTER the sun-dial, the hour-glass, and the water-clock came the first mechanical clock, driven by a falling weight, and made by the blacksmiths of the thirteenth century. It was many years, centuries in fact, before the blacksmith gave way to the locksmith and the watchmaker. The first clocks were undoubtedly used in monasteries, so that the clock-keeper should know when to strike the canonical hours; but eventually towns began to set up clocks on their church towers for the benefit of the community. The clock in old St Paul's Cathedral dates back to 1286, and there are several other early clocks, such as those at Canterbury (dated 1292), Exeter, and Norwich. Wells Cathedral still has its elaborate fourteenth-century clock, in which the bell is not only struck on the hour by 'Jacks', as these mechanical men were nicknamed, but four knights on horseback emerge at the same time. The huge square dial shows the time and also the phases of the moon.

One of the most famous constructions is that of the clock at Strasbourg Cathedral, erected in 1354. The cathedral architect, Jean Ulberger, was so enamoured of his own part in its construction that he placed a statue of himself on top of the sixty-six-foot-high clock. On the turret a large mechanical cockerel flaps its wings, ruffles its feathers, and crows three times at noon. In 1640 the original bird was struck by lightning, and for a

long time afterwards it crowed only on Feast Days and Sundays.

The clock itself is enormous and has mechanical figures everywhere. The quarter-hours are struck by four figures representing the four Ages of Man: the Child with a bell, the Youth a hunter with an arrow, Man a warrior with a sword, and the Ancient an old man leaning on a stick. The first stroke, however, is always struck by a figure called the Genius, with a sceptre. The hours are struck by Death himself, who, although armed with a scythe, hits the bell with a human bone which he holds in his hand. After the twelfth stroke of noon the twelve Disciples pass at the feet of Christ in an upper compartment of the clock. Each turns to the Master, bows, and then retires.

The next step in the evolution of the clock was the invention of a small domestic clock, which was known on the Continent as early as the

fourteenth century, being hung on the wall because of the weights. Eventually weights gave way to the use of a coiled spring, and by about 1600 the household clock was in use in most well-to-do English homes. The earliest examples were known as lantern clocks, being made of brass or wrought iron, and roughly in the shape of a lantern. The open fretwork of the cases, although rather crudely finished, is most intricate, and in some cases quite beautiful. Many were made to strike the hour, and contained a tiny bell within the canopied top for this purpose.

So popular did these clocks become that Henry VIII gave one to Anne Boleyn on the occasion of their marriage in 1532. This was at one time in the collection of Horace Walpole, and is a most handsome clock about ten inches high and four inches square, richly chased and engraved with fleurs-de-lis and scrolls, the weights bearing the initials of Henry and Anne within lovers' knots. It was eventually purchased by Queen Victoria and taken to Windsor Castle, and, after being repaired, is still working.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century the mantel or bracket clock was introduced, more or less as a luxurious bedroom clock. Although highly decorative, these were delicate and fragile, and few have survived. Later specimens, in the plain architectural style of famous makers such as Thomas Tompion, Edward East, and Samuel Knibb, are still in existence and working today, being handsomely mounted in square cases of walnut or mahogany, the dials ornately painted with scenes, figures, and flowers, and the arched recess at the top of the dial filled in with phases of the moon.

Many clocks about this time were made to strike the quarter-hours as well as the hours, and there was also a vogue for musical clocks which were fitted to play tunes at regular intervals.

One particular musical clock was presented to the Grand Turk by Queen Elizabeth I, but this is unfortunately no longer in existence. It was constructed by Thomas Dallam, a blacksmith and organ-maker, who travelled to Constantinople to set up the clock in a 'clock house' which was virtually a slaughter house, for here the Grand Turk had had a number of his brothers killed. However, Dallam soon had the clock in fine working order, and its performance was well worth watching. After the hour was struck a chime of bells was heard, then a four-part tune, and a herald standing at each corner of the second storey played a silver trumpet. This was by no means the end, for an organ, which was part of the construction and also had a separate keyboard, now played a five-part

song twice, whilst mechanical birds in a holly-bush on top of the organ

flapped their wings and sang to the music.

The clock was made so as to play in this manner once in every six hours; but the Grand Turk was so delighted with his new toy that it was

made to work at any hour by touching a little pin on the clock.

The grandfather or long-case clock was first known in the early days of the Restoration, when it was usually about six feet high and very slender, made of oak, ebony, or walnut veneered. The first grandfathers had flattopped hoods, with twisted columns on either side of the face; but early eighteenth-century specimens have the rather more elegant arched top.

The faces of long-case clocks were originally made of brass, and engraved with cherubs' heads, scrolls, and—a distinct novelty in those days—a calendar contrivance showing the day and date of the month. The brass dial had a silvered chapter ring for numerals, and, after minute hands were introduced during the seventeenth century, the ring was marked off into sixty divisions.

After about 1750 enamelling is seen on the faces, although the cheaper ones were painted. In the early eighteenth century a smaller edition of the grandfather clock was made. This was a perfect miniature in every

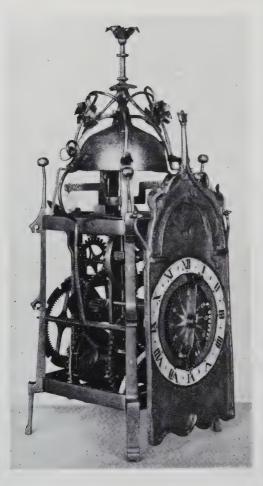
respect, and was named a 'grandmother' clock.

Apart from the many, shall we say, straightforward 'tellers of time' there are also many uncommon clocks, some made in England, but mainly coming from craftsmen on the Continent. The French, for instance, with their love of applied ornament, used such designs as Greek mythological figures and gods, Roman chariots, and historical and biblical subjects. Many of these clocks, made in ormolu, marble, silver gilt, or porcelain, had moving parts, such as chariot horses that pranced, wheels that turned, and artificial fountains with a glass spindle revolving, giving the impression of gushing water. Amongst the timepieces in Buckingham Palace there is a fine example in porcelain and gold, made in the shape of a coloured woman's head, her eyes telling the time.

An unusual type of English clock was invented in 1661 by the Marquis of Worcester. It was known as the rolling clock, and was circular in shape, with the hours marked round the circumference, and a pointer which remained upright in the centre. It rolled very slowly down an inclined board, and the time was indicated by the pointer as the hour ring slowly passed it by. Rewinding simply consisted of pushing it back to the top of

the incline.







The extremely rare Gothic iron chamber clock on the left dates from the sixteenth century. The others illustrated here were made in the seventeenth century. The German lion clock on the opposite page (Alexander Podd & Sons) was made in Augsburg in 1620. The lion, finely gilt and chiselled, on an ebonized base, moves his eyes from side to side as the clock ticks, and opens his mouth when the clock strikes. The other German clock below, made by Hans Buschman about 1675, is shaped as Atlas supporting the world. The fingers traverse the dial which runs round the circumference of the globe. The base is in the form of a perpetual calendar. This clock was sold at Christie's in 1958 for £,756. The rare green-lacquered wall clock below on the left (Alexander Podd & Sons) was made by William Speakman about 1690.







An ormolu French fountain clock of the eighteenth century, surmounted by a figure of Neptune. The glass spindle revolves, giving the innerestion of water running from the fountain



A fine Louis Seize clock of about 1780, made by





The French clock opposite was made especially for the American market, and commemorates General Washington. The handsome ormolu clock above (*Alexander Podd & Sons*), in the form of a Roman chariot, dates from the First Empire period. The clock-face forms the wheels, and the whole is beautifully moulded and decorated.

On the right is an oddity, an eighteenth-century Japanese clock with the new-style dial, having sacred symbols instead of numerals. The hours during a Japanese year vary in length, and the clock can be adjusted by altering the little bobweights on the foliot balances at the top. It was usual to alter these at the end of every fifteen days.

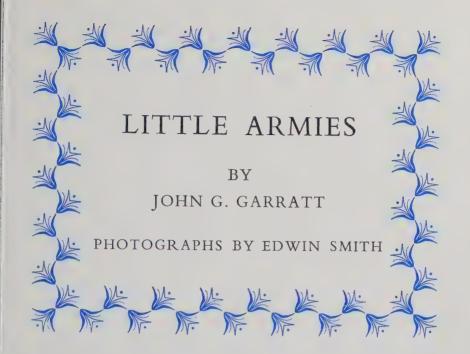




Mass-produced for the playroom: typical commercial products from Germany and Sweden,  $\epsilon$ . 190



Spanish 'flat', c. 1820, representing the Duke of Wellington (left), and a German 'semi-solid', c. 189



HERE IS a radio programme in which teams of contestants are given a group of words, all closely connected, and are asked what the group suggests. 'Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton?' The answer, of course, is 'Furniture'. But what would the teams make of this: 'If you were in possession of solids, semi-solids, flats, and semi-flats, what would you have collected?' Or: 'What do the names Hilpert, Ballada, Courtenay, Ping, Berdou, Mars, or Authenticast convey to you?' Or: 'What are standard size, Nuremberg scale, Berlin scale?'

It is, perhaps, unlikely that the teams would give correct answers, but there would be thousands of their listeners all over the world who could. They would be collectors of model soldiers.

Most of us have a liking for objects in miniature, whether they be ship models, porcelain statuettes, or Fabergé figurines. Dolls and dolls' houses and dolls' furniture are as popular as ever they were. But I would be prepared to wager that there are as many collectors of military miniatures as of any other small object that is collectable. It is only the comparative difficulty of obtaining old models in salerooms or antique dealers' shops, and the scarcity of literature dealing with the subject, that causes collectors to exist in comparative obscurity. There are at least sixteen model soldier societies in Europe and the United States of America. I am not aware that

there is a single dolls' house society, despite all the publicity that the dolls' house receives, and the numerous books written about it.

Members of model soldier groups are of all ages, from schoolboys to ageing professors, and from all walks of life. Of these enthusiasts the number who would be happy to see the advent of another war is infinitely small; indeed, the odd thing about the model soldier collector is his indifference to actual warfare. It is significant that those professional authors who have taken an intelligent interest in the subject—G. K. Chesterton, R. L. Stevenson, Anatole France, Goethe, and H. G. Wells (not to mention Laurence Sterne)—can hardly be classed as militarists. The latest developments in army equipment, armament, and uniform are on the whole either frowned upon or ignored. Of far greater interest are the vivid uniforms of the Napoleonic period or the blaze of medieval pageantry. The little model, usually less than three inches in height, represents to the collector the romance of the past.

Above this, however, is the love of craftsmanship and the lure of acquisition common to all collectors. The book collector reveres his first editions; the model soldier enthusiast becomes ecstatic over his latest Berdou (at £12) or his rare Lucotte standard-bearer of an obscure Napoleonic regiment of the line. There are those who can afford a Fabergé (though not many); the model soldier enthusiast can choose a superlative craftsman (if he can afford it). For the collector of modest means the honest-to-goodness 'toy' soldier must suffice: by means of ingenious alterations the chain-store product may well become an object worthy of

the cabinet.

At first sight it might appear to be mere wishful thinking to say that toy soldiers were played with in Greek and Roman times; but there is ample evidence of this. The Middle Ages, too, afford many examples, in varied forms, some (the humbler ones) in clay; others (the courtly ones) jointed dolls in detachable armour, correct to the last detail, mounted on horses, to be pushed one against the other in mock tourney (as illustrated by Burgkmaier in 1515), and, much more interesting, little lead knights, two and a half inches high, on little foot-stands, which not only carried on the traditional form as used in some Roman examples, but pointed the way through the centuries to the present day.

The Dauphins of France had armies of silver and of lead and of cardboard. One especially costly set was fitted with mechanism so that the little soldiers carried out their drill exercises even to the shooting of their pistols. At the same time the poorer folk were able to buy five-inch-high lead musketeers for their children. It was, however, during the reign of Frederick the Great that the toy soldier industry blossomed forth. An enterprising tinfounder by the name of Hilpert began mass production of what are generally known as 'flats'—thin, brittle, profile figures, varying from three to six inches in height, shallowly engraved on both sides, inadequately painted, and in a variety of postures. They were so cheap that their popularity was assured. Throughout the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries they were the prerogative of the German toy industry. Today they are made in exactly the same way, only with greater skill, accuracy, and variety. Hans Andersen's 'steadfast tin soldier' was a big fellow, but from about 1860 onwards the emphasis was on the tiny figure. Thirty millimetres was the proposed scale, and thirty millimetres it still is.

This is the figure that has such an overwhelming popularity in Germany, but it is not nearly so well known in England or the United States. We would rather have our 'solids' or 'rounds', as also would the French. Nor are they of less ancient lineage than the 'flats', for many old examples are extant. Solids were being made in small quantities in France in the time of Henri IV, and in Germany before the advent of Hilpert; but they were developed further in France at about the end of the French Revolution, and as such they have remained the French ideal. The Germans themselves began seriously to manufacture solids about the year 1870, but for export, remaining themselves faithful to the flat.

In England a Captain Siborne undertook a colossal work, a series of figures to illustrate the action of the Battle of Waterloo, a masterpiece that may be seen at the Royal United Service Museum (there is a companion piece on a larger scale at the Tower of London); but there was no commercial competitor to the German monopoly until 1893, when the appropriately named William Britain began the manufacture of his new 'hollow-cast' soldiers. These, whilst identical in general appearance with the German and French figures, were much lighter (having merely a thin shell of lead) and cheaper to manufacture. Before the Second World War the English hollow-cast was to be found in the remotest parts of the world, and we ourselves are still wedded to it.

All types of figures, the flat, the solid, the hollow-cast (not to mention the cardboard cut-out, which also has a historic background) were made primarily for children, and as such were played with by children, and still are. But at the turn of the century the dawning interest in playthings as social history, and the growing enthusiasm for military uniforms and historical events, led to the creation of small groups of earnest collectors, who, whilst endeavouring to rescue these playthings from oblivion, were anxious at the same time to improve the level of design and production. Thus the specialist maker was born. The collector dictated to the artist, the artist to the workman, with the result that the tiny figure was designed not with a view to play but for preservation in the display cabinet.

The sudden and overwhelming enthusiasm of the United States for the model soldier may be traced partly to the wartime G.I. stationed in Europe, who had the opportunity for the first time of seeing these master-pieces of flats and solids, and was fired with the same enthusiasm that Sir William Russell Flint displayed on seeing the collection at Compiègne. America now has its own school of craftsmen, also working in the solid.

Although lead, or an alloy of lead, is the usual material employed in the making of model soldiers, other substances have achieved some success. In Germany, for example, a composition which has some affinity both to papier mâché and to plaster has been popular since the 1890's; and sheets of coloured military figures for cutting out and standing up are still issued in France, Italy, Spain, and Poland. In Britain there are a number of excellent craftsmen who charge high prices for their metallized plaster figures; and the traditional carved wood model still has its place. The chief competitor to the lead soldier, and one which may entirely oust it from its long-held supremacy, is the horribly named 'plastic'. Its component is at once a godsend and a menace; a godsend inasmuch as greater detail can be achieved, a menace in the lack of quality which the cheaper production entails. The best of the models are superb; and in the hands of a master designer there appears to be no limit to its development.

The collector does not limit himself solely to model soldiers, for throughout the ages the maker of military miniatures has turned out figures of civilian interest. The animal, both domestic and wild, has as long a history as the model soldier. The farmer and his wife, the milkmaid, the ploughman, and the shepherd pass through the eighteenth century to the present day with variations only in costume. If one wishes, one can be supplied with the regiments of every conceivable army of any country at any period of its history; but one may also purchase the civilian counterpart, whether it be a Dutch Boer, a Burgundian fourteenth-century



'Gothick' warriors, magnificently romantic, four inches tall, from Fürth,  $\epsilon$ . 1830



'Solids' for the connoisseur: a realistic group made recently



French, Austrian, and English masterpieces, ranging from Napoleonic 'flats' to a contempormodel by Stadden, and including a unique set of Franz Josef and his staff (F. S. Huber, E.



bride and bridegroom, an equestrian Victorian lady gracefully acknowledging the salutes of equally elegant gentlemen as she parades in Rotten Row, a Chinese mandarin and his attendant and elaborately dressed Persian huntsmen taken directly from sixteenth-century illuminated manuscripts, ballet dancers, clowns, railway porters, policemen, gypsies, pedlars, lords and ladies of the court of Louis XVI straight from the tapestries of the period, Rembrandt and the originals of his 'Night Watch'—all these are made by the manufacturers of the more militant article. And we can return to ancient times with Praxiteles as he sculpts his model from the posing Phryne; Paris makes his choice of the goddesses; Solomon sits in judgment; and Salome dances before Herod. All these figures are today being made with the greatest of artistry; even the humble cow and the horse are receiving a 'new look'.

I was talking to an East German Communist recently, and deploring the attitude taken by the Russian occupation troops at the end of the Second World War, when they were instructed to break the moulds of model-soldier-making firms in Germany. 'Militarist toys!' he said; 'breeding false ideas and hate.' But it is significant that at the recent Leipzig Trade Fair the Russians themselves displayed toy soldiers of their steel-helmeted

troops.

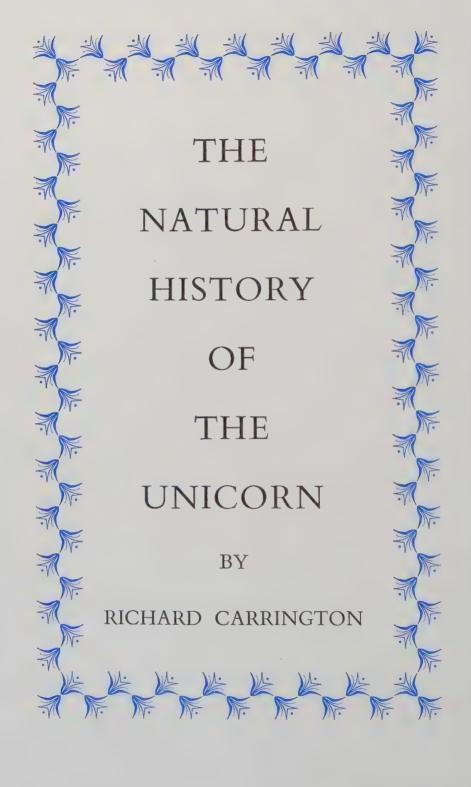
If any other nation thinks that the British are militaristically inclined, we can remind it that although we can produce from our collections models of Julius Caesar, Joan of Arc, Turenne, Condé, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Blücher, Bismark, MacMahon, Washington, Lee, Grant, Garibaldi, Hindenburg, and Hitler, we ourselves have never made a Prince Rupert or a Moore or a Nelson or a Haig—and only recently a Wellington and a Montgomery.

H. G. Wells once said that if you gathered the world's war-mongers together, gave them as many model armies as they wanted, and allowed them to fight their battles on the drawing-room floor, they would see

what a stupid business 'real' war was.

Except where otherwise stated the models illustrated are in the author's collection.

**s**\*





INCE our earliest ancestors sat around their camp-fires and told marvellous tales of the beasts of the jungle the souls of men have been deeply stirred by the wonders of the natural world. They engraved the images of deer and bison and mammoth on the walls of their caves and wove magical spells around them to ensure the success of the morrow's hunt.

In what has become the most famous of these caves, the cave of Lascaux in the Dordogne, there can still be seen the image of an animal which is popularly referred to as the 'licorne', or unicorn. The identification is not strictly accurate, for even the most ardent advocate of the antiquity of the unicorn could not fail to observe that not one but two straight and parallel horns issue from its forehead. Yet the general configuration of the beast is so reminiscent of the traditional unicorn of mythology that only the most unromantic purist would dispute the name by which it is now popularly known. Thus, twenty thousand years ago, in the epoch known to prehistorians as the Magdalenian phase of human culture, a creature

with many characteristics of the unicorn was already beginning to exercise its influence on the imaginations of men.

Since those distant days the unicorn has gone through many transformations, and its image has shown subtly varying characters in different regions. Nevertheless, the basic concept has remained the same. It is an animal of generally horse-like shape, but with the cloven hooves of a deer, the tail and sometimes the mane of a lion, and a single spirally twisted horn projecting from its forehead. It is usually depicted as white, although black and even particoloured unicorns were not unknown. The single horn, or 'alicorn' as it is properly termed, was at first shown as black or grey, but later white examples were depicted, and eventually the generally accepted opinion was that it was the colour of old ivory. Some writers, wishing to have the best of all worlds, described it as white at the base, black in the middle, and ivory, or even red, at the tip.

The period of the creature's greatest influence on human thought was the Middle Ages, but the unicorn lore of that time was based on far older beliefs. Rather surprisingly, the animal makes no appearance in classical literature or mythology, but the scientific writers of the time make frequent references to it. Thus, the Greek physician Ctesias, writing in the

fifth century B.C., declares:

There are in India certain wild asses which are as large as horses, and larger. Their bodies are white, their heads dark red, and their eyes dark blue. They have a horn on the forehead which is about a foot and a half in length.

He goes on to describe the magical properties of the horn—for instance that when ground to powder and taken in a potion it was an infallible remedy against any kind of poison, and that when hollowed out and used as a drinking vessel it prevented epilepsy and convulsions. These beliefs persisted in the same or slightly modified form for over fifteen hundred years, and Ctesias can be regarded as the father of unicorn lore in the western world.

Other classical writers copied his ideas, and even Aristotle, normally the most sceptical and empirical of scientific writers, seems more than half disposed to accept the story on trust. However, he does not commit himself about the magical properties of the alicorn, and regards the unicorn as identical either with the Indian ass or the African oryx. As we shall see, the second of these animals is almost certainly responsible for part of the solid zoological background of the unicorn legend.

By the time of Pliny, who lived in the first century A.D., the unicorn was generally accepted as a legitimate representative of the world's fauna, and the tradition was reinforced and elaborated by Ælian some three centuries later. These two writers between them mustered no fewer than seven species of unicorn, including the Indian ass and oryx of Aristotle, and in addition the rhinoceros, the Indian ox, the Indian horse, the bison, and the real and genuine unicorn, which seemed to combine some of the characteristics of all the rest.



'Licorne', from cave at Lascaux

One other classical allusion to the unicorn is worthy of mention. Julius Caesar certainly accepted the existence of the animal, for in his account of the conquest of Gaul he speaks of a huge stag-like beast from whose forehead projected a single straight horn, quite different from any previously known to the Romans. It is particularly interesting to have this reference to the unicorn from one of the most matter-of-fact and sternly disciplined intelligences of the ancient world.

The classical conception of the unicorn was transmitted to the Middle Ages by the scholars and ecclesiastics who were mainly responsible for keeping the torch of medieval learning alight. Added authenticity was

given to the legend by the fact that there are no less than seven unequivocal references to the unicorn in the Bible, several of which refer to the

quality of strength which the animal was supposed to embody.

Thus in Chapter 23 of Numbers we read: 'God brought them out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn.' And in Chapter 33 of Deuteronomy: 'His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns: with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth.'

When the unicorn legend first reached the Middle Ages the beast's possible connection with any living animal had been entirely forgotten. Medieval natural history was based on the study of books and not of living nature, and the unicorn, like so many other fabulous creatures of the time, was transmitted from text to text, developing dramatically in the imaginations of contemporary writers but not at all in accord with any evolutionary principle recognized by Darwin.

It would be easy for a modern zoologist to give a condescending smile at such naivity, but this, I feel, would show a rather circumscribed intelligence. The role of the unicorn in medieval life and the later develop-

ment of the legend in Renaissance times may belong to the realm of the psychological rather than the biological sciences, but the animal is none the worse for that. Therefore before we turn to the austerer zoological aspects of our theme let us first consider some of the more picturesque

unicorn superstitions.

In the heyday of its fame in western Europe the unicorn was associated with certain well-defined ideas. Its reputation for strength has already been referred to, and is undoubtedly based on phallic symbolism. In primitive cultures throughout the world and at every period of history objects reminiscent of the male sexual organ in its most potent form have been held in special veneration. The alicorn is a particularly dramatic example of such an object, and it is significant to note how every successive writer on the subject has tended to exaggerate its length. Ctesias gave this as eighteen inches, Pliny three feet, Solinus and other classical writers as four feet or more, and Albertus Magnus in the thirteenth century as ten feet. Thus the size of the alicorn has increased through time with the same predictable regularity as the size of a recently caught pike between drinks at any good angling inn-and with it, of course, its reputation for strength.

The phallic associations of the alicorn were also emphasized by other widespread beliefs. For example, it was commonly held that the horn was



Francisco to De Unicorny Thomas Bartholini, 1678



'The Abduction of a Young Woman', by Albrecht Dürer, 1516



not always straight and rigid, but fell pendulously over the forehead or to one side when not in active use. Rabelais, who was always quickly off the mark on such topics, says of unicorns:

They are a cursed sort of creature, much resembling a fine horse . . . and out of their foreheads sprouts a sharp black horn, some six or seven feet long. Commonly it dangles down like a turkey-cock's comb, but when a unicorn has a mind to fight or put it to any other use, what does he do but make it stand, and then it is as straight as an arrow.

Closely related to these ideas, but to some people more poetic in spirit, is the unicorn's association with virgins. Both Pliny and Solinus believed that the unicorn could never be taken alive, but in the medieval bestiaries we begin to find increasingly common references to a special trick by which the beast might be captured. The hunters, it is stated, must send out a virgin girl into the forest, preferably naked, whereupon the unicorn will immediately approach and place his head in her lap. The girl fondles him and after a short time the creature falls into a deep sleep. At this moment the hunters approach, put a rope round his neck, and lead him back to the palace of their king.

Although the sexual overtones of the legendary tale are obvious, it seems that it was intended to have an essentially moral basis. The unicorn was regarded as a symbol of the devil, and its satanic qualities were emphasized by the representation of its cloven hooves and the common (but not invariable) practice of depicting it with a goat-like beard. The virgin stood for purity, and her ability to render the unicorn harmless and manageable was intended to represent the triumph of virtue over evil. Here is a situation quite as elevating, in spite of its carnal background, as

any to be found in a modern western film.

In apparently strong contrast to the story of the virgin capture is the medieval idea that the unicorn was a symbol of Christ. The single horn was held to represent the unity of God the Father and God the Son, while the strength of the unicorn symbolized the irresistible power of Christ's doctrines. Even the virgin-capture story was adapted to this interpretation, the virgin being regarded as the Virgin Mary, and the capture of the unicorn as an allegorical representation of the Incarnation.

The combination of the erotic and religious versions of the story is perhaps best exemplified in the following extract from the *Syriac Bestiary*:

There is an animal called dajja, extremely gentle, which the hunters are unable to capture because of its strength. It has in the middle of its brow a single horn. But observe

the ruse by which the huntsmen take it. They lead forth a young virgin, pure and chaste, to whom, when the animal sees her, he approaches, throwing himself upon her. Then the girl offers him her breasts, and the animal begins to suck the breasts of the maiden and to conduct himself familiarly with her. Then the girl, while sitting quietly, reaches forth her hand and grasps the horn on the animal's brow, and at this point the huntsmen come up and take the beast and go away with him to the king. Likewise the Lord Christ has raised up for us a horn of salvation in the midst of Jerusalem, in the house of God, by the intercession of the Mother of God, a virgin pure, chaste, full of mercy, immaculate, inviolate.

A moment's reflection on this passage will reveal that the maiden was not quite as virginal in her behaviour as she might have been, and may cause us to suspect that the popularity of the virgin-capture story was not based exclusively on its high moral tone. It seems, in fact, that the erotic symbolism of the alicorn was the cause of considerable enthusiasm in medieval convents, and even exercised a sinister fascination on the highest members of the religious hierarchy of the time. For example, the Abbess Hildegarde of Burgen publicized the virtues of the unicorn with a zeal that in the post-Freudian age we cannot fail to regard with the deepest suspicion. In her *Physica* she maintains that a whole company of virgins wandering in a wood must be far more attractive to a unicorn than any single virgin could be. And although her account of the meeting between such a troupe and the fiery-hearted unicorn is couched in the most decorous language it is not difficult to read between the lines that she herself would certainly have wished to be a member of the company.

We have already seen that Ctesias regarded the alicorn as an antidote to poison, and this idea is also commonly met with in the Middle Ages, and even persisted into post-Renaissance times. Thus, as late as 1634 we read in John Swan's Speculum Mundi:

This horne hath many sovereign virtues, insomuch that being put upon a table furnished with many junkets and banqueting dishes, it will quickly descrie whether there be any poyson or venime among them, for if there be the horne is presently covered with a kind of sweat or dew.

For well over three hundred years before the publication of Swan's book, poisoning was much in vogue in aristocratic European circles and the demand for alicorn was already immense. Prices rose to astronomical heights, and 'the true horn of the unicorn' was worth approximately twenty times its weight in gold. This placed a whole alicorn quite beyond

the means of ordinary people, but it was also sold by the piece and in powdered form at a proportionately lower rate. Although less efficacious than a complete horn used as an indicator, powdered alicorn taken internally was also believed to offer a high degree of protection. As an example of the extraordinary price that could be obtained for a complete horn, one in the possession of Lorenzo the Magnificent was valued at no less than six thousand gold florins, while another was sold to the Pope in



The Holy Hunt, from Der beschlossen gart des rosencrantz Marie, 1505

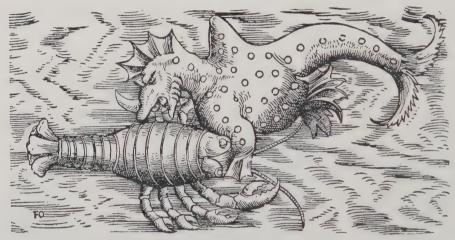
1560 by a band of German merchants for ninety thousand scudi—about eighteen thousand pounds. Yet in spite of these inflated values anyone who could afford to buy even a pinch of alicorn powder always hastened to do so. As a psychological preparation for one of those gay little feasts at the Medicis or the Borgias it probably seemed cheap at the price.

Closely related to the practical use of the alicorn for medicinal purposes was the belief that the unicorn, like Moses with his staff, could purify water by the simple expedient of dipping his horn into it. This power is frequently mentioned in the bestiaries, and a medieval priest named John

of Hesse, who visited the Holy Land in 1389, actually claims to have been given a practical demonstration.

Venemous animals [he writes] poison the water after the setting of the sun, so that the good animals cannot drink from it; but in the morning, after the sunrise, comes the unicorn and dips his horn into the stream, driving the poison from it so that the good animals can drink there during the day. This I have seen myself.

The prestige in which the unicorn was held is well shown by its role in heraldry. Before the time of James I it was widely used as a supporter on Scottish coats of arms, fulfilling the same role as the lion in England. After



The Rhinoceros Whale devouring a giant crustacean From Gesner's Historiae Animalium, 1558

the union of the two countries the lion and the unicorn were combined, and have since always faced each other on the royal coat of arms. The unicorn of heraldry is closely associated with all the knightly virtues, as exemplified by its courage in resisting capture, its chivalry in purifying the water for the other animals, and of course its overmastering interest in women, whether strictly virginal or not.

We could follow the unicorn into many distant and romantic lands: into China, for example, where he is known as the *ki-lin*, and cannot be captured at all, even with the most forward of virgins as a bait; into Hindustan, where a unicorn once knelt down three times at the feet of Jenghis Khan; into Africa, where he carries trees, and even elephants,



around on his horn; and into the fiery deserts of the Middle East where, it is alleged in Arabic literature, he can be taken only when drunk. But to stray into these remote byways of unicorn lore would leave us no room for the more strictly zoological aspects of our theme.

It may seem to some people that to seek for the origin of an animal as beautiful and splendid as the unicorn in the real beasts of the living world shows a sad lack of the poetic spirit. Is not the wonder of the idea enough, they will ask, without our needing to make tedious researches into the unicorn's zoological ancestry and docketing its forbears like so many stuffed specimens in a museum? But such an attitude is sadly out of keeping with the spirit of the times. We are living today, for better or for worse, in the dawn of the greatest scientific age the world has ever known, and it is the scientists themselves who are destined to become the poets of the future. Any attempt to unravel the unicorn's family tree therefore needs no excuse; the explanation will simply replace the wonder of superstition with the wonder of truth.

The ancestors of the unicorn are so numerous and diverse that it would be impossible to trace them all, but we can at least draw attention to some of the most obvious. We have already listed the animals which classical writers most often mentioned in this connection, but only two of these are really convincing unicorn ancestors: the rhinoceros and the oryx. In fact the rhinoceros and the unicorn have been greatly confused throughout history, and the so-called 'horn' of the rhinoceros (which in fact consists not of true horn, but of a closely compacted mass of congealed hair) has been claimed to possess prophylactic qualities as effective as those of the alicorn itself. It is still in very great demand in the Far East as an aphrodisiac, and advertisements offering high prices for rhinoceros horn have even appeared in recent months in such a highly respectable medium as the personal column of *The Times*.

Rhinoceroses are found in both Africa and Asia, but it is the Indian rhinoceros which seems to be the more closely connected with the unicorn legend. This has only a single horn, whereas both the African species have two, and there is little doubt that even the early account by Ctesias of an 'Indian wild ass' refers to an Indian rhinoceros. We must bear in mind that until quite recent times few Europeans ventured beyond the shores of their own continent, and western scholars relied for their information concerning the strange creatures of Africa and the East on travellers' tales. These, as we know, are notoriously unreliable, and when

translated from language to language and repeated without verification from book to book it is not surprising that the most extraordinary variations crept in.

But of course the heavy build of the rhinoceros is entirely out of character with the traditional description of the unicorn as a horse-like animal, slim, graceful, and fleet of foot. Here we must turn to the travellers' tales brought back not from Asia but from Africa, and particularly those relating to that exceptionally beautiful African antelope, the oryx. The seventeenth-century French theologian and philologist Samuel Bochart devoted a great deal of learned argument to proving that the unicorn derived mainly from the oryx. His argument was somewhat invalidated, however, by his unfortunate belief that the oryx had only one horn, and he even went so far as to depict a group of one-horned 'oryx' in his *Hierozoicon*, published in London in 1663. Yet he was not really so very far off the mark, for, although the oryx possesses two horns like other antelopes, when seen in profile, so that one horn is hidden by the other, it bears a remarkable likeness to the traditional unicorn.

There remains only the question of the alicorn, the real physical object which was sold for such large sums at the Vatican and to apprehensive diners in the age of the Borgias. As is proved by contemporary descriptions and pictures there is now no doubt that the genuine alicorn, the



The Oryx depicted with a single horn. From Samuel Bochart's *Hierozoicon*, 1663

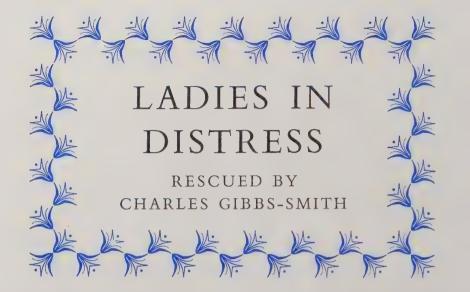
## 



Oryx capensis, the gemsbock or South African oryx. From Cornwallis Harris's Portraits of the Game of Southern Africa, 1840

fabulous panacea which was worth twenty times its weight in gold, was nothing other than the single spirally twisted tusk of the narwhal, a species of whale long familiar to naturalists.

Our sober conclusion must therefore be that the natural history of the unicorn can be safely identified with that of three widely contrasted but strictly non-mythical mammals: the Indian rhinoceros, the African oryx, and the tusked whale of the oceans. The sentimental reader may be saddened that he can never see a milk-white unicorn tread proudly across a forest glade, and virgins will surely give a disappointed sigh; but for others there is consolation. The fabulous natural history of the unicorn could never at any time have competed in glamour or romance with the real natural history of the Indian rhinoceros, the African oryx, and the tusked whale of the oceans.



HE MALE ID has always indulged gleefully in subduing females. This seems a fair enough *quid pro quo* for being subdued by them for the first half of our lives. But it's not so easy for all of us.

I well remember, when an infant, how I took to inflicting a fate worse than death on my imaginary heroines. These precocious sprees, however, were effectively dragooned into a Tennysonian sublimation. As Sir Galahad, my highest ambition became to rescue lovely ladies before—just before—some terrible fate overtook them. I am sure my Id, although driven underground, went bravely marching on; but my Super-Ego was right there on the job, averting my eyes after the first furtive glance, cutting the cords, and kissing the tears away. Then, I remember, I always got the hell out, in case I had bitten off more than I could chew.

This state of affairs hung together well enough until the night which I shall always remember as Black Monday. My dream was going splendidly, as usual. I had galloped clanking to a stop to find my lady stripped and bound brutally to a tree, with her tormentor about to ——. After an exhilarating combat, in which of course I dispatched the brute, I released the aristocratic victim—all my heroines were countesses—from her predicament. But instead of the regulation dénouement, she turned on me in a rage, crying: 'You fool, why did you have to interfere!'

Since that awful night I have become irremediably schizophrenic, with an undertow of chronic paranoia.



This old favourite by Sir John Millais ('The Knight Errant', in the Tate Gallery) is ripe with sex and symbolism. For years I've wondered what on earth had been going on in this forest, and what's wrong with the picture. The answer, damn it, is that if the fellow'd had any decency he'd have shut his visor.



It is hard to find anyone today who remembers what was going on in this still from Warning Shadows. but it has all the sultry symbolism necessary for a Freudian melodramabeauty bound at bayonet point-and all ruined by the position of the lady's conveniently free right hand: she's surely already started tickling the hero's leg, and he won't be able to hold that expression much longer. The heroine of Warning Shadows is to us perhaps somewhat more seductive than the late Pearl White; but not to the manly types who chain Pearl to the permanent way.

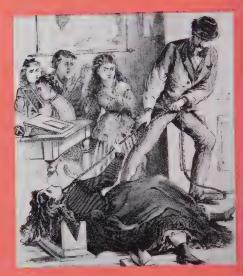
When her breathless adventures were re-filmed as The Perils of Pauline it was thought that the seductive powers of a female in jodhpurs outweighed the appeal of hobble-skirts. Perhaps they do, but there is something pathetically unrobust about the re-make of the rail scene: and when Pauline screams at the buzz-saw the scream of the saw seems thin and unconvincing.











Although venerated as one of the classic techniques of courtship, dragging members of the female sex across the landscape by their hair presents so many navigational and other difficulties that only the bravest and most desperate males ever attempt it. High in the order of troubles to be encountered is the frictional resistance of heavy bodies being drawn over rough ground, like for example dragging a fully armed Brünhilde over a rock-garden. But in illustrating the story of Bluebeard (above on the left) hair-traction seems fictionally appropriate, and we must not cavil. But cartoonist Kovarsky has invented a partial solution to the haulage problem by putting the suitors in double harness, and meeting difficulties of runway friction by furnishing the lady's undercarriage with a skid of leopard-skin. But above (on the right) a crude technical note is sounded by an angry parent, whose daughter has allegedly been wronged by her form-mistress; he has lassooed the teacher, and is about to drag her round the playground at the end of a rope.

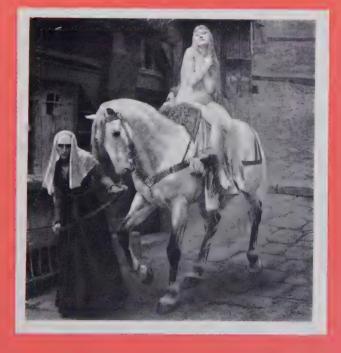


'I think it's high time she chose between them.'

From Kovarsky's World (Faber): Copyright 1956 by Anatol Kovarsky

The producers of Mazeppa were lucky to have on hand Miss Adah Isaacs Menken when they staged a dramatic version of Byron's poem at Astley's Theatre in 1844. They reasoned that their audiences-not vet disciplined by the new conventions-would react favourably to an imitation man bound to a real horse. For Mazeppa was of course no lady. Modern psychiatrists are apt to grow lyrical about the symbolism of the lady and horse (or fox) motif, and speculate at length about the Ids of rider and ridden. Indeed, one can't help wondering a little about that spry look on the beast's face as he holds his pose for the lithographic artist. But little psychiatric comment is called for when it comes to Ladv Godiva riding naked through the streets of Coventry in the year 1040. The traditional story about everyone keeping within doors, and Tom being cruelly punished for peeping, is all complete nonsense, and was not added until the second half of the seventeenth century. The truth—unchallenged for so many hundred years -was that everyone had the stare of a lifetime, but received precious little for their pains. A bare back, with its curving ridge of vertebrae, and a jumble of hair-strewn limbs, was all they probably caught a glimpse of.











lak a bio repan em a laor בי בי הני ינפט ביני בי ביני onal selection by her onteres use because that ina a cointra ad Contac ali ali gitti tang bitt action Below is another iccioni. Californian on le But no prices are refered to guess mitatik an la la roy datast qu ficade et Nette-Dame Beim a Spanish lady has are the tribut threatened or ongands and is saving tor carachute'. Opposite . Ficune to pendigum









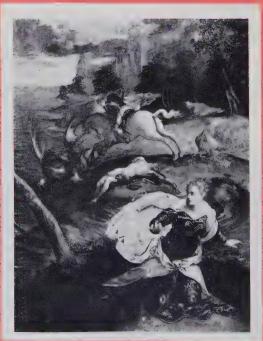
Victorian males received diverse satisfactions from Hiram Powers' 'Greek Slave'. She nudely allured them; was kept from retaliating by her chains; and also warmly appealed to their patriarchal possessiveness by being somebody's slave. Here she gazes incomprehensibly at Beaumont's lady, incomprehensibly entitled 'A Stormy Day'.



Richard Taylor's cartoon shows that the more shameless of the Sabines muffed their own rape by unsubtle tactics. Rubens reveals that a few knew better, and overcame the Roman repulsion by an irresistible combination of supplication and *décolletage*. (Drawing by Richard Taylor, copyright 1936 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.)

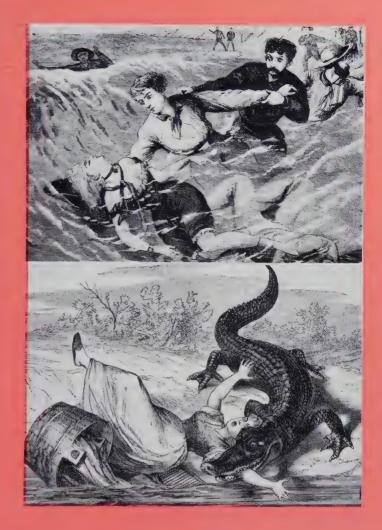






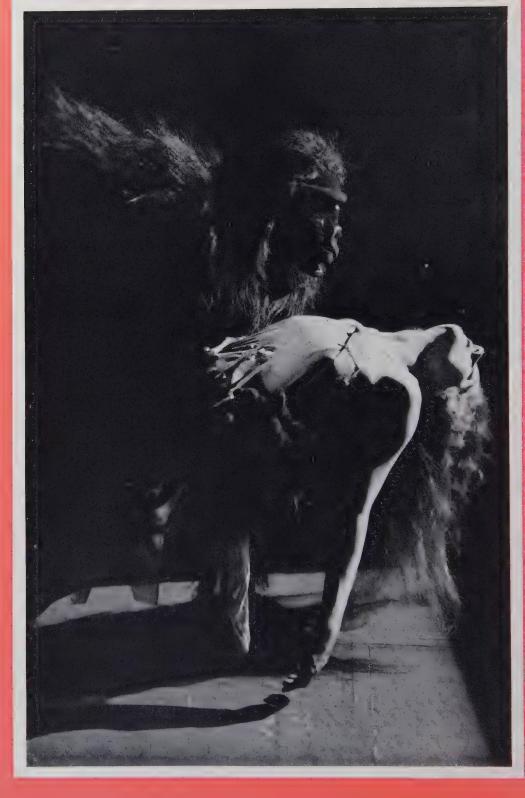
In most of these Monster and Maiden stories it is as much a question of the poor beast being done out of a square meal as it is of saving some worthy woman from the role of comestible. Ingres has at least presented his Andromeda as an appetizing dish; whereas Tintoretto displays one of the cruellest and commonest tortures to which dragons were subjected. No human would stand for being served up a fully dressed beefsteak—and there's no future in clawing clothes off a sirloin—so it is little credit to St George that he defeated a poor deadbeat dragon, already depressed beyond recall by the prospect of masticating, let alone digesting, a princess-en grande tenue.

Unaccompanied women should never go near water, unless they go there with the specific intention of being rescued. Presumably Miss Iennie Fields (tov picture) had already been warned off Far Rockaway Beach, U.S.A., for being improperly dressed, so the water was the only place left for her to go, in order to get back on the beach legitimately - which is just about to happen. The other lady was from Louisiana, and certainly no exhibitionist; just minding her own business and doing the washing, when up comes a swamp alligator with a roving eye just look at it-and starts a friendly wrastle with the lady.



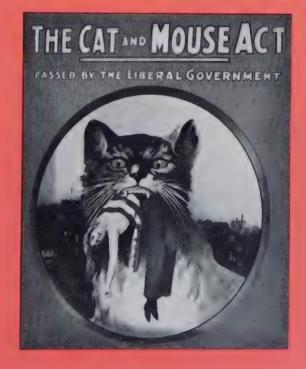


'You jus' can't never tell what'll happen to a gal on that ole Mississippi. I's jus' sittin' alone and thoughtful in Uncle Tom's canoe, when up pops a King right there out of the water—and, lan' sakes, he was nood, every bit of him. But I jus' took no notice, like what Uncle Tom said.'





A friend tells me that it was in these classic period pieces that the saga of Man and Woman was first played out before his tender eyes. In childhood he identified himself with the lucky beasts. In boyhood and manhood he became, like me, the Knight Errant, and rescued the maidens from the bestial clutches of their captors. In his second childhood, he now reports, he has somewhat thankfully reverted to identification. But this latter-day satisfaction was inadvertently shattered by myself. For I happened to mention how I had noticed, on a chance scrutiny of the three photographs, that the lady in each was giving her gentleman an unmistakable wink.





## TAILPIECE ON TATTOOING

by MARY EDEN

ATTOOING is one of the oldest arts to be practised by man. The custom of adorning the body by introducing colouring matter into punctures in the skin is common

among primitive tribes and was almost certainly practised by our Stone Age ancestors. It has also persisted into modern times—for instance, the garter which Mr Burchett is tattooing on the girl's leg opposite.

Like all artistic manifestations the custom has diverse origins. It is in part an aggressive display, based on the natural desire of male animals to strike fear into the hearts of their rivals and enemies; in this it is paralleled not only by such adornments as masks and head-dresses, which are also widely used by primitive peoples, but also at a somewhat lower level of evolution by seasonal transformations in the physical aspect of mammals and birds.

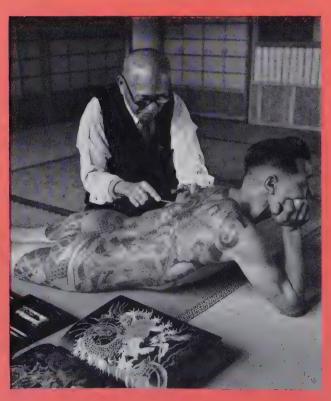
Closely related to this is the desire to augment sexual attractiveness by visual means. Aggression and sexual domination can often be correlated throughout the history of life, and the eye is the organ through which such impulses can be made most obviously effective. The same principle can be seen in operation (although in less overt form) among both sexes today; otherwise the fashionable man's tailor and the woman's beauty salon would go out of business.

A third motive for tattooing is simply based on magic: the desire to be permanently engraved with some mystical symbol, such as the name of a much desired person, a fetish, or an object such as a horseshoe or four-leaved clover traditionally associated with good fortune.

Yet a fourth motive is based on the desire to make a demonstration of courage. Whatever the commercial practitioner may say, being tattooed is a painful process, and the steadfast endurance of pain has always been regarded by most people as a moral virtue. Thus a man who is tattooed



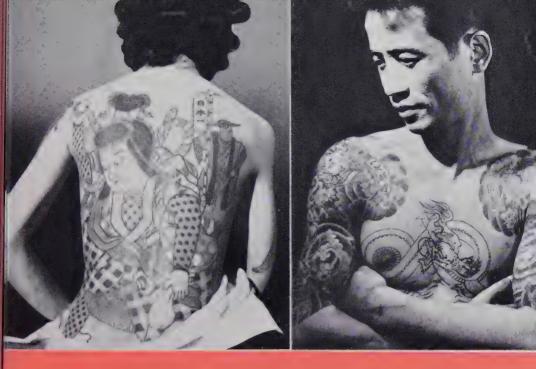




acquires a certain prestige among his fellows, which he might find it difficult to acquire by other means. This is simply an inversion of the practice still found among some African tribes where a brave warrior is allowed the privilege of incising his thigh and having it rubbed with cinders until it is permanently discoloured.

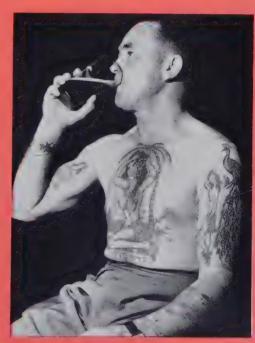
Finally, perhaps some will allow that there is a purely aesthetic motive behind the instinct. The finest work of the tattooist certainly shows high artistic quality, and particularly among such races as the Japanese, whose work is shown on this page, the natural contours of the body are used with great skill to heighten the effect of the design.

It is sometimes said that tattooing is practised mainly by savages and criminals; but this is grossly unfair. The modern tattooist is often called upon to adorn the bodies of royalty, judges, actors, and even publishers and contributors to The Saturday Book. The decoration of the body is certainly a basic human instinct; but whether tattooing lies within the province of the anthropologist, the psychiatrist, or the social historian the reader himself must judge after looking at the pictures on these pages.



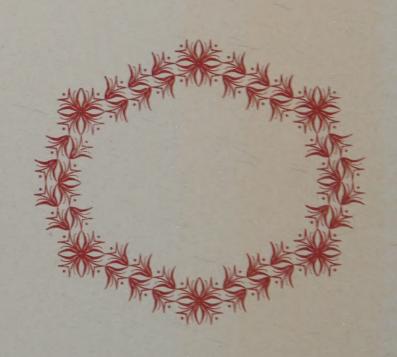
Above and opposite are four examples of the intricate work of Japanese tattooists. Below (*left*), a discreet snake motif on a woman's arm contrasts with the more extrovert designs worn by George Laverick of Bristol.

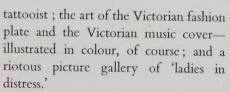








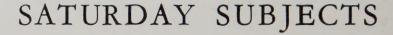




A novelty of this year's issue is a series of brilliant studies of little-known but lovely islands—in the Mediterranean, in the St. Lawrence River, in the Southern Atlantic, in Scandinavia.

★ Have you yet read the Editor's novel, LOVE ON A BRANCH LINE? P. G. Wodehouse, who has, says: 'I enjoyed it enormously. It has a wonderful charm and lots of the sort of humour I enjoy most.' We think you will enjoy it too.







STILTS FASHION PLATES THE EMERALD ISLE CLOCKS GRAND CANARY THE ART OF TATTOOING MIDSUMMER ISLANDS THE GOLDEN AGE OF ACTING STATUARY THE GOLDEN AGE OF ADVERTISING LADIES IN DISTRESS THE MUSIC OF THE HA MEDITERRANEAN ISLAN

MODEL SOLDIERS

UNICORNS